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FALL
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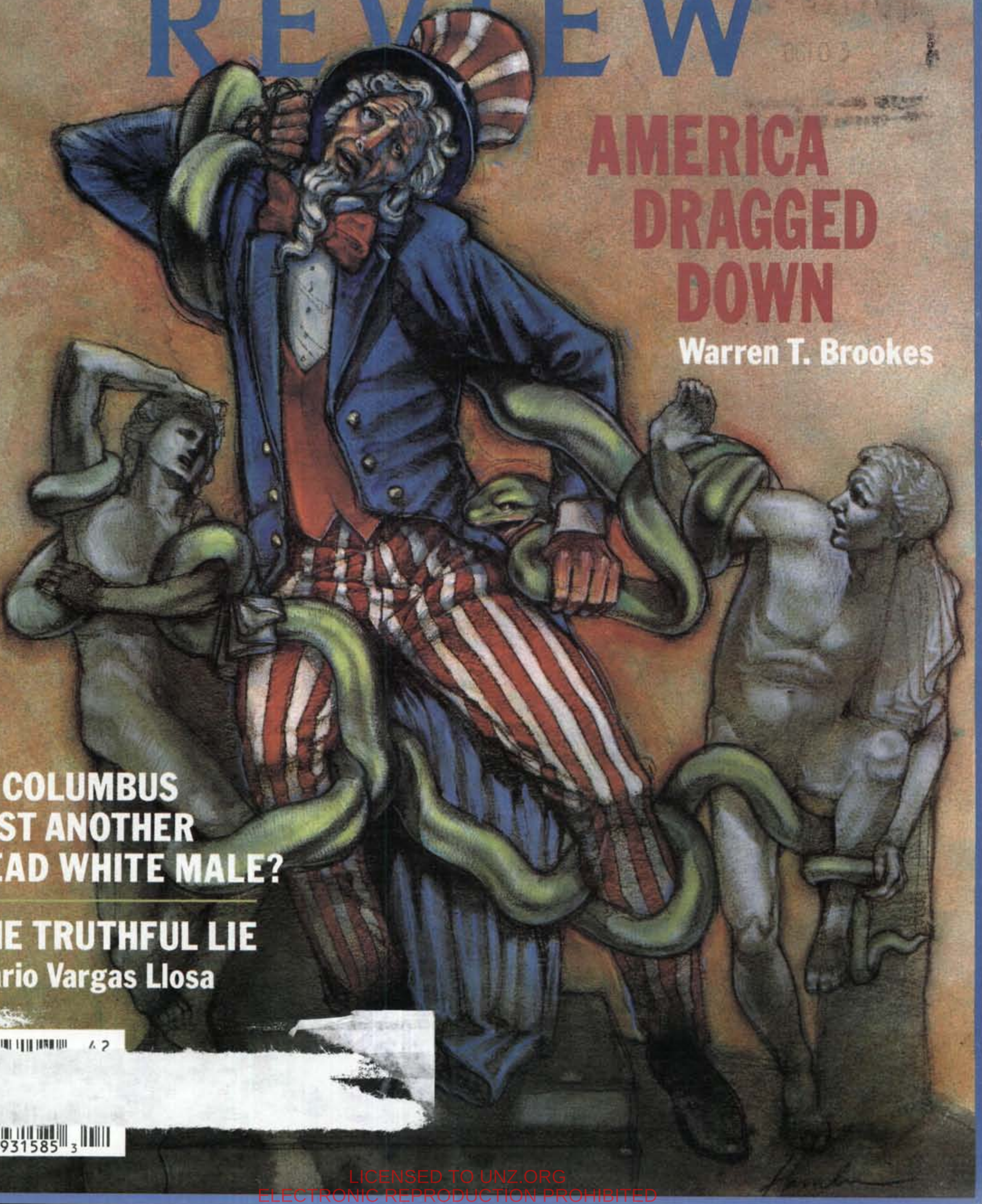
Can South Africa/New York Survive?

NATIONAL REVIEW



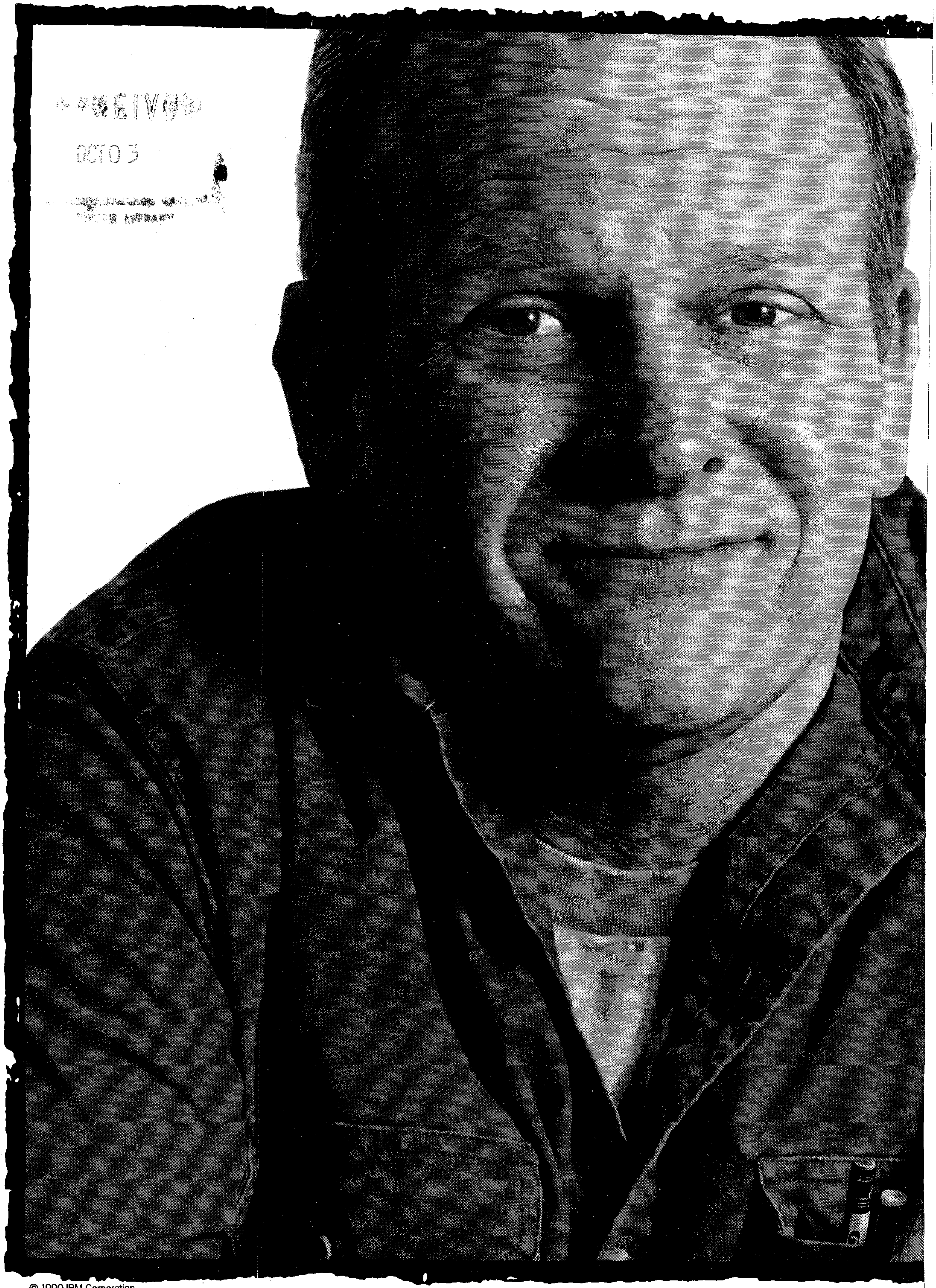
AMERICA DRAGGED DOWN

Warren T. Brookes

IS COLUMBUS JUST ANOTHER DEAD WHITE MALE?

THE TRUTHFUL LIE

Mario Vargas Llosa



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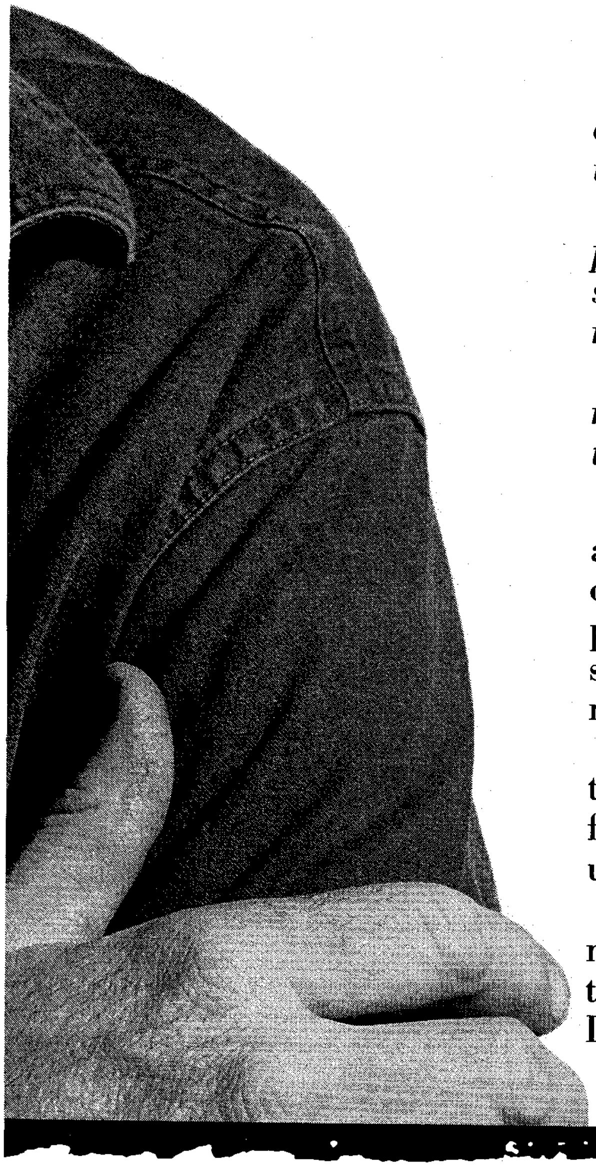

“I figured I'd get burned either way—computers show up and I get fired, or computers don't show up and the plant closes down.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 15, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 20

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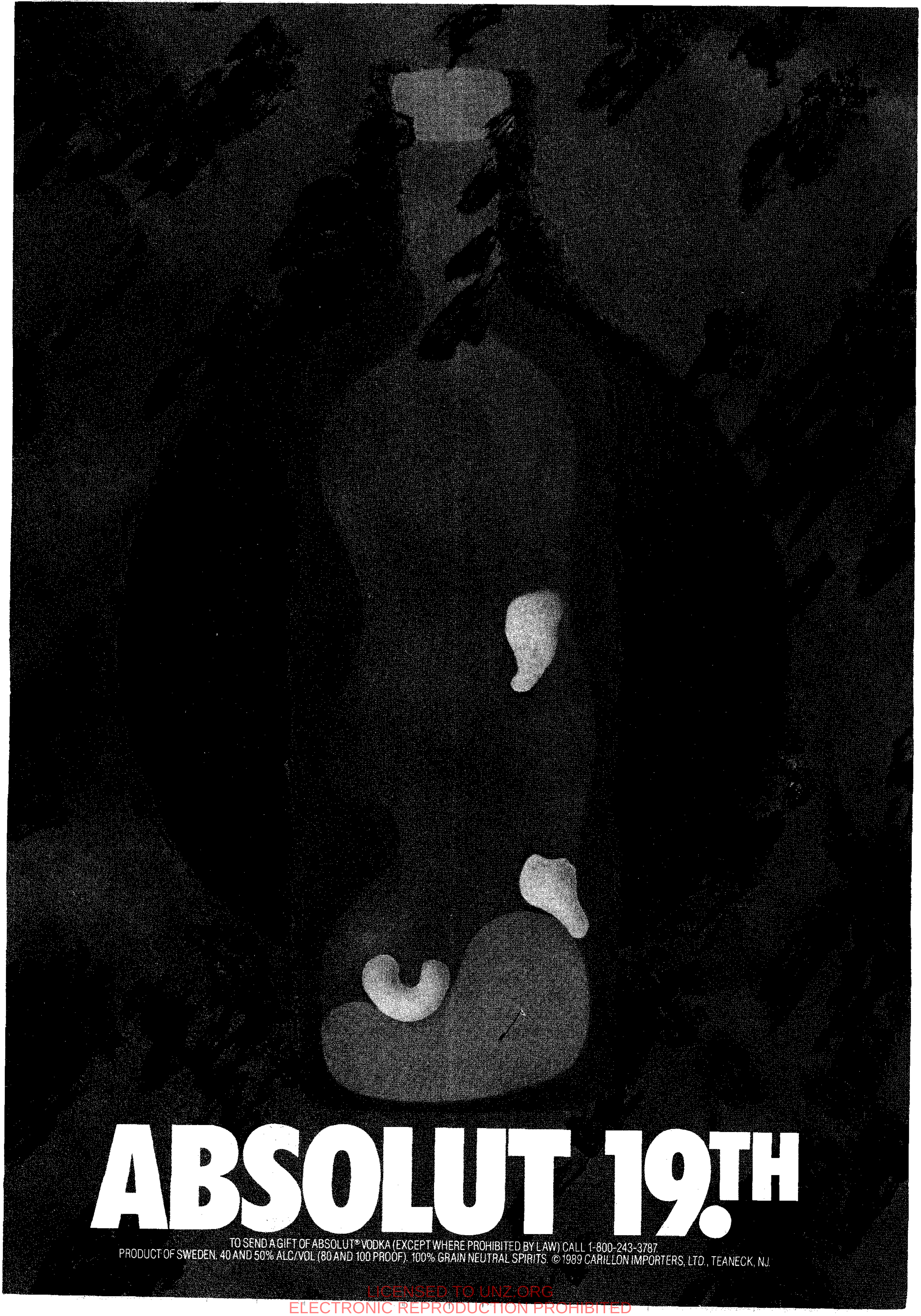

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LETTERS

New Light on an Old Case

I was particularly intrigued by Mr. Buckley's interest in the circumstances surrounding the death of Jan Masaryk, since it is an event about which I have unique knowledge ["If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Moscow," Aug. 20]. My information leaves no doubt that Masaryk's death was no suicide; that he had to have been pushed to his death from the window of his apartment in Cernin Palace, the Czech foreign ministry.

The source of the following information was the person in charge of investigating the incident and one of the first officials at the scene—Dr. Borkovec.

At that time Dr. Borkovec was Prague's police chief, a friend of my family, and frequent hunting companion of my father's. During a visit with the family, after having been dismissed from his post, Dr. Borkovec shared his finding that Masaryk did not commit suicide, but rather was forced to his death by unknown intruders. Dr. Borkovec was particularly interested in divulging this information to me because I was young and had already made definite plans to leave Czechoslovakia.

Here are the facts, as they were given to my father and me, which had led Dr. Borkovec to his steadfastly maintained conclusion:

—The inexplicable absence of Masaryk's butler.

—The implied presence of more than one person in the apartment, owing to the presence of two different kinds of cigarette butts.

—The inexplicable use of a narrow bathroom window as the launching point of a suicide leap.

—The discovery of the body in an unnatural position, with the initial contact having been made with the head and not the feet, indicating that he had been pushed through the window. Evidently very few people dive to their death head first.

—The lack of a suicide note—improbable for a statesman of Jan Masaryk's stature.

Dr. Borkovec, knowing of my imminent departure, made a great effort to make me appreciate the seriousness and significance of what was being imparted to me so that I might later on be able to recall the conversation.

I left Czechoslovakia in 1949, but my parents stayed and were each sentenced to six-year prison terms. My father was released at the end of this period. My mother died after two years. Dr. Borkovec was sentenced to twenty years in connection with the General Pika group; I do not know (though I doubt) whether he survived to the end of his term.

Gilbert E. Rosenbrier
Southbury, Conn.

Stalin Apologist?

Contrary to what Michael Coren writes, H. G. Wells did not die a madman, and was never a Stalinist ["Books, Arts & Manners," Sept. 3]. Denunciations of Stalin regularly appear in his writings—from *After Democracy* (1932) through his last full-length book, *'42 to '44* (1944), in which read "The Plain Truth about the Communist Party." In *The Common Sense of War and Peace* (1940), he wrote: "What can Stalin know of the social and cultural realities of the Western world, against which he guards himself with such dire suspicion? . . . These leaders and enslavers of men are fabulous creatures. They are pretenders and impostors."

R. D. Mullen
Book-Review Editor
Science-Fiction Studies
Terre Haute, Ind.

Wells's support of Stalin may have declined after 1932, but his advocacy of Stalinism certainly did not. As late as 1944 he supported the use of genocide, concentration camps, and brutal social engineering to create a socialist utopia. Is that not Stalinism? —MC

Stereotypical Weakness

While discrediting feminism is a noble goal, James Atkinson falls into the stereotypical pit with the same fervor that is characteristic of his subject ["Roseanne Bites Man," Sept. 3]. His whining tone has the effect of labeling the battle already lost.

Avoiding stereotypes, quite obviously, involves dealing with individuals rather than groups. The assumption that Mrs. Barr's popularity indicates that she has the unqualified support of women is the same assumption she makes, rendering her utterances increasingly bold, until, presumably, she approaches the end of her 15 minutes of fame.

Unfortunately, some of the tenets of conservatism work to support the conclusion that the feminists have won. We believe in traditional values; being a lady is not conducive to battle. This allows the feminists to ignore conservative women, or to treat us as quaint caricatures. They are aware that the Battle of the Sexes has raged since Adam blamed Eve for bringing him that apple, and their current tactic of "man-bashing" is designed to use that wedge to divide and conquer.

Lighten up; let the Roseannes and Sam Kinisons of this world knock each other out. The real reason that feminism is a movement gone slack is not "age and yuppie pampering," as Mr. Atkinson suggests. It is, simply, that the feminist answer to that age-old question "What does woman want?" is no more inclusive than the status quo ante.

Linda L. Vaughn
Gilbert, Ariz.

Art, Nightmares, and David Lynch

Joe Sobran ["Weird America," Oct. 1] defends David Lynch's movies against John Simon's charge of incoherence by comparing them to nightmares, which, Sobran claims, are also incoherent. A splendid instance of the pathetic fallacy. Life, including nightmares, may be incoherent. But art cannot be, even in portraying incoherence. In a movie, or as a movie, a nightmare must make sense on some level. Else the work fails, as David Lynch's movies do.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

Everybody's Right

I am writing, as I am sure others have done by now, to point out and protest an inaccuracy in "The Test of Time" ["The Week," Sept. 3].

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, when he was part of the firm of Cram, Goodhue, and Ferguson, designed St. Bartholomew's Church, certainly not Stanford White, great as he was.

Goodhue designed a number of churches in New York, the best known being St. Thomas's on Fifth Avenue.

John Hartley
South Laguna, Calif.

Goodhue indeed designed the interior of St. Bartholomew's, but Stanford White did the famous portal. —ED.

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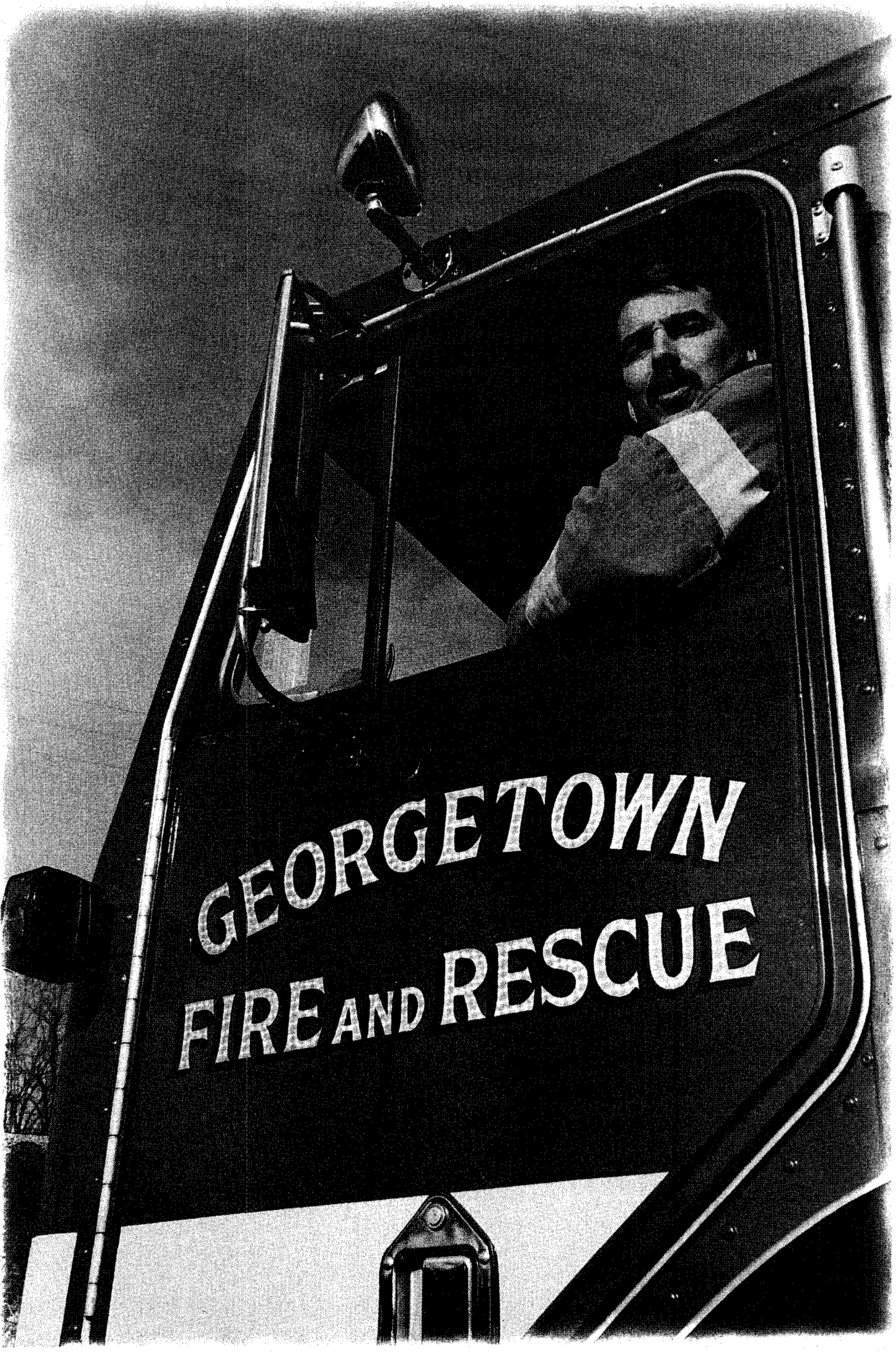
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FROM THE EDITOR

A New South African Order?

■ Readers of a nervous disposition may start violently when they discover that the article on page 63 is taken from the world's most famous left-wing periodical, the *New Statesman*. But they will not need the *sal volatile*.

One of the several virtues of R. W. Johnson's acute analysis of South Africa's troubles is that it demonstrates how far we have moved from old Left–Right disputes into a post-apartheid world of white–black constitutional negotiations and bloody conflicts between the Zulu and Xhosa tribes. Previous certainties no longer apply.

Mr. Johnson has lucidly rethought the Left's position to argue that a deal between the ANC and Chief Buthelezi's Inkatha is necessary to prevent a Lebanese chaos. The ANC's recent offer of talks with Buthelezi, albeit on unattractive terms, makes such a deal plausible. If achieved, it would both reduce the violence and underpin F. W. de Klerk's talks on the constitutional "rules of the game" (page 57).

But the violence has woken a slumbering anxiety. Given tribal warfare, racial hostility, no sense of common nationhood, and fear that constitutional safeguards, even if granted, might not long survive a government of a single black faction, who is to control the armed forces?

If we limit this question to South Africa, no one except ANC hard-liners can be comfortable with any likely answer. But why accept such a limitation? The great powers guaranteed the external security of Belgium in 1830. Is there any reason why they should not guarantee the internal security and, by extension, the constitutional arrangements of South Africa today?

A settlement might be agreed in which the armed forces were controlled, perhaps provided in part, by an international coalition acceptable to all South Africa's major political and ethnic groups—say, the U.S., USSR, Britain, and Nigeria. The international force would act within the constitution agreed in the current negotiations, but any constitutional change would require the unanimous consent of the four powers. With one overriding proviso: they could be required to leave by a parliamentary or referendum majority of 80 per cent.

Such an arrangement would not be unique. The four-power occupation of Austria in its later stages was comparable. Canada required formal consent by Britain to constitutional change as recently as 1982. And when the alternative is Lebanon, why would anyone object?

■ The fabulous success of our limerick contest (almost 150 entries, some of which rhymed and scanned) has persuaded us to hold two more literary competitions. The first will be a competition for young writers to mark NATIONAL REVIEW's 35th anniversary. Full details will be announced next issue. But I am at liberty to reveal that entrants must be 25 years of age or less, that they should submit an article of two thousand words or less, and that the prize will be $500, but no more.

Our second competition invites readers to write a clerihew for our Christmas issue. Closing date: November 16; prize: the usual bottle of decent champagne. I am indebted to John F. Cassil for the idea and for an example.

The people of Spain think Cervantes
Is worth half a dozen Dantes—
An opinion resented most bitterly
By the people of Italy.

You will note that this clerihew offers two well-known names for the price of one. Along with the Gulf crisis, it inspires me to attempt the genre.

Saddam Hussein
Would perish, not in vain,
But beneath a new world order
In a film by Alexander Korda.

Should there be no other entrants, therefore, I shall award the champagne to myself. —John O'Sullivan

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ON THE RECORD

■ On to November. What happened in Massachusetts, Washington, D.C., and Oklahoma is easy to read: Voters want most incumbents out. "There was this tidal wave coming and we happened to be standing on the beach when it hit," explained Massachusetts Attorney General **James Shannon**, who went down to defeat in primary along with virtually every other elected official running in Massachusetts, Democrat or Republican. . . . **John Silber**, maverick winner of Democratic gubernatorial primary, says, "I'm the one who understood what was going on. I understood the outrage." . . . Moderate Republican **William Weld**, coming up from 20-point deficit a fortnight earlier to win the GOP nod over state House Minority Leader **Steven Pierce**, is given fighting chance of being first Republican governor of Massachusetts since **Francis Sargent** in 1970. . . . Significant: post-primary *Boston Globe* poll shows GOP senatorial candidate **Jim Rappaport** just 4 percentage points behind incumbent Sen. **John Kerry** (45 to 41 per cent). . . . Although only 13.5 per cent of Massachusetts voters are registered Republicans, Democrats are re-registering as independents in droves, the secretary of state reports. . . . Good news: **John McGovern**, a founder of *Dartmouth Review*, got GOP nod in Massachusetts 5th CD. He's running against liberal Rep. **Chester Atkins**. . . . In D.C., voters showed their disgust with status quo by choosing **Sharon Pratt Dixon**—the outsider whose campaign symbol was a shovel: to clean up the muck—over four political retreads. . . . Oklahomans voted in a primary initiative to limit the terms of their state legislators to 12 years, and polls in California, where two term-limitation initiatives will be on November ballot, show 60 per cent support for them.

■ Other campaign developments: California polls show Sen. **Pete Wilson** ahead of Democrat **Dianne Feinstein** by a hair in gubernatorial contest. What could make the difference is **Tom Hayden**'s Big Green, the monster environmental proposition. (Mrs. Feinstein supports it, Sen. Wilson opposes it.) **Robert K. Hattoy**, of Sierra Club, feels that what is at stake transcends the election. "If Big Green loses it will look like the movement cannot translate the rhetoric of Earth Day into the reality of Election Day." . . . Polls taken since Connecticut primary show **Lowell Weicker** still well ahead in gubernatorial race, but down 15 points from a month ago. New figures: Weicker 34 per cent, Democrat **Bruce Morrison** 21 per cent, Republican **John Rowland** 18 per cent. . . . In Senate races, two GOP representatives, **Claudine Schneider** (R.I.) and **Lynn Martin** (Ill.), running less well than expected against Democrats **Claiborne Pell** and **Paul Simon**, both of whom had been considered vulnerable. Miss Martin trails Simon by 25 points; Miss Schneider trails Pell by 12 points. Miss Schneider is about as liberal as Republicans come. *Congressional Quarterly* reports she voted against **Ronald Reagan** in 1987 more often than any other House Republican. . . . But in Kentucky, where Republican Sen. **Mitch McConnell** was regarded as very vulnerable, he continues to hold a healthy 15-point lead over **Harvey Sloane**.

"Well, of course nobody understands you!"

© Matt, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

■ Iraqi fortnight: A *Moscow News* poll shows 87 per cent of Russians approve **Mikhail Gorbachev**'s support of U.S. position on Iraq. . . . Olympic Council of Asia voted 27 to 3 to bar Iraq from Asian games in Peking. Not irrelevant: Council President Sheik **Fahad al-Ahmad al-Sabah** was killed in invasion of Kuwait. . . . Kuwaiti underground, responding to **Saddam Hussein** threat to shoot any Kuwaiti who helps a foreigner hide out, says anyone who turns in a foreigner will be killed. . . . *Christian Science Monitor* estimates PLO has received up to $10 billion from Gulf states, including Saudi Arabia and United Arab Emirates, in past years. That subsidy could be lost forever given **Yasir Arafat**'s support of Saddam. *New York Times* quotes high-ranking Saudi official: "We kissed Arafat on the cheek for years in the name of Arab brotherhood. No more. He's a thug." . . . Interpol is expected to admit Soviet Union, Poland, and Czechoslovakia to membership, gaining access to Iron Curtain files on international terrorists.

■ It has been a perfectly rotten week for the Left. **Nikita Khrushchev**'s revised memoirs re-establish that **Julius** and **Ethel Rosenberg** were Soviet spies, indeed that they "provided very significant help in accelerating the production of our atom bomb." . . . Next, the leftist Chilean magazine *Análisis* has revealed that the story that **Augusto Pinochet**'s troops murdered **Salvador Allende** was fabricated by Moscow Radio and **Fidel Castro**. *Análisis* confirms that Allende committed suicide with a gun Castro had given him. (Only useful thing Castro ever did.) . . . Ten Salvadoran bishops, including liberation theologians **Arturo Rivera y Damas** and **Gregorio Rosa Chávez**, have blasted **Ed Asner** and other leftists for boycotting sale of Salvadoran coffee in U.S., because the boycott will hurt coffee workers. . . . Finally, D.C. Democrats nominated **Jimmy Carter**'s Equal Employment Opportunity Commissioner, **Eleanor Holmes Norton**, as congressional candidate last week, only to find she hasn't filed D.C. income taxes since 1982. *Human Events* suggests as her campaign slogan: READ MY LIPS. NO OLD TAXES.

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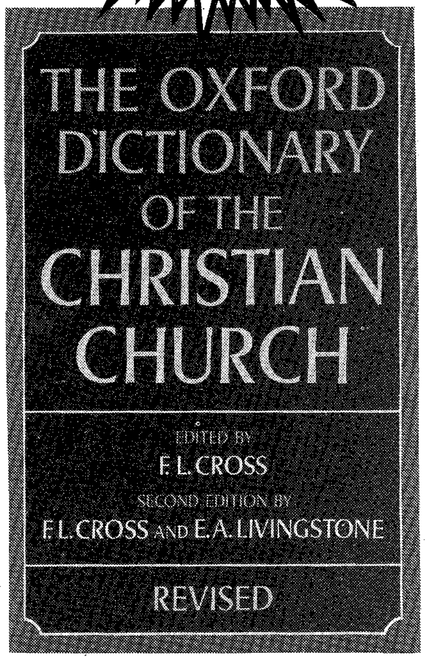
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THE WEEK

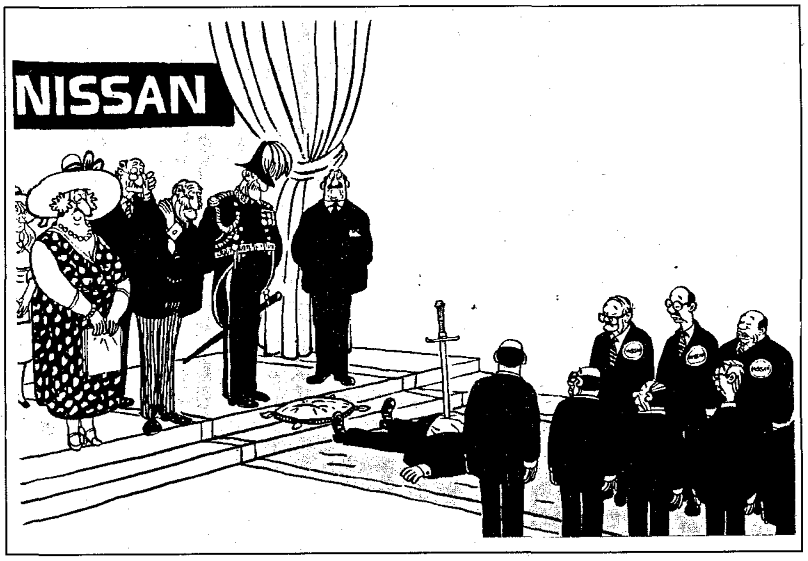
■ Iraq and the budget are as nothing compared to the firestorm following the retirement of maize, raw umber, lemon yellow, blue grey, violet blue, green blue, orange red, and orange yellow, and their replacement by vivid tangerine, wild strawberry, fuschia, teal blue, cerulean, royal purple, jungle green, and dandelion, by the makers of Crayola crayons.

■ Feminist Sonia Johnson, who ran for President on the 1984 Citizens Party ticket, has announced the founding of an "experimental community" based on the idea that "everyone does what she wants to all the time." Naturally, even in the new world there will be a few chores, but never mind: everyone will "delight in doing them because it will suit their desires." Secretaries will not only make coffee, they will *enjoy* making coffee. Miss Johnson's utopia offers life, liberation, and the imposition of happiness.

■ The late cartoonist Al Capp created a species, the Shmoo, which bred like chinchillas and tasted like chicken. In the real world, a shmoo would probably also have a shark's appetite and a taste for human flesh. Such has been the case with the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act of 1970 (RICO), primarily designed to give law-enforcement officials the means to strike at the Mob, but also allowing private citizens to bring civil suits using it. RICO has got out of hand. The wife of comedian Pat Paulsen recently sued for divorce using RICO, and the judge in the RICO case against Imelda Marcos (involving theft of money from Philippine, not American, banks) threw up his hands and asked, "What am I doing here?" Now Congress is poised to reform RICO's civil provisions, which is good, although it would be better if RICO were repealed altogether. RICO abuses are well known, and arise because the law's language is hopelessly vague. But giving federal judges the discretion to reject civil RICO suits when the defendant is not alleged to have committed "egregious criminal conduct" does not go far enough. We're glad that the triple-damages incentive will be eliminated, but prosecutions under RICO will still proceed in violation of the presumption of innocence.

■ What to make of David Souter? On a variety of issues raised during his confirmation hearings, he seemed to endorse a judicially imposed status quo which the current President and his predecessor have sought to counter for the past decade. On affirmative action, *Miranda*, the "right to privacy," the relationship between church and state, and due process, Judge Souter appeared tolerant, if not downright respectful, of the man he would replace, Justice Brennan. [See "On the Right," page 94.] Yet we remain cautiously affirmative of his nomination. 1) Judge Souter's public record as New Hampshire attorney general and state Supreme Court justice remains an outstanding one, evidencing a commitment to conservative values. 2) Judge Souter's standing on the short list of Supreme Court candidates during the tenure of Attorney General Edwin Meese reflects high regard for him by a number of people sophisticated in jurisprudential matters for whom we have regard. 3) Close analysis of Judge Souter's responses reveals little in the way of substantive concessions—more a rhetorical style designed to soothe liberal sensibilities. On the most significant issues of how judges should interpret the law, the nominee seems to have a great deal in common with Justice Scalia. 4) It is Justice Brennan, after all, whom we are replacing here. Even if worse comes to worst, Justice Souter will represent an immense improvement.

■ Charles Keating's overriding personality trait, writes James Ring Adams in *The Big Fix*, was ". . . an absolute conviction of his own self-righteousness and a habit of defining the right as his own self-interest." It now seems that federal regulators, after being victimized by this man's megalomania for so



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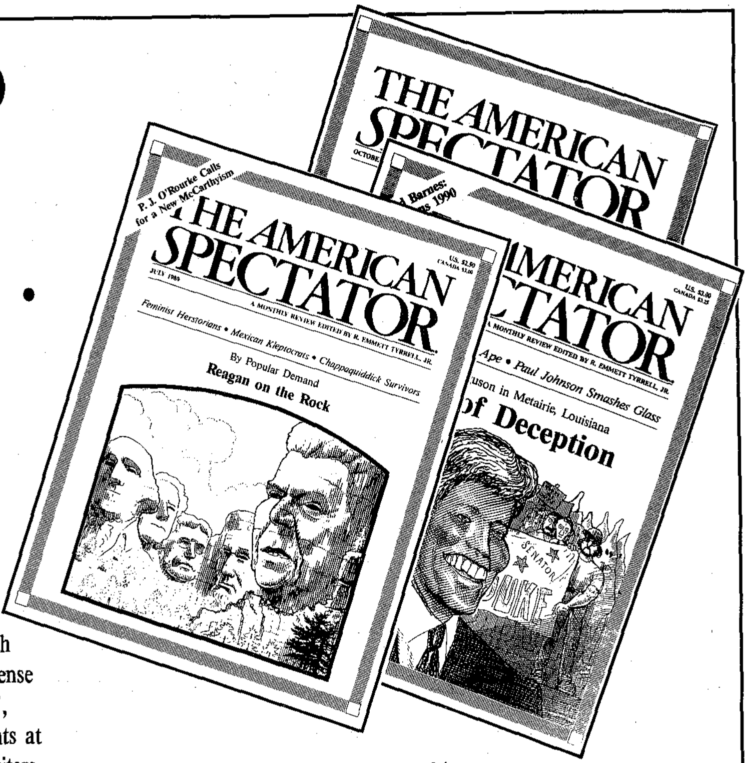
"Mr. Ambassador, you were supposed to tap him with the sword and say, 'Arise, Sir Takashi,' . . . not, 'Take that you little b------ for flooding our country with Japanese stuff!' "

How You Can Keep Informed On Important Issues . . . While Catering To Your Funny Bone's Needs



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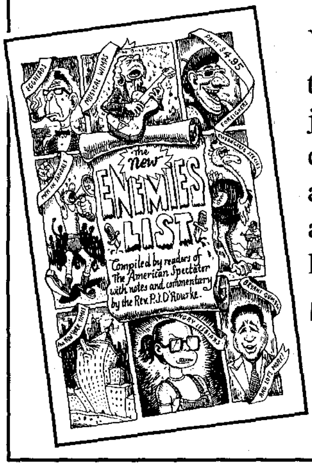

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long, have caught the disease themselves. S&Ls are reportedly being seized and closed on the flimsiest of evidence, often against the advice of other federal officials. In one case, reported in the *Wall Street Journal*, the Resolution Trust Corporation ordered an S&L closed despite a federal judge's findings that the management had acted in good faith, saving the sick S&L by a sophisticated strategy of financial hedges that "have not caused any economic losses to the institution." The regulators determined, however, that an abstruse, little-understood accounting rule was not being followed. This epitomizes the sort of self-righteous, bureaucratic nitpicking that, unless checked, will cost taxpayers billions and do much to bring the slowing economy into recession. Charles Keating is now indicted and in jail. The regulators are still on the loose.

■ The victory of John Silber, the shoot-from-the-lip populist with a PhD, in the Massachusetts Democratic gubernatorial primary surprised almost everyone. The fact is, there is a strong strain of anti-liberalism in the Bay State. Ed King, the conservative Democrat who punched a four-year hole in the tenure of Michael Dukakis, capitalized on it. King, however, had neither the ambition nor the ability to play on the media stage. Silber, who has both, could become a national political event. He is not, it should be stressed, a conservative in our sense of the word. When politics beckoned, he went to Canossa on abortion, flipping from anti to pro. He opposes a ballot initiative to roll taxes back to 1988 levels. He wants a 12-cent-a-gallon tax on gas, to fund public construction. What brings Silber liberal scorn is his defiance of McGovernism—the political and rhetorical pieties under which the Democrats have labored since the early Seventies. For a while, it seemed as if former New York mayor Ed Koch was poised to become a national symbol of resistance to that kind of thing, but he lost, first to Mario Cuomo, then to David Dinkins. The torch has been passed to Massachusetts.

■ In the endgame of Pierre Rinfret's spastic campaign for governor of New York, he has taken out his failure to raise money and support on fellow New York Republicans, calling Jack Kemp a "traitor" and accusing the local Republican establishment of being "in bed" with Mario Cuomo. As far as the state GOP is concerned, Rinfret has at last got half a grip on a half-truth: the party's leaders are more interested in protecting their own positions than in attacking liberal policies, which is why, in their search for a candidate, they passed over conservative Republican Herb London and picked a rich, pliant buffoon like Rinfret instead. The campaign, notwithstanding heroic personal efforts by such stalwarts as Jeremiah Milbank and William Simon, has confirmed Rinfret's wealth and buffoonery, as well as, in ideological terms, his pliability (his first act as candidate was to make himself the instrument of the New York GOP's U-turn on abortion). Now the men who dragged him from obscurity find him personally fractious. They deserve each other. Meanwhile, voters seeking a credible alternative to Cuomo will turn to Row C, the line of the Conservative Party, where they will find London.

■ Readers will receive the next issue (Nov. 5), *NR*'s 35th Anniversary Issue, three weeks, rather than the normal two, after this issue, owing to the extra time needed for production.

The Reluctant Capitalist

Though his country's on the fritz,
Mr. Gorbachev still sits
Fretting over Adam Smith
As aromas scented with
French fries from McDonald's queue
Fail to give the guy a clue.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ In the aftermath of Three Mile Island, the press did itself proud. A CLOUD MOVES CLOSER, shouted the headlines of the New York tabloids, and the *Village Voice* ran tales of glowing fish. But an independent study in the current issue of *The American Journal of Epidemiology* concludes there is no evidence to show that the accident caused any cancers. Over six years—the time frame of the study—there was no statistically significant increase in leukemia or childhood cancer along the path of the radioactive plume released by the plant. Lung cancer went up slightly, but six years is too short a time for radiation to have caused such an effect. The highest dose any TMI neighbor got was one-third to one-fourth of the "background" dose the average American gets every year from granite, rays from space, home insulation, and other health threats.

■ Even in countries where political volatility is the order of the day, the recent pace of events in South Africa would be noticeable. As we go to press, President de Klerk begins his long-awaited visit to Washington. The visit had been scheduled for this spring, but postponed when a firestorm of protest broke out (in the States—not in South Africa) over the prospect of Mr. de Klerk's meeting President Bush before Nelson Mandela did. Back home, the African National Congress leadership has relented on its re-

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Harrisburg, PA Pennsylvania Farm Show Complex, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, 1990

Dover, DE Dover Air Force Base, Dec. 3-Dec. 6, 1990

Baltimore, MD Baltimore Convention Center, Dec. 9-Dec. 11, 1990

Morristown, NJ Morristown Armory, Dec. 13-Dec. 17, 1990

Columbia, SC South Carolina State Fairgrounds, Dec. 20-Dec. 23, 1990

Marietta, GA Cobb County Civic Center, Jan. 3-Jan. 8, 1991

Raleigh, NC Raleigh Civic and Convention Center, Jan. 13-Jan. 15, 1991

Montgomery, AL Montgomery Civic Center, Jan. 21-Jan. 23, 1991

Tallahassee, FL Tallahassee-Leon County Civic Center, Jan. 27-Jan. 30, 1991

Nashville, TN National Guard Armory, Feb. 1-Feb. 8, 1991

Baton Rouge, LA Riverside Centroplex, Feb. 12-Feb. 16, 1991

Little Rock, AR Rick's Armory, Feb. 20-Feb. 24, 1991

Dallas, TX Fair Park, Mar. 2-Mar. 5, 1991

Houston, TX Sam Houston Coliseum, Mar. 8-Mar. 12, 1991

Oklahoma City, OK Myriad Convention Center, Mar. 16-Mar. 24, 1991

Albuquerque, NM Albuquerque Convention Center, Mar. 28-Apr. 2, 1991

Phoenix, AZ Arizona Veterans Memorial Coliseum, Apr. 9-Apr. 15, 1991

Reno, NV Lawlor Events Center, Apr. 18-Apr. 21, 1991

San Francisco, CA Fort Mason Center/ Pier 2 Herbst Pavilion, Apr. 26-May 2, 1991

Los Angeles, CA To be announced, May 7-May 12, 1991

Honolulu, HI Aloha Tower, May 21-May 24; May 26-May 28, 1991

Seattle, WA Washington State Convention and Trade Center, June 11-June 15, 1991

Salem, OR Oregon State Fair and Expo Center, June 19-June 24, 1991

Juneau, AK Centennial Hall Convention Center, July 2-July 12, 1991

Boise, ID Western Idaho Fair & Exposition Center, July 21-July 24, 1991

Butte, MT Butte Civic Center, July 30-Aug. 3, 1991

Salt Lake City, UT Salt Palace Center, Aug. 6-Aug. 10, 1991

Casper, WY Casper Events Center, Aug. 15-Aug. 18, 1991

Topeka, KS Kansas Expo Center, Aug. 22-Aug. 25, 1991

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Saint Paul, MN Saint Paul Civic Center, Sept. 13-Sept. 19, 1991

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Bismarck, ND Bismarck Civic Center, Oct. 2-Oct. 6, 1991

Sioux Falls, SD Sioux Falls Arena, Oct. 10-Oct. 14, 1991

Davenport, IA River Center/Adler Theatre, Oct. 22-Oct. 27, 1991

Columbia, MO Holiday Inn Executive Center, Nov. 2-Nov. 7, 1991

Milwaukee, WI The MECCA, Nov. 12-Nov. 16, 1991

Chicago, IL Navy Pier, Nov. 19-Nov. 24, 1991

Louisville, KY Commonwealth Convention Center, Dec. 3-Dec. 7, 1991

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Lansing, MI The Lansing Center, Dec. 28-Dec. 30, 1991; Jan. 2-Jan. 3, 1992

Columbus, OH Ohio Expositions Center/Ohio State Fairgrounds, Jan. 7-Jan. 11, 1992

Charleston, WV Charleston Civic Center, Jan. 22-Jan. 25, 1992

Richmond, VA The Richmond Center for Conventions and Expositions, Feb. 5-Feb. 9, 1992

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fusal to permit Mr. Mandela to meet with Chief Buthelezi, and Buthelezi has accepted its invitation. Some things, however, don't change: Winnie Mandela, who may soon be tried as an accessory to the murder of a young black by her chief bodyguard, turned up at a funeral in Soweto wearing a sweatshirt flaunting "Umkonto we Sizwe," the guerrilla arm of the ANC. And Randall Robinson of TransAfrica is opposed to President de Klerk's visit.

- In the Philippines, the government appointed a respected general to assure the integrity of the national lottery. The effort faltered when, in a televised drawing, he pulled out his own ticket.

- The Vietnam War was the first war in which the most important combat sector was the American living room. Previous wars had been refracted through print, and more recently radio. But the electronic images of combat in Vietnam were, epistemologically, revolutionary. They inflicted the reality of combat upon an audience wholly untrained to accept it. When and if combat breaks out in Iraq, we will again face the problem. There seem to be two courses of action. One would be total TV censorship by the U.S. Government: there exists no "right" to battlefield coverage. Alternatively, the TV audience will have to grow up. If the goals of combat are justified, the means are too. Quite possibly, the TV audience has in fact lost its naïveté in this respect, and perhaps Vietnam was unique—a shock because it was a first. The next time around, combat may not seem so shocking.

- The Japanese would *like* to help out in the Persian Gulf, but they're stuck with that constitution. Why don't they just import William Brennan?

- Democrats are trying to raise taxes on all alcoholic drinks except one: they specifically exempted champagne. Guess what you drink if you are a congressional Democrat?

- The Evanston, Illinois, city council has voted to create the country's first tax on education, a tuition tax of up to $60 per student at Northwestern, Kendall College, Garret Evangelical Theological Seminary, and Seabury–Western Theological Seminary. The measure is expected to "generate" $500,000 and a lot of ill will. It should give students their first honest lesson in politics.

- First it was hard rock used to oust Noriega, now it's Perry Como to evict teenagers. Convenience stores in the Pacific Northwest are blaring easy listening music in their parking lots to keep teens from congregating. Do we need to amend the Geneva Convention?

- This week's invention is a sort of miniaturized bug zapper, battery-powered, to be inserted in the cervix for contraception and, the inventor hopes, prophylaxis. If you aren't shocked by this, you will be.

Souter the Inevitable

Not since Barrymore wore hose
As the Dane have I heard prose
Spoken with such silken skill;
Whether, though, for good or ill
Won't become completely clear
Till the other eight appear.

W. H. VON DREELE

Who Lost Kuwait?

ALTHOUGH the Bush Administration has gotten almost universally high marks for its response to the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, it may flunk a related subject: signaling American intentions beforehand.

April Glaspie, the American ambassador to Iraq, has gotten a lot of flak for the interview she had with Saddam Hussein on July 25, eight days before the invasion. Miss Glaspie told Hussein America has "no opinion" on "Arab–Arab conflicts, like your border disagreement with Kuwait," and that she had "direct instructions from the President" to seek "better relations" with Iraq. But Ambassador Glaspie was hardly alone. On July 31, John Kelly, assistant secretary of state for the Middle East, told Congress that an Iraqi invasion of Kuwait was a "hypothetical" he couldn't get into. Kelly's remarks went out over the BBC World Service, to Baghdad, among other places.

Some members of the Administration feared an Iraqi attack, and warned against it. After Iraq made its first move of thirty thousand troops to the Kuwaiti border in the second week of July, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney told reporters America "would take very seriously any threat" to "friends in the region," and moved an aircraft carrier into the northern Arabian Sea. Iraq's last logistical preparations on the night of July 27–28—hauling truckloads of supplies to its troops, now grown to one hundred thousand—were picked up by American satellites, and convinced Colin Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, and William Webster, director of the CIA, that the Iraqis were going in.

But the Administration didn't act on their apprehensions. Even after the Iraqis moved, Washington was hesitant and noncommittal for several days—sure signs of people shaking off the hangover of a failed policy. So whose policy was it?

Naturally there is a rush to point fingers. Friends of Israel blame our reliance on Mubarak, Fahd, and Hussein (the king, not the dictator), who told Washington all along that Baghdad was only bluffing (so follow Israel in all things). Democrats want to make partisan political capital. But Democrats like Howard Metzenbaum were no less effusive than Republicans like Robert Dole in their support of closer ties with Iraq after visiting Baghdad.

It is possible to be *more* precise. The *minor* responsibility for our mixed signals must rest with George Bush's conviction that he can chat up anyone. His skills in personal diplomacy are indeed considerable—they account, in part, for the breadth of cooperation he got once he decided to act. But they may sometimes cause him to misread the intentions and the determination of people like Manuel Noriega and, more seriously, Saddam Hussein.

The major responsibility falls, however, on the State Department—and not on obedient functionaries like Kelly and Miss Glaspie, but on its chief, James Baker. Baker fancies himself, with some justice, as an extension of George Bush's personality, and, with less justice, as a world mover and shaker in his own right. The way we were playing the Per-

RIGHT DATA

The Deficit (Non-)Problem

A RECENT Congressional Budget Office study highlights the role of the S&L bailout in pushing up the deficit:

The Deficit and the S&Ls

	Cost in Billions			As % of GNP	
Fiscal Year	**Base Deficit, Ex S&L Costs**	**S&L Costs**	**Total Deficit**	**Base Deficit**	**S&L Costs**
1989	$143	$ 9	$152	2.8	0.1
1990 (June est.)	159	36	195	2.9	0.7
1990 (Sept. est.)	159	55	214	2.9	1.0
1991 (Sept. est.)	164	70	234	2.8	1.2
1992 (Sept. est.)	158	60	218	2.5	1.0

In June, the CBO estimated that the deficit for fiscal 1990, which ended on September 30, would be $195 billion, including $36 billion spent for the S&L bailout. But that has now been swollen by $19 billion in additional bailout costs, pushing the deficit above $200 billion for the first time since 1986. (For what it's worth, the Gramm–Rudman target was $100 billion.)

Next year looks even bleaker, with the estimated costs of closing insolvent thrifts and paying off depositors ranging from $70 to $100 billion. Higher oil prices, by helping the economies of the oil-producing states, where many failed S&Ls are located, could lower costs.

The cost of American operations in the Gulf—$2.5 billion in fiscal 1990 and $1 billion per month thereafter—seems puny by comparison. In fact, when the bailout costs are excluded, the base deficit figure—not counting any steps Congress may take to cut it—is expected to decline as a percentage of GNP. In a meaningful economic sense, not in the sense of Gramm–Rudman, the federal budget is now in balance.

Does the enormous upsurge in costs associated with the S&L bailout warrant a tax increase? Many economists think not. Unlike federal borrowing to pay for transfer payments or salaries or military hardware, the deficit incurred to cover deposit insurance does not reduce the funds available to private-sector borrowers. Nearly all the money the government raises for this purpose is pumped right back into the financial system, as recipients deposit the funds in new accounts.

Economist Robert Eisner likens the bailout to replacing $180 billion of currency that got washed down a sewer or lost in a fire. In replacing the lost funds the government is not adding to the wealth of depositors. Raising taxes to reimburse those who lost money would only compound the problem: their wealth would be restored at the expense of the rest of us. It would be far better to borrow the funds, and authorize the printing of additional money to pay off the debt. But, according to Eisner, failing to replace the lost money is no solution: it would be deflationary, and would probably trigger at best a financial crisis and at worst a sharp depression.

This is not to say that the S&L debacle hasn't hurt the economy. But the economic impact occurred in the past, when the bad loans and fraud diverted the savings of depositors from more productive uses. Borrowing to close the remaining insolvent S&Ls doesn't add to those problems, it forestalls additional ones. —ED RUBENSTEIN sian Gulf was Baker's way. As a result, we have 150,000 soldiers cooking in the Saudi sun. For his own good, and America's, President Bush ought to ensure that his secretary of state is a strategist rather than a deal-maker. If Mr. Baker can change his spots . . .

Civics in One Easy Lesson

SEQUESTRATION—the automatic, across-the-board cuts that Gramm–Rudman–Hollings brings into play when all else fails—has been the bogey of Washington for the last month. That is no surprise, for sequestration was designed to give political pain to politicians.

If the full cuts go into effect by October 15, $105 billion will be wrung out of the budget, bringing federal spending, as a percentage of GNP, to its lowest point since 1979. Since America was not a minimalist state in 1979, one would think that such a spending level would be something Congress could live with. But of course the cuts would be asymmetrical: since Social Security and many other entitlements are sacrosanct, other programs have to be slashed by large margins (25 per cent for defense spending, half again as much for non-defense non-entitlement programs).

Hence the horror stories of no air-traffic controllers or meat inspectors; of defendants let loose in the streets for lack of U.S. marshals to guard them. But the determination to safeguard entitlements, which is the cause of the problem, did not come out of thin air. It reflects the political orthodoxies of the caring state. Sequestration forces politicians to look caring in the face—to ask who should be cared for, and to what extent.

The draconian sweep of sequestration also represents a loss of flexibility, and hence of congressional power and responsibility. This is a point made most resonantly by Robert Byrd. Here again, the gods of the copybook headings return. Congress's real loss of freedom of action began in the late Seventies with the custom of continuing resolutions—huge omnibus spending packages, rolling federal programs over from year to year because Congress lacked the will to look at expenditures from the ground up. Sequestration carelessly dismantles only what Congress so carelessly erected in the first place.

Sequestration would be an expensive civics lesson, but when education has been so long deferred, the cost of lessons mounts.

When Peer Pressure Fails

Unlike Sabu, whose thieving ways
Responded well to timely praise
And sensible suggestions from
A djinn, who filled in for his mum,
Saddam proceeds as if he sat
Beside a soaring ziggurat
When Babylonians lived well
Before the Hanging Gardens fell.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Economic Consequences Of the Peace

IT WAS inevitable. The fear, the anger, the surge of patriotism have given way to vague doubts, even indifference in some American quarters. Can't we learn to live with Hussein? Does it really matter that Iraq now controls 20 per cent of world oil reserves—with its potential next victim, Saudi Arabia, controlling another 30 per cent?

Doug Bandow puts the live-and-let-live case like this: "As the top producer in the world, Saddam would maximize his revenues by marginally reducing production and trying to persuade other suppliers to follow suit. The result would be a higher oil bill for the U.S., but nothing like the cost of today's military operation."

This conclusion, based on the standard textbook explanation of what monopolists do, assumes a degree of rationality, not to mention financial acumen, which we have not yet detected in Mr. Hussein. Why did a country that had 0.3 per cent of the world's population and 10 per cent of the world's crude-oil reserves on August 1 need to grab another 10 per cent, in the form of Kuwait, on August 2? The answer is as plain as the fourth largest army in the world and $100 billion in debts from the war with Iran. As much as we would like to think of Saddam Hussein as simply an Arab John D. Rockefeller, the facts don't support this.

The notion that Iraqi hegemony over the Saudi fields would leave the price of oil only slightly above its current level also ignores the demand side of the equation. Hoarding and panic buying have already pushed crude-oil prices to $35 per barrel, up 75 per cent since the start of August. If Saddam had Saudi Arabia in his pocket, many economists calculate, we would be seeing $50 oil.

For what it's worth, at the end of June the Iraqi oil minister stated publicly that his country's goal was $25-per-barrel oil. At that price the oil bill for U.S. consumers would be $90 million per day higher than before the invasion. But the economic costs only start there. August's oil-price shock has already shifted the consensus GNP forecast from 1 per cent real growth to 1 per cent decline, an annualized net loss of $110 billion.

If left to its own devices the free market will always prevail. Even at $100 per barrel there would be plenty of shock but no shortages. But the process of adjusting supply to demand would include a sharp lowering of demand or, in plain language, a recession. The greater the monopolist's scope, and the larger the price hike he engineers, the longer and deeper the recession is likely to be. We have, after all, been here before. The oil-price hikes of 1973 and 1979 produced just such an effect—the great world stagflation of the Seventies and early Eighties.

Of course, these recessions were made longer and deeper than they need have been by the attempts of governments to alleviate them with price controls and the misguided superficialities of an "energy policy." It was only by abolishing such controls, and abandoning the "energy policy" that is now the object of such masochistic nostalgia, that President Reagan was able to bring about the low energy prices of the last eight years. (The *New York Times* describes these prices, the result of non-intervention, as "artificially low.")

But government will always be tempted to intervene in this way. If the U.S. relies on the world oil market to defeat Saddam Hussein, the greatest danger to consumers and the economy will lie in the well-intentioned interventions that the ensuing recession will stimulate. As inflation rises, an army of special-interest groups can be expected to descend on Washington seeking special treatment—benefit indexation, tax breaks, energy subsidies, even the reimposition of price controls. In short, the U.S. Administration will wage war on *someone* as a result of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. Will it be Saddam Hussein or the American consumer?

Gorbachev Hesitates

IF THE WEEK's extraordinary events have demonstrated anything, it is that the Communist system, having suffered defeat after defeat in its unending battle with empirical reality, still has not surrendered its last position in the Soviet leaders' minds. As the hours tick away, the central authorities are feverishly devising ways to liberate the Soviet economy within the framework of that system. They are paying lip service to the Shatalin plan for transition to a market economy, but in practice they look at it with all the enthusiasm of doomed men peering into the abyss. [See "Seven Days That Shook the World," p. 26.]

Things are never what they seem in the Soviet Union, but the debate over the future of the Soviet economy is a particular exercise in surrealism. The first surprise came with Gorbachev's decision to support the Shatalin plan, which by clearing the way for private ownership, and devolving taxation and control over mineral resources to the republics, would have the effect of liquidating Communism and breaking up the Soviet Union. Gorbachev insisted, however, that he was against the resignation of his prime minister, Nikolai Ryzhkov, who will have the responsibility of implementing the Shatalin plan, to which he is totally opposed.

But each new day brings new confusion. With the Soviet economy disintegrating as a result of ill-con-

GUEST EDITORIAL

A Farce to Those Who Think

IS THE National Endowment for the Arts picking up the tab for the three-act farce now running under the billing of a budget summit? The meetings have degenerated into a horror tale in which Washington ghouls pick at the corpses of American taxpayers and trade tasty morsels among themselves. The latest indecency came last weekend when Republicans offered up taxpayers' home-mortgage and charitable deductions to the tax-thirsty Democrats—after proposing the week before to slam Joe Six-Pack with excise taxes. The Democrats then set an all-time high for political farce when they offered to hold spending increases to only $33 billion. Genuinely obscene.

The economy has entered a recessionary period. Tax hikes now would only deepen and extend the recession, increase unemployment, and create grief for all Americans.

It is time to bring the curtain down on this charade. A $100-billion across-the-board sequestration is far preferable to the chainsaw massacre of taxpayers being planned at the budget summit. In fact, a healthy swing of the sequestration axe may be the only cure for bloated congressional spending habits. Otherwise, the chainsaw ultimately will fall into taxpayers' hands on November 6, leaving the President politically emasculated and the once-permanent Congress very temporary. Let the summiteers give New Jersey Governor Jim Florio a call. He knows all about full-blown political revolt.

—RICHARD W. RAHN

Mr. Rahn is chief economist of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

sidered tinkering, Gorbachev's latest proposal is for a referendum on private land holding, which is a crucial feature of the Shatalin plan. Such a referendum would delay its implementation by months and could give its opponents enough time to kill it. This may be what Gorbachev has in mind, because he next persuaded the Supreme Soviet, the semi-parliament which the Communist Party apparatus still controls, to grant him emergency powers affecting "wages and prices" (so much for the free market) and "the strengthening of law and order." This latter may involve "halting the activity of all institutions, including elective ones." Significantly, Gorbachev cited Lithuania as a place where he had not imposed presidential rule but might yet do so. It seems he has far from reconciled himself to the independence of the Soviet republics, which would become unavoidable under conditions of economic reform.

The whole spectacle is beginning to resemble the *sauve qui peut* atmosphere of Berlin in 1945. Fortunately, another voice has been heard in Moscow, that of the exiled master Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. In a manifesto published in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, Solzhenitsyn made clear that there is no saving the Soviet Union or its parts within the current system. The wheel of history has turned, and the only answer for the current leaders is "public repentance" and the acknowledgment that they have "led the country into the abyss" and "do not know the way out."

Only this can prepare the way for the peaceful departure of the Communist authorities, which, when all is said and done, is the indispensable prerequisite for the country's resurrection.

Reagan's Reward

ONLY A FEW years ago, criticizing Communism was a crime in the East and a gaffe in the West. Thanks to one man, it's now permissible in both Moscow and Washington.

Ronald Reagan found a warm welcome on his tour of Eastern Europe. In Moscow he addressed the International Committee of the Supreme Soviet, treating the collapse of Communism as an occasion not for gloating but for common celebration. In Berlin he took a hammer and chisel to the Wall. "Mr. President," said Sabine Bergmann-Pohl, president of the East German parliament, "we have much to thank you for."

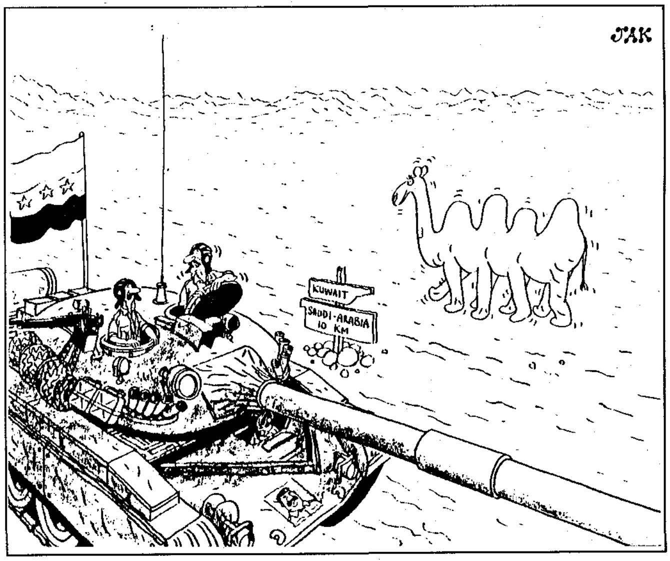
Perhaps the most moving moment of Reagan's tour came in Gdansk, at the monument to shipyard workers. Seven thousand Poles chanted, "Thank you, thank you," and sang "*Sto Lat,*" usually reserved for Polish heroes. Father Henryk Jankowski, Lech Walesa's former parish priest, presented a saber to Reagan with the words: "I am giving you the saber for helping us to chop off the head of Communism."

Reagan's stature won't have to be defined generations hence by historians. It has already been decided by millions of hearts around the world.

The Lawyers Have It

ONE THING John Sununu isn't is a lawyer, and his on-going efforts to forge a complex compromise on the details of "civil rights" legislation has Washington conservatives worried. Earlier this year the chief of staff—disregarding the Justice Department's pointed criticisms of the Kennedy–Hawkins civil-rights bill, which would in effect impose racial quotas—held private negotiations with Ted Kennedy in which he nearly approved language making the disastrous bill appear acceptable. Luckily the talks broke down. But with Hill Democrats vowing to put a bill on the President's desk soon enough to preclude a pocket veto should Congress adjourn in early October, Mr. Sununu has resumed negotiations. This time they are, unprecedentedly, with liberal black Republican lawyer William Coleman, a Kennedy fifth-columnist who warns that the President's support among blacks will plummet if he doesn't sign a civil-rights bill. The fear is that the White House will take his advice.

Such a move would be both unnecessary and politically harmful. For starters, congressmen who voted this summer for the Michel–LaFalce substitute bill (and there were more than enough of them to sustain a veto) expected to face irate constituents during the August recess. What they heard was silence, proving to them that this is an inside-the-Beltway issue. Still, many of these congressmen believe the Administration will abandon them. The fallout, as



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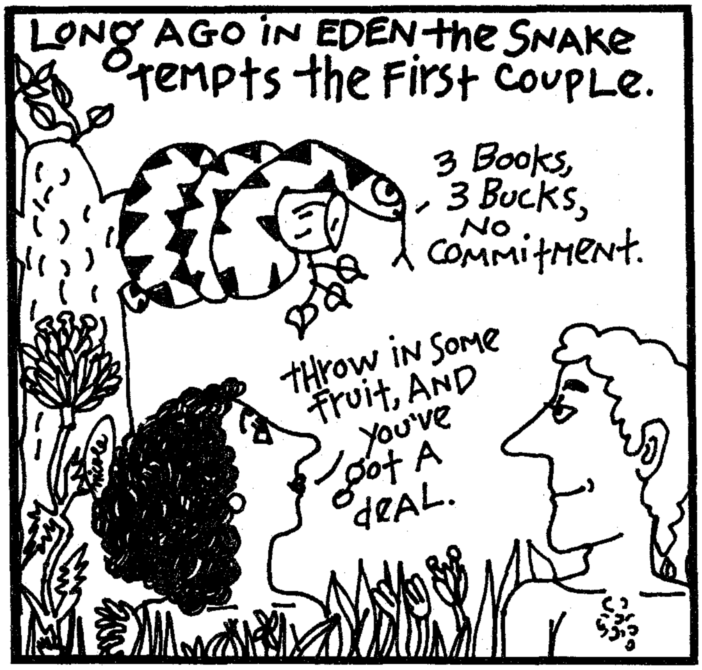
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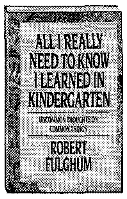
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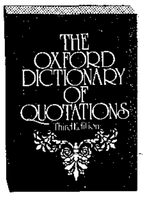
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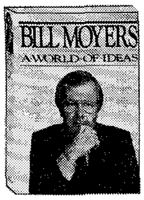
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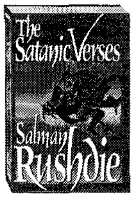
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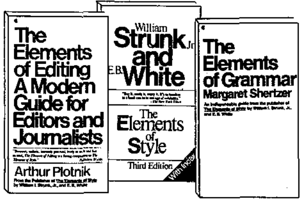
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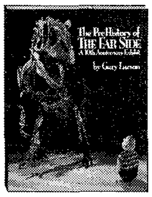
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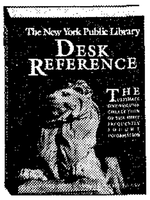
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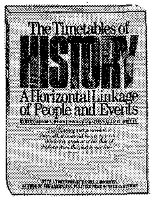
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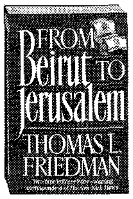
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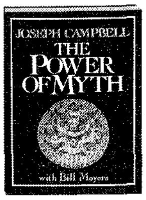
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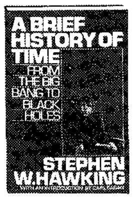
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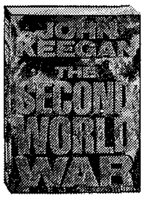
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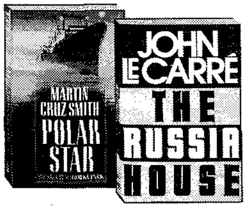
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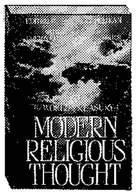
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one blunt Justice Department memo puts it, would be that "Members will feel betrayed and our ability to depend on our Hill allies on any issue in the future will be severely impacted."

The memo neatly sums up the larger stakes being played for. "We are on the verge of winning a battle that will set the stage for all future negotiations on civil rights. Our friends on the Hill have stood up to the civil-rights groups and the sky has yet to fall. All that remains is for the President to veto a very bad bill. If he does, and the world doesn't end, we will be in a stronger position next year. If we cave, things will only get worse. And the President won't get any credit." This is one time we hope the lawyers prevail over the non-lawyers.

Rosenthal *v.* Buchanan

THE HOT TALK among journalists and politics-minded intellectuals has been of Abe Rosenthal's column in the *New York Times* (Sept. 14) in which he, well, reads Pat Buchanan out of civilized society. What he says, flatly, is that Buchanan's statements about the U.S. intervention in the Middle East, combined with other positions Buchanan has taken dating back to his defense of President Reagan's visit to Bitburg, are the work of an anti-Semitic mind. He goes so far as to suggest that the kind of thing Mr. Buchanan says can lead to Auschwitz, and that he, Rosenthal, isn't going to let him get away with it, because he is guided by a famous moral injunction, delivered by Jesus on the Cross, whose meaning Mr. Rosenthal exactly reverses, so that it becomes now, "Forgive them not, Father, for they know what they did."

Now, the charge is very serious, and the accuser and the accused are prominent members of the journalistic community. I write as a friend of both, though I have experienced A. M. Rosenthal, as it happens, ten times as frequently as Pat Buchanan, notwithstanding that Mr. Buchanan and I have occupied the same ideological foxhole since he became old enough to bear arms. About Mr. Rosenthal, I need to say that he has always walked about in rooms in which customized tripwires wait confidently to ignite his footloose emotional gyrations: and when he comes upon them, the resulting explosion knows no conventional limits. I deem his attack on Pat Buchanan to be: Rosenthal, gone ballistic.

And I deem Pat Buchanan to be insensitive to those fine lines that tend publicly to define racially or ethnically offensive analysis or rhetoric. This is best described by illustration. If Scholar A, spending a lifetime in psychometric anthropology, concludes that black Americans come in 15 points behind white Americans in conventional IQ tests, he runs a certain risk in publicizing his findings, though only the Know Nothings will denounce him as a racist. If, however, having done so he accepts an invitation to speak at a rally advocating an end to forced busing on the grounds that he is impelled by his findings to oppose the dilution of educational quality, sensitive moral calibrators are likely to suspect that Scholar A is actively engaged in advocating invidious racial policies.

Every one of Pat Buchanan's positions touching on Israel, weighed discretely, is reasonably defended—until his most recent one. It is unquestionably true that Israel's political influence is out of proportion to Israel's strategic importance to the United States. It is certainly arguable that Mr. Reagan's decision to go through with his visit to Bitburg was, in the diplomatic circumstances, prudent. And Pat Buchanan has convinced me that the defendant John Demjanjuk, recently tried in Israel as a war criminal, is actually the wrong man. But these antecedent positions are joined now with Buchanan's statement, *"There are only two groups that are beating the drums for war in the Middle East—the Israeli Defense Ministry and its amen corner in the United States."* That happens not to be true, as witness NATIONAL REVIEW's endorsement of Operation Desert Shield (with only Senior Editor Joe Sobran dissenting). What then happens is the cumulative judgment, with the question arising: Is there a little gerrymandering going on in the mind? The conclusion by Abe Rosenthal was: Yes, Pat Buchanan reveals himself as an arrant anti-Semite. A second conclusion (my own, and the overwhelming favorite among those who know Buchanan) is that he is, simply, attracted to racy (the best word) generalizations.

It is undeniable that independent analysts who are neither Jewish nor Israel-bonded enthusiastically endorse Mr. Bush's policy. The same day that Rosenthal wrote, Buchanan also wrote—a column in which he recorded that "Among those cheering loudest the 'new international order' is the conservative NATIONAL REVIEW, our old friends and new critics, who dismiss us now as 'Bug Out, America' types, for resisting their call for air strikes and pre-emptive war against Iraq . . . Excuse me, this is not conservatism, it is Trilateralism; the foreign policy of David Rockefeller, not Robert Taft." I am required to comment that this is an insufficiently developed accusation. Robert Taft was a hero to American conservatives. But his foreign policy, in a postwar world dominated by the Soviet Union, was other-worldly: he voted against NATO, for instance. David Rockefeller is associated (not quite justly) with One World globaloney—but Nelson Rockefeller was a high-defense anti-Communist, whose positions were a world away from the UN vapidity Buchanan seeks to impute to our policies in the Mideast.

The Buchanans need to understand the nature of

Great Ideas.
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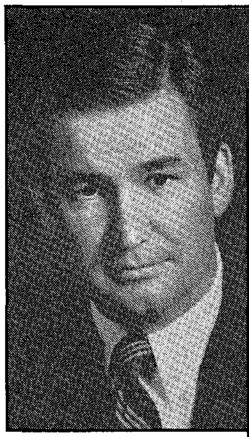
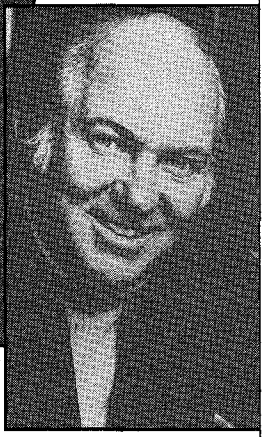
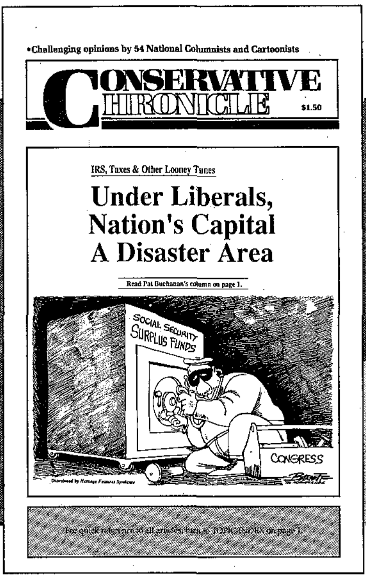


Pat Buchanan



James Kilpatrick



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sensibilities in an age that coexisted with Auschwitz. And the Rosenthals need to understand that clumsy forensic manners are less than a genocidal offense, and that when Christ pleaded for forgiveness for His executioners, He asked it on behalf of those who were blinded into doing the wrong thing. No one has asked for that kind of forgiveness for the Nazis, and Pat Buchanan's trespasses are miles this side of the awful genocidal line in the sand. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Is there any truth in the rumor that Praetorian Patricia Schroeder, the coloraturing senator from Colorado, has enlisted in the infantry for combat duty on the Iraqi front?

But that Diogenesian Ann Richards (whose caterwauling in search of a man called George has aroused sympathy among the nation's lonely hearts, but not much enthusiasm for her gubernatorial aspirations) was turned down because she could not pull her foot out of her mouth?

Yours cordially,
Henri J. Ballerand
Oakton, Va.

Dear Mr. Ballerand: It has to be true, because the rumor is everywhere. And Gloria Steinem? De-Ms.'d, we're told. Keep us posted. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

A client of mine recently sent a letter informing me that a seven-year-old boy in England was dying of a brain tumor. The boy's name is Craig Shergold and his ambition is to have an entry in the Guinness Book of Records for the largest number of get-well cards ever received by an individual. I have forwarded this request on to ten other friends in various companies in Boston and asked them to post this request with the young boy's name and address on a bulletin board in an attempt to have people send him get-well cards. If it is not too much trouble, Bill, would you please post his address at the NATIONAL REVIEW office so that people at your firm could send this young man a few extra cards?

His address is: Craig Shergold, 36 Shelby Road, Carshalton, Surrey FN8 1LB, England.

Sincerely,
Joe
[Joseph H. Deary II]
Philadelphia, Pa.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

For a number of years I have been a loyal subscriber to *NR* as well as a modest contributor to your annual plea for funds to help cover the deficit, and I intend to continue. However, at this moment I'm really upset about the constant Bush-bashing that has been contained in your editorial pages of late. In at least the last five issues the entire tone of the editorial section has been anti-Bush—about the poor job he is doing—and I, frankly, am becoming fed up.

I have always viewed *NR* as the defender of capitalism, and from that it follows that you support the Republican Party and its leaders. I've seen damn little of that lately. What are you trying to do, destroy his chances for victory in 1992? Keep this up and 1992 will be a shoo-in for the Democrats, whether they nominate Patricia Schroeder, George McGovern, or even Teddy Kennedy.

My plea to you is to get back on the team and lend all of your support to capitalism and the Republican Party. I, for one, am getting sick and tired of going to bed each night fuming at what I've read that day in your editorial pages and am sure there are thousands of your readers who feel the same.

Sincerely,
Hubert M. Eitel
Vero Beach, Fla.

Dear Mr. Eitel: We have most ardently supported Mr. Bush, except when he errs. When that happens, a) it is our job to say so; and b) he is (however discreetly) pleased to feel the pressure from the Right, so necessary to countervail pressure from the Left. See, e.g., Henry Kissinger's two books on Nixon, who all but went on the air pleading for more criticism from his Right. . . . But pray, don't go to bed fuming. We can't do without you. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My car faithfully displayed your BuckPac bumper sticker DOES LOWELL WEICKER MAKE YOU SICK? during the successful campaign to remove him from the Senate. Will you reciprocate and let your vehicle wear my (enclosed) bumper sticker?

WE NO LIKE A
LOWELL WEICKER

As a Connecticut resident, I am alarmed at the prospect of a Governor Weicker. So feel free to use this same phrase if you are going to BuckPac again. Or send me one of your new stickers for the other side of my bumper.

Regards,
J. J. Leitner
Newtown, Conn.

Dear Mr. Leitner: Thanks. . . . Since Lowell Weicker keeps running for something, one wonders whether models of future cars designed to be sold in Connecticut could come with fenders sculpted with your sticker? Will take it up with BuckPac board. Cordially, **—WFB**

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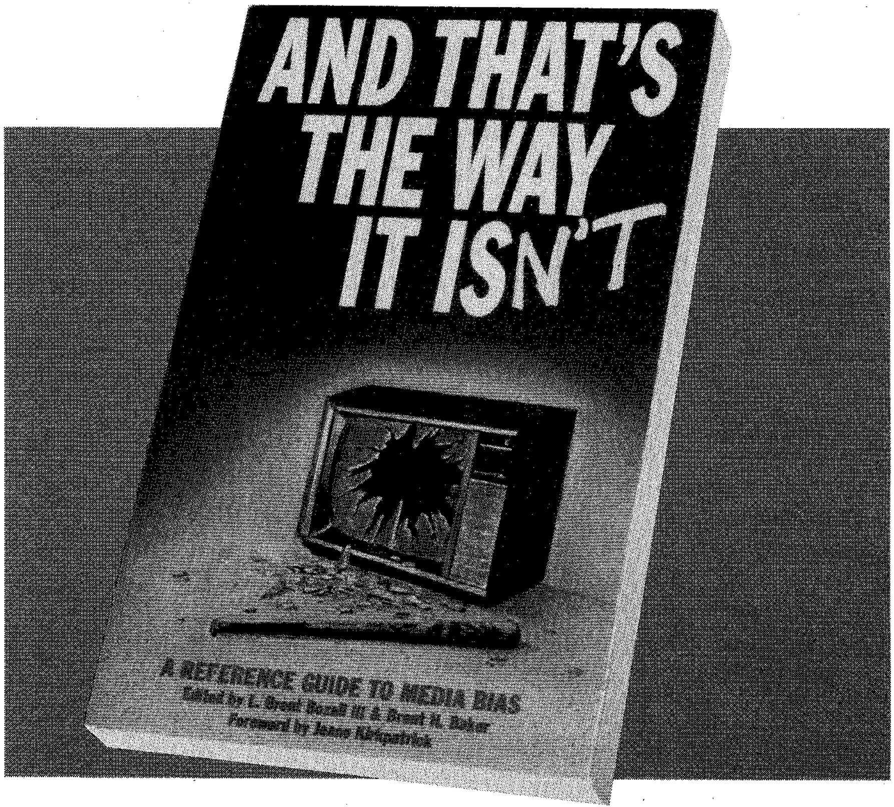
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Edited by L. Brent Bozell III & Brent H. Baker
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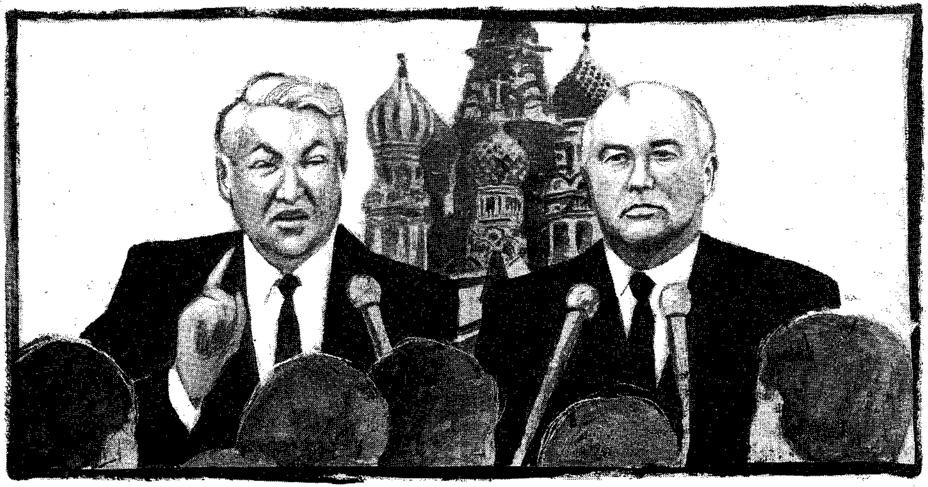
ON THE SCENE

Seven Days That Shook the World

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS



Tim Bower

MOSCOW

THE NEW Russian Revolution began in Moscow on Tuesday, September 11, 1990. I know because I was there.

I was in Moscow to attend a Cato Institute conference, "Transition to Freedom"—itself a portent of change, as it was jointly sponsored by the Soviet Academy of Sciences. The preceding Sunday I had attended a meeting of two hundred radical deputies. These people were as confident as Bolsheviks in 1917. There was none of that wimpish insecurity that frustrated the Reagan Revolution.

The main issue before them was economic reform. Boris Yeltsin, working with Gorbachev's top economists, had produced the Five-Hundred-Day Plan, a/k/a the Shatalin plan, which sets out a timetable for transforming the centralized Soviet economy into a capitalist and free-market system in less than two years. Gorbachev's government had developed a different plan, the Ryzhkov plan, named after the Soviet prime minister, which would maintain state control over the economy. Gorbachev himself favored a combination of the two plans in an effort to please all parties.

This vacillation brought scorn upon his head. "Combining centralized planning and a market is the same as fixing a watch with parts of an hourglass," hooted a delegate amid demands for the resignation of both Ryzhkov and Gorbachev. "We have had enough of the old ways. It is time to get on with our future."

On Monday evening, Gavriil Popov, mayor of Moscow, set a similar tone for the Cato/Academy of Sciences conference at the privately catered opening banquet at the Moscow Hotel: "We cannot talk of freedom unless we have private property."

The next day, the conference proper opened with Abel Aganbegyan, the Gorbachev advisor who launched *perestroika*, saying: "The command militaristic system is bankrupt. . . . The social situation is explosive. Trust in government has drastically declined. . . . A union of sovereign republic states is inevitable."

This was heady stuff from the director of the Academy of National Economy and a full-fledged member of the Soviet establishment. But it was not enough for economist Larisa Piyasheva, who ripped into Aganbegyan. *Perestroika*, she said, was nothing but a search for Western credits; Aganbegyan had merely called for giving socialism a shot in the arm.

"Our economic system is wrong," she declared. "The principles of socialist economics are wrong. We must translate supply-side texts so that we can teach our students. . . . 'No compromises' is the new slogan." Prolonged applause.

Flattened, Aganbegyan endorsed the Shatalin plan. But he did so only in self-defense. Although he was influential in discrediting central planning, Aganbegyan seems to think that the market economy will be operated under the governmental auspices of a new Minister for the Market.

Word spread among the conferees that the government of the Russian Republic had officially adopted the Shatalin plan, but that the Soviet government, following a different course, had submitted the Ryzhkov plan to the Supreme Soviet. In private conversations at the conference, members of the Supreme Soviet expressed their bewilderment at debating the Ryzhkov plan when the Russian parliament had adopted a contrary one.

Anatoly Sobchak, the radical mayor of Leningrad, rose to report to the group at large. The Supreme Soviet, he said, had responded to the government plan with surprise, having expected a compromise proposal from Gorbachev that would embody the heart of the Shatalin plan. The Supreme Soviet had stood up for real reforms and had instructed Gorbachev's government to put other reform proposals before the body.

Moscow's Mayor Popov, himself a radical, also spoke: "State property is the basis of bureaucratic socialism." Delays in legal privatization were permitting government ministries and the Communist Party to be active in claiming property and acting as its owners.

"We no longer have patience for the apparatchiks' game. If no change occurs, we will have to ask people to come into the streets," said Popov, going on to threaten that a demonstration in Red Square on Sunday might give Gorbachev the message. Others

---

Mr. Roberts's new book, Meltdown: Inside the Soviet Economy, *co-authored with Karen LaFollette, has just been published by the Cato Institute. A new edition of his* Alienation and the Soviet Economy *has been published by Holmes & Meier for the Independent Institute.*

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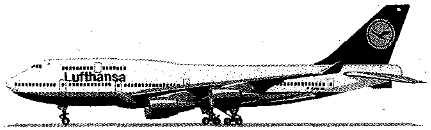

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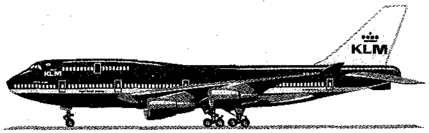

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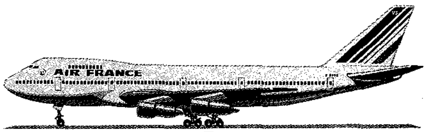

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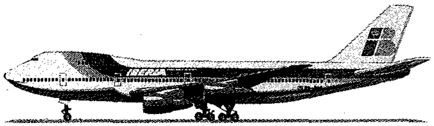

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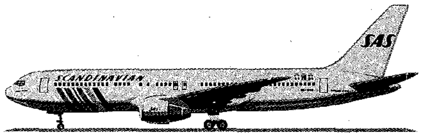
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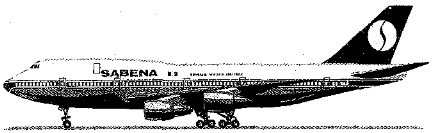

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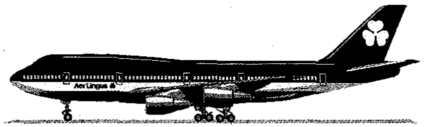

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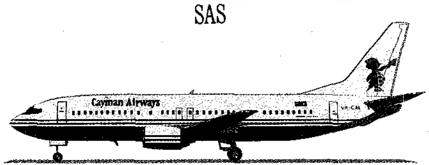
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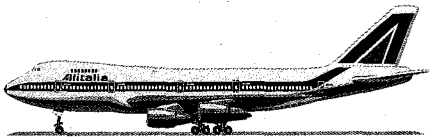

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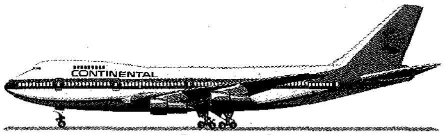
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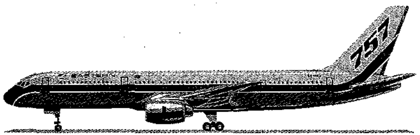

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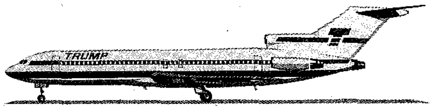

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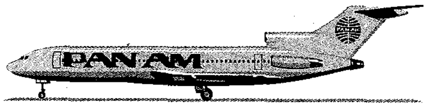

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said, "It is too late for Gorbachev. Russia has acted."

If Gorbachev had used his powers and quickly privatized on an all-union basis, he might have been able to prevent the political disintegration of the Soviet Union. Now he is a king without a kingdom and cannot rule the republics from Moscow. Not even George Bush, Jim Baker, and German billions can put him back on his throne. The unresolved dispute is between the powerful vested interests that currently control state resources and are conducting a private privatization for their own benefit, and democratic forces led by Boris Yeltsin, Gavriil Popov, and Anatoly Sobchak, who seem determined to stop the plunder and to implement a legal privatization.

Russia's future depends on whether democratic leadership and rule of law can indeed prevent plunder. If the democratic forces fail to subdue the powerful interests, they will be discredited, and the rising anger of the people will be assuaged only with blood.

The Cato Institute, with its full contingent of classical liberal thinkers, was at the right place with the right conference at the right time. The Soviet participants were drawn from both the radicals and the government, and a vast audience of Russians and Ukrainians overflowed the auditorium. Free minds met, and people yearning for a free society tested the mettle of Peter Bauer, James M. Buchanan, Henry Manne, George Gilder, Charles Murray, William Niskanen, Ed Crane, and others of Cato's stable of penetrating thinkers. For the first time in their lives, Soviet intellectuals and politicians met Western intellectuals who were confident of the superiority of a free society. It was good for their morale and fighting spirit.

The day is near when even Western academics will have to acknowledge that Communism is dead and buried in its homeland, and justly so. ☐

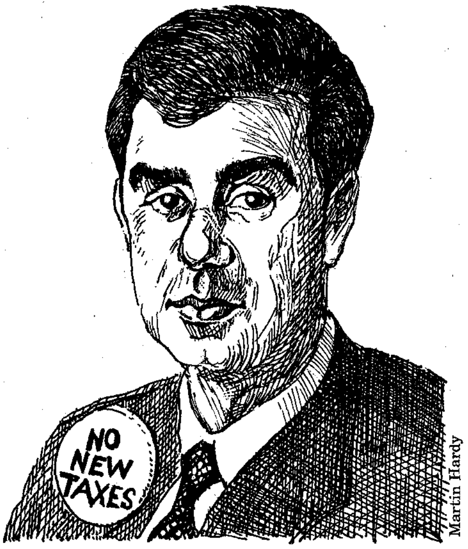
Mr. Outsider

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THREE WEEKS after President Bush announced he was "thinking anew" about his "no new taxes" pledge, tight-lipped House Republicans gathered behind closed doors inside the Rayburn building to consider their own next move. After an hour-and-a-half debate, they passed by an overwhelming 3 to 1 margin a resolution "oppos[ing] new taxes and all tax-rate increases as a means of reducing the federal budget deficit." It was a gutsy call. Not only would it embarrass the President, it was the last thing in the world Minority Leader Bob Michel wanted to see. Michel had hoped to kill the resolution by shunting it off to the Policy Committee for eternal debate, but under conference rules anyone with fifty signatures on his motion can bring it forward. This time the yeas had it.

The man behind the resolution was Dick Armey, the fifty-year-old economics professor turned congressman who in only three terms in the House has,



Martin Hardy

to the delight of conservatives, proved himself a Texas bull in the Capitol china shop. Since coming to office in 1985, Armey has pushed through a bill closing down unnecessary U.S. bases (he has on his wall a picture taken at the bill-signing ceremony, which shows him as the only congressman standing behind the President—the others didn't want to go near the bill), has challenged federal funding for the arts ("do it on your own dime and your own time" is a favorite maxim), and has now set his sights on agricultural subsidies, pointing out that in the Agriculture Committee "there's no such thing as Republicans or Democrats, just those from corn states, those from wheat states, those from dairy states, and so on."

What makes Armey's achievement all the more stunning is that he has managed it while remaining the consummate outsider. Indeed, over the foyer door in his office in the Cannon building hang his father's spurs, a homespun declaration of independence from Beltway fashion. Rarely is he invited to the White House for a chat. Unlike colleague Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.) and his fellow Texan, Senator Phil Gramm, he is not in on the summit talks. He's not inclined to make the sort of compromises on pork said to be necessary to get legislation through. Yet at a time when George Bush and his GOP summiteers have called into question the credibility of the last decade of Republicanism, it is Dick Armey and his allies who will help bring the party back to the straight and narrow—largely because he saw it coming from the outset.

"When the summit started, the President clearly had a higher standing among the American people than anyone else," says Armey, sporting his usual Adam Smith tie and with a copy of George Gilder's *Microcosm* on his desk. "By calling a summit, all he's done is elevate people scarcely known outside their own districts to the same level as himself.

"Then he turned around and appointed [Senate Majority Leader] Dick Gephardt to chair the thing. To me what this did was define a process that favored the Democrats and sacrificed the only advantage we had: the President's prestige."

It didn't help that both Gingrich and Gramm were on board, and though not committed to the product—Gingrich has repeated that he will walk if they come up with a bad deal—they were by definition tied to the process. Both have come under attack from conservatives, as it's become clearer that the reason for putting them on the team was not to hear their views on taxes but to get their imprimatur on any tax increase. That has become all the more obvious now that the summit has broken down into a mini-summit

---

Mr. McGurn is NR's *Washington bureau chief.*

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For the second time this year, Ford Motor Company has been honored by prestigious Motor Trend Magazine. Motor Trend has named the 1990 4WD Ford Aerostar "the hands down winner" as the Truck of the Year. The Aerostar joins the 1990 Lincoln Town Car which was recently named Car of the Year by Motor Trend. Receiving these awards is further evidence that Ford's total commitment to quality is producing results. When Quality is Job 1—you don't do it any other way.

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between the Administration and the top leaders of both parties, excluding what the *New York Times* called "the more partisan participants." That's Beltwayspeak for conservatives.

This latest move has only strengthened Gingrich's hand, in that he has extricated himself from this losing process by breaking with the Bush Administration and unveiling his own pro-growth, low-tax program. Gramm, by contrast, has virtually defected to the other side, which earned him the ultimate Washington accolade—"pragmatist"—in a *Wall Street Journal* news story. With an election coming up, his greatest fear is that any sequester will be labeled the Gramm sequester.

But in the end it has arguably been Armey who has carried more clout than either of these two in the summit process. Although the White House tried to downplay the significance of the resolution, Representative Leon Panetta (D., Calif.), chairman of the powerful House Budget Committee and a summiteer, complained on CNN's *Newsmaker Saturday* that Armey had "sent a torpedo into the negotiations" just at the point where they were about to talk tax increases. Unfortunately, subsequent events demonstrated that Armey's torpedo didn't sink the Good Ship Summit, but it was not without lasting effect. "The resolution demonstrated that Dick Armey is a leader in Congress and that the GOP is unwilling to sit by and fund George Mitchell and the national Democrats' insatiable appetite for tax increases," said Ed Rollins, co-chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee.

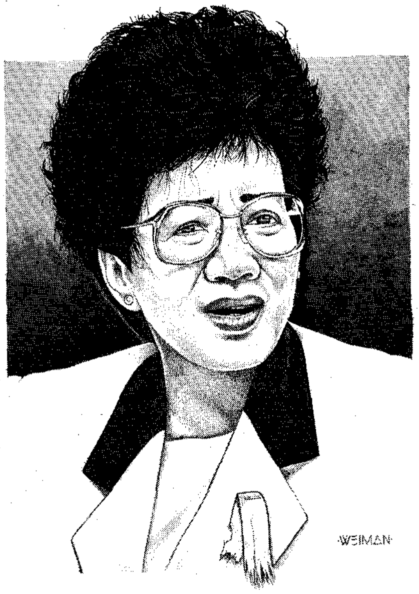
Armey is more modest. "We didn't stop the process, as the Democrats feared," he says. "But we made it a rockier road and took away some of the Democrats' cover by saying, 'We're not going to be there with you.'"

All of which goes to show that the outside game can be more important than the inside game (an insight that Ronald Reagan, another outsider, used to great advantage), particularly in a town where the rules are rigged to favor the Democrats. As for Armey himself, he's young, and in just three terms he has already moved up to the seventh slot out of 14 on the Budget Committee. Although he says that he is able to keep himself pure because he has "absolutely no political ambitions," conservatives—such as the ones passing out READ ARMEY'S LIPS buttons outside the July Republican Conference meeting—might have other ideas. "Dick Armey is a guy who works from clear conservative principles and a solid academic base," says colleague and friend Vin Weber (R., Minn.), who, along with Tom DeLay (R., Tex.), has been wearing the white hat on the tax issue. "But Dick has better political instincts than he'd ever want to admit."

"Armey an outsider?" asks Grover Norquist, president of Americans for Tax Reform. "Here's a man who's got a majority of Republicans on the central issue of the day with him and against a sitting Republican President with high approval ratings. Can Bob Michel or any of the rest of them say that?" ☐

Deadlock in the Philippines

TOM MARKS



Jon Weiman

CANDONI, NEGROS ISLAND

IT IS a trying time in the Philippines. Even the government's most ardent supporters have become disillusioned with Corazon Aquino's seeming inability to grapple with a distressing number of problems. Manila, the capital and nerve center of the sprawling archipelago, has decayed to such an extent that observers have begun to mention it in the same breath with Burma's capital, Rangoon.

But while residents of Manila tend to lean toward despair, rural folk are more often angry. "Those in the government are not fit to rule us," states staff sergeant Virgilio Regalado, a leathery 19-year veteran of the problem-plagued Philippine Constabulary, who is based in Negros Occidental, a province hitherto known only for its poverty. "As soon as they get in power, they forget completely about the people and just take care of themselves."

It may seem odd that in such an atmosphere security officials are exuding confidence, but so it is. "If we can maintain the democratic system," says Lieutenant Colonel Victor Corpus, "the Communist Party of the Philippines [CPP] is a spent force."

It would be difficult to find a better source for such an opinion than Corpus. In 1970, as a junior officer in an elite special-forces unit, he made a sensation by defecting to the CPP. Six years later, disillusioned with the Party, he returned to the fold, only to be imprisoned for ten years. Released when Ferdinand Marcos was ousted from power in February 1986 and later reinstated in the military, he became a key force in radically reorienting Philippine counterinsurgency strategy away from a fruitless emphasis upon military operations and toward an emphasis upon socio-economic development.

The strategy has thrown the Communists off course. Increasingly, the CPP and its armed element, the New People's Army (NPA), together with its National Democratic Front (NDF), find themselves unable to replace lost manpower or to generate a strategic approach capable of dealing with what Filipinos term "democratic space."

In the four-plus years since the ouster of Marcos, the CPP, according to its own count, has contracted from 73 to 56 "fighting fronts." In Negros, long the base of the movement, Communist documents reveal a 50 per cent loss of "mass base." Key CPP/NPA leaders have been captured with such

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Mr. Marks, a political analyst at the Academy of the Pacific in Honolulu, has written about the Philippines for numerous international publications.

Five years ago you tied the knot. This year, tighten it.

The Diamond Anniversary Band.
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[illegible]

BEST

regularity that the Politburo and Central Committee have gone underground, even declining to give their customary briefings to the foreign press.

Realities such as these have Philippine officials cautiously optimistic. "We don't ask ourselves whether we're winning or losing," says Colonel George Vallejera, operations officer of the army's 3rd Infantry Division, which has seven battalions operating on Negros. "We have to be careful. We have been victims of our illusions before. There is no concrete way to determine how far we have gone, how far we have damaged the CPP/NPA. It's best to look at their own assessments. And from those, we know we have been pretty successful." He continues, "We'll never see them surrender to avoid annihilation. But we are damaging them."

Operationally, this is visible everywhere. In the southwest corner of Negros, previously the strongest CPP bastion on the island, troops of the official 7th Infantry Battalion and ten militia companies now hold sway. The populace is free to move about, day and night, and the narrow dirt road joining the main center, Candoni, with the coast teems with traffic, previously interdicted by the Communists.

The linchpin of the government's hold on the area is the militia of CAFGU (Citizen Armed Forces Geographical Units). Controlled by regulars, paid by the government, and subject to military rules and regulations, these minutemen take time out from their regular concerns to defend their villages.

I asked some of them about their motivation for risking their lives to do so, and got a nearly unanimous response. "I don't like the Communists," says Rolly Lahaylahay, father of six and owner of ten acres upon which he plants rice and corn. "I want freedom."

Of more than a dozen people I interviewed, every one could name at least five personal acquaintances who had been killed. A majority had witnessed at least some of the killings.

Says William Labrador, a farmer with "one week of grade one" education, "The Communists told us what work we could do. If you're not cooperative, they kill you. Also, anyone caught close to the military is suspected of being a sympathizer of the military. There was no court. It was completely arbitrary. I actually saw three people stabbed to death by the [CPP] district leader. I saw this. I pitied them. But we could do nothing, because we had no arms."

Labrador's views are doubly potent, for he, like many others now in the militia, was previously a member of the CPP's clandestine apparatus. Now the Communists' worst nightmare has come to pass. The people have weapons and have risen up—on the government side. The fish, to borrow Mao's image, have been left without a sea. In the Candoni area alone, there are twice as many militia under arms as there are regular troops.

Backing up the militia are regular strike forces. An impressive intelligence network that warns of impending guerrilla actions has done a great deal to confound the Communists. Already, both the leader of the CPP's Southwest Party Committee and the head of the Negros Island Region Party Committee (NIRPC) themselves have fallen prisoner to the government. Their revelations, together with the documents they carried, support the analyses provided above.

In particular, they point out that the overwhelming majority of encounters are being initiated by the government. It is the guerrillas who seem blind as they seek to conduct operations. "Efforts to keep cells intact fail owing to lack of trust between members," laments an entry in the notebook of Federico Guanzon, the captured NIRPC leader.

AS BAD as things are in the Philippines, the functioning of democracy has meant the CPP has been unable to exploit the depressing socio-economic situation. People see that there is movement in the right direction, and they are loath to risk their lives for what a ballot might achieve instead.

This has forced an increased reliance by the Party upon terror and political action. It is a major motive for the stepped-up CPP/NPA campaign of urban terror that led up to the base talks going on between the U.S. and the government. The Communists are now offering a national ceasefire, but experience should make us skeptical about how long a ceasefire will last once the Communists feel they have sufficiently regrouped to strike again.

"It is normal," says Colonel Vallejera, "for the enemy to be increasing his use of terror. He *must* answer back. Unfortunately, the CPP/NPA goes for our weaker links. You cannot expect normal people, or even the police or CAFGU, to be thinking all the time about guerrilla war. They get sloppy, get killed, and the CPP/NPA appears strong."

The fear that follows the realization that one is vulnerable to terror is compounded by anger that the government cannot stop the perpetrators. The insurgents gain both psychologically and concretely (through the elimination of specific personnel).

Indeed, the Communists have specifically sought to hit the militia and leading figures of the popular mobilization against the CPP, like Ike Ballesteros, an important figure in the Sugar Development Foundation (SDF), a planter-funded self-defense fund with a $3-million-a-year budget. After Ballesteros's assassination, his killers tied his body to the steering wheel of his jeep and set him ablaze. "Why would they do that? What was the point?" asks another planter rhetorically. "Their point is to influence our minds. They are going after those who are active in the SDF, because they need to make it fail."

The SDF, in fact, finances about one-third of the militia effort. Its highly effective Special CAFGU units, once savaged in the press as hired thugs, are now controlled by the army's elite Special Forces. Their loss would be a devastating blow to the government effort. That, of course, is the CPP's aim.

For the moment, though, the tactics have only resulted in greater determination on the government side. Asked why he joined the militia, Tachico Tabano, 19, one of 11 children, responds simply, "The Communists took my father away, claiming he was a counterrevolutionary. I will avenge the death of my father." Several of his brothers have also joined the militia.

Everywhere it is the same. The situation does not bode well for the Communists, but they are determined to continue their drive for power. Hence, even as the general security situation improves, the Philippines will experience a growth in terrorist actions and increased personal insecurity. There is no telling how long such a period will last, but it should not obscure the strategic turn for the better. ☐

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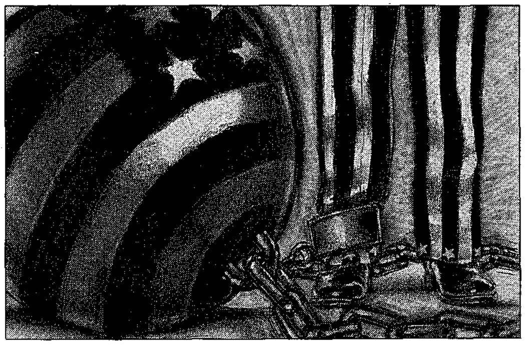
Chaining the Economy

AMERICA DRAGGED DOWN



The economy under Reagan, say the pundits, was too hot not to cool down. In fact, the economy did not run out of fuel. What happened was the arrival of the Bush brigade, armed with potent fire extinguishers.

WARREN T. BROOKES

WHEN George Bush took the oath of office in January 1989, the U.S. economy was growing at a 3.6 per cent real rate, well into the seventh straight year of a peacetime expansion that many thought might go on forever. Prudential-Bache's chief economist, Ed Yardeni, was forecasting six to 12 more years of expansion without recession.

In a matter of months that growth pattern had slumped; there has not been a quarter of growth over 2 per cent since. By 1990, MIT economist Paul Krugman was writing of "the Age of Diminished Expectations." Americans were again facing soaring oil prices and economic malaise and wondering where the Reagan Revolution had gone.

Not only had its exponents left town, they had been replaced body and soul by corporate Carterites from Treasury to Labor, from State to the SEC. The fateful budget summit and the breaking of the tax pledge were only ratifications of earlier personnel decisions, which are what ultimately determine policy.

Expansions, Ronald Reagan's chief economic advisor Beryl Sprinkel liked to say, do not die of old age. They are killed by bad economic policies. The Reagan expansion is in intensive care or already dead after more than ninety record-breaking, pundit-defying months. The Bush Administration and its friends blame its demise on Federal Reserve Governor Wayne Angell's efforts to fight the 1989–90 inflationary surge. Others see the economy as Saddamized by soaring oil prices.

History is more likely to show this expansion died long before the Iraqi invasion, and had less to do with the Fed's preoccupation with inflation than with a big change in top management. Over the last 18 months the economy simply got bushed from too much government process and too little policy coherence. To paraphrase the Preacher, "Where there is no vision, economic expansions inevitably perish."

This is especially true in what George Gilder likes to call the "quantum economy," the information revolution which has made statist intervention in the global marketplace futile and ultimately self-destructive. In this new economic system, both wealth creation and power are being decentralized. As Gilder put it: "Rather than pushing decisions up through the hierarchy, the power of microelectronics pulls them remorselessly down to the individual. . . . one free mind plus a workstation can outperform any array of regimented minds."

In May 1988 Ronald Reagan told the students at Moscow State University, "We're emerging from the economy of the Industrial Revolution—an economy confined to and limited by the earth's physical resources, . . . into an era in which there are no bounds on human imagination, and the freedom to create is the most precious natural resource. . . . These entrepreneurs and their small enterprises are responsible for almost all the economic growth in the United States."

The Reagan Legacy

BUT REAGAN'S most direct legacy to the nation was his successor, an old-fashioned corporate-state Republican whose last 26 years have been spent absorbed in big government, and almost totally preoccupied with mastering its processes. While this enables George Bush to manage the details of government policy, especially of foreign policy, better than his predecessor, it leaves his domestic policy increasingly adrift in the uncharted waters of the quantum economy.

Instead of a clear course of commitment to decentralizing economic power and increasing choice, the Bush Administration has plunged back into the Washington regulatory morass, tinkering with the levers of bureaucratic power, appeasing special interests, flirting with

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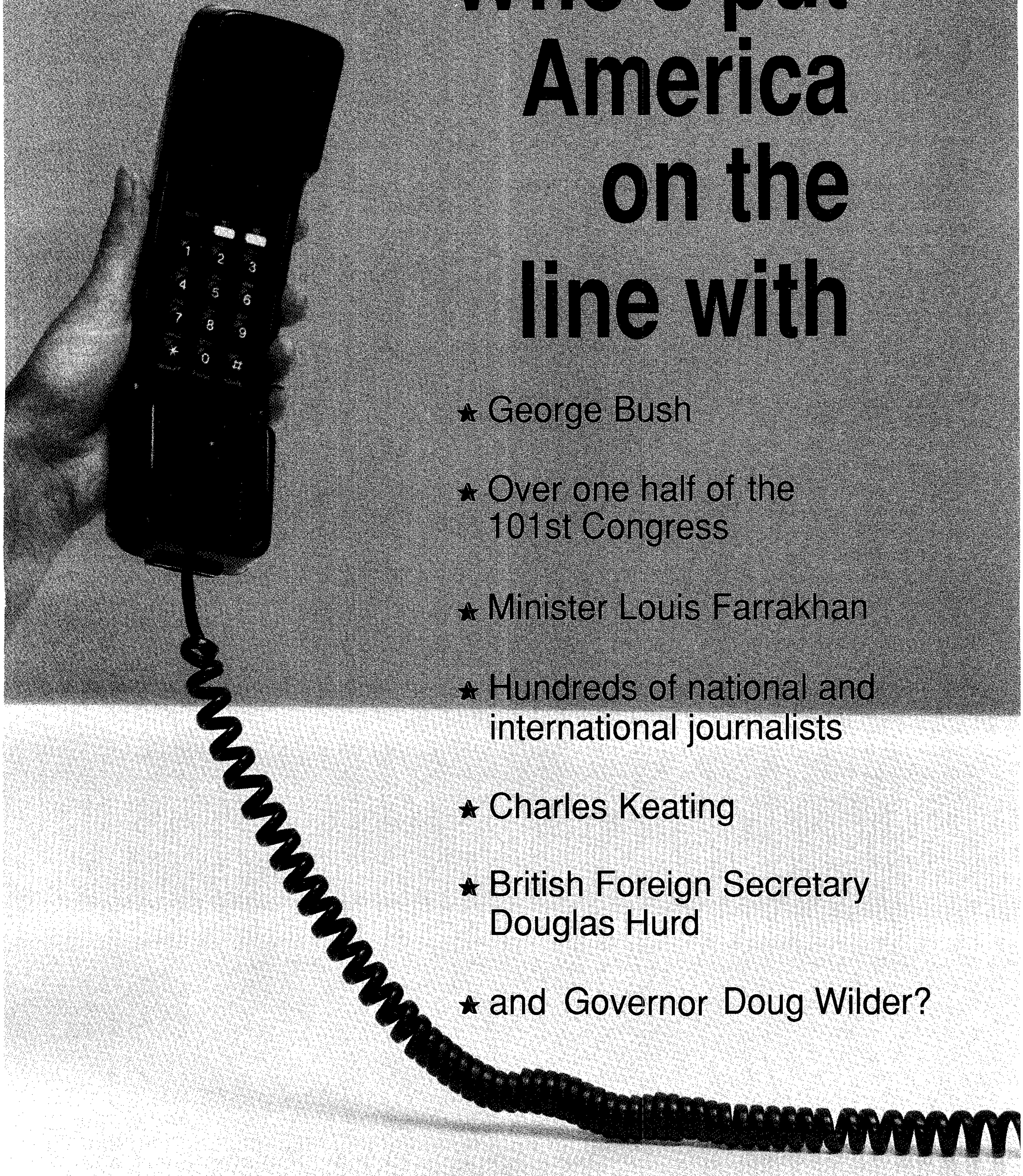
Mr. Brookes writes a nationally syndicated column for the Detroit News.



Who's put America on the line with

- George Bush
- Over one half of the 101st Congress
- Minister Louis Farrakhan
- Hundreds of national and international journalists
- Charles Keating
- British Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd
- and Governor Doug Wilder?

the no-growth environmentalists, and schmoozing with the protectors of the statist quo.

Hunkering Down

ON JULY 6, economist Larry Kudlow told his "Global Spectator" audience: "Most of all, the problem with current economic conditions is a decided lack of risk-taking and entrepreneurship. Instead of animal spirits, business and consumers seem possessed by a highly defensive belt-tightening strategy."

After expanding 7 per cent a year from 1982 to 1988, new-business formation has dropped nearly 5 per cent since early 1989. Investment in manufacturing, which rose at a 12 to 16 per cent clip through 1987, 1988, and 1989, has been falling at a 2 to 6 per cent rate in 1990. Kudlow says this is because "the threat of a federal tax increase is growing larger. So all manner of commercial and financial decisions have been put on hold." But taxes are only part of the equation: "Cost estimates for the Clean Air bill, for example, range between $20 billion and $100 billion. Cost burdens will also rise from the Disability Act . . . and implied quotas from the Civil Rights Act. In each case large established corporations are far better equipped to deal with these costs than newly formed small business. Yet it is the latter which is the backbone of a growing economy. . . ."

Janet Hamlin

Here we have a clue to the real problem. The essential fluid that keeps the entrepreneurial economy strong and supple is risk-taking, while the central theme of Bush's domestic policy increasingly seems to be risk-aversion, the single-minded pursuit of safety in everything. Nowhere is that more evident than in the current "flight to quality" and away from risk in the U.S. financial system, caused in large measure not by the tight-money policies of the Fed but by reregulatory reaction to the savings-and-loan debacle. Given the size of that debacle, this is understandable. But it misses the whole point.

It is no accident that the collapse of the S&Ls and the collapse of socialism coincided. The basic premises of the two were identical. The freedom to succeed depends on the freedom to fail. When government guarantees against failure, it subsidizes failure. The only means the state and its citizens then have to negate the effects of that perverse incentive is draconian regulation. Such regulation is a costly anachronism in a world shaped by the global information revolution.

The basic premise of S&L socialism was the guaranteed right to borrow cheap and short from consumers and lend long to homebuyers. When the world financial markets took that option away in the late 1970s, the government-constructed industry was doomed to extinction. Instead of letting it die, first the Democrats (in 1980) and then the Republicans (in 1982) rushed to "save" it, first by more than doubling the taxpayers' guarantees against failure (deposit insurance); second by more than halving the investors' risk of capital loss. By 1983, the industry had less than a 1 per cent capital reserve, and taxpayers were underwriting 99 per cent of the risk. The result was totally predictable. The cost of failures soared to $150 billion or more.

Unfortunately the Bush Administration only compounded this problem by refusing to deal with the underlying cause of it—deposit insurance. Instead of risk-rating that insurance or setting a 10 to 20 per cent deductible to decrease taxpayer liability, it raised the capital-reserve standards to a still-minuscule 3 per cent, and stepped up regulation to ensure that even that modest standard was met.

As a result, both thrifts and banks had to contract their lending assets. A regulatory credit crunch emerged almost immediately after the September 1989 passage of the bailout bill and has persisted ever since. In New England, for example, the three largest banks were forced suddenly to find $2 billion in new capital to protect against possible loan-asset losses. That caused an almost immediate $30-billion contraction of credit in an already reeling New England economy.

Giving Deregulation a Bad Name

THE WORST effect of the S&L crisis has been to give all deregulation a bad name in spite of massive and undeniable accomplishments in a whole range of areas since 1978. The political furor over the recent bump in oil prices was a reminder that we apparently learned nothing from the long gas lines and soaring prices of 1979. Instead, President Bush and his key players joined the chorus of oil-company bashers, while Energy Secretary James Watkins is winning plaudits from the *Washington Post* for reviving "energy-policy development," even as Bush backed down on oil development both offshore and in Alaska.

A very large measure of Ronald Reagan's success in bringing down inflation and spurring economic expansion came from his decision his first week in office to finish deregulating the price of oil. Within months its price began to plummet, and by this June, nine years

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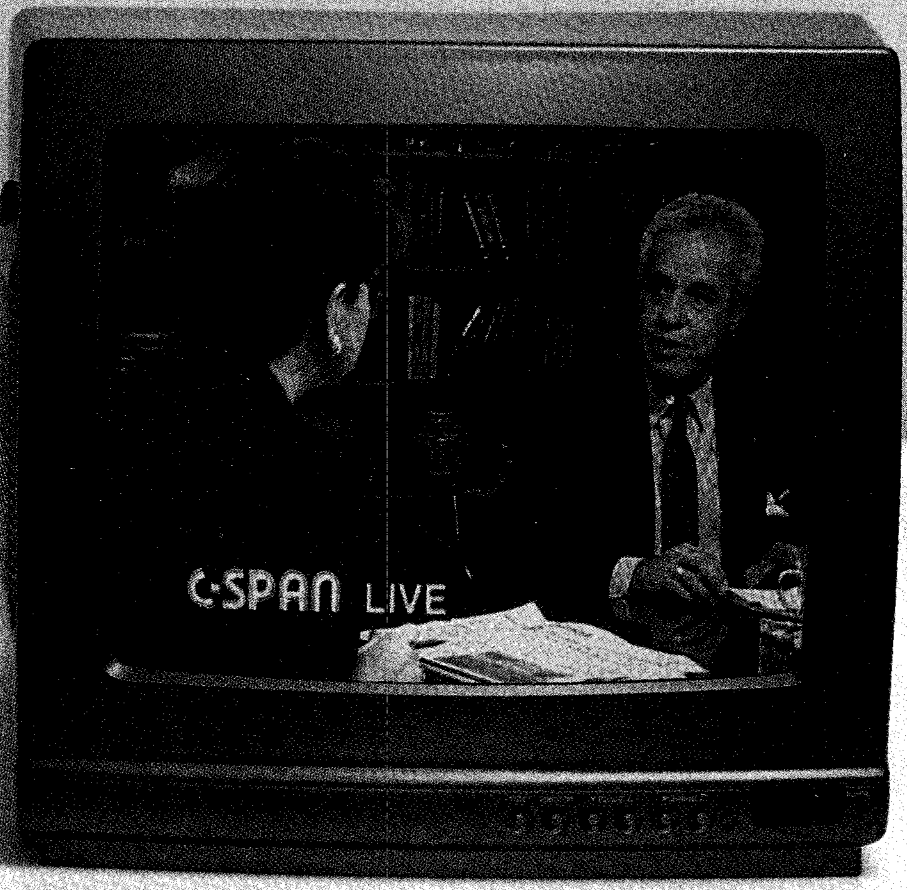

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later, Americans were paying 55 per cent less after taxes and inflation for their gasoline. The refusal by Presidents Ford and Carter to deregulate oil prices in the 1970s probably cost Americans over $400 billion. So why don't we now hear of the $400-billion oil-price-control scandal?

Probably for the same reason we never hear of the $130-billion-a-year *savings* from the 1980 deregulation of the U.S. railroads and trucking industry under the Staggers Act. Even the statist General Accounting Office recently admitted, "By exercising the new flexibilities the Staggers Rail Act provided—greater rate setting and contracting freedoms—the railroads have become more competitive." But what about consumers? "Since 1980, rail rates adjusted for inflation have declined an average of about 22 per cent. In addition service has improved; train reliability has increased; and freight-car shortages which might interrupt a shipper's business have declined."

In turn, that competition—plus deregulation of entry—drove U.S. trucking rates down by more than 18 per cent as some fifty thousand new carriers were allowed to come into the system. The result of all this, according to transportation expert Robert Delaney, was a huge reduction in the total cost of transportation to the economy from 14 per cent to 11 per cent of GNP. That's an annual savings of $130 billion.

Instead of celebrating this outcome and protecting its progenitors at the Interstate Commerce Commission, Bush appeased the union-dominated special interests on Capitol Hill by appointing a kinder, gentler reregulator, Ed Philbin, to replace hard-hat deregulator Heather Gradison. Philbin won quick confirmation when he told senators: "If Congress gives me a baseball bat, I will swing it." ICC employees delighted in Philbin's announced plans to restore the ICC as "the queen of regulatory agencies and the arm of Congress" and celebrated by burning Adam Smith ties.

Meanwhile, the undeniable success of airline deregulation, which has cut real air fares by more than 25 per cent since 1978, is now threatened by the rising dominance of hub airports by a few large carriers. Yet that dominance is largely the result of the Federal Aviation Administration's refusal to let go its grip on airport con-

BUSHWHACKED

- In Missouri, the Army Corps of Engineers has told farmer Rick McGown his 255-acre farm of rich bottom-lands was really wetlands, and therefore controlled by the Federal Government. The proof? Cattails were seen growing on his acres. They turned out to be sorghum, a cash crop. His neighbor Allen Moseley was charged with pollution for building a levee against flood waters.
- Mr. Ocie Mills, 55, of Pensacola, Florida, and his son are currently serving a 21-month jail term for having dumped 21 loads of sand preparatory to building Mr. Mills's retirement home on a 65-by-200-foot building lot. He was convicted of filling "natural wetlands."
- When Senator Steve Symms tried to get the Senate at least to force the government into "takings" proceedings on such lands declared to be wetlands or subject to endangered-species limits, so as to ensure equitable compensation for lost value, his amendment was defeated by a vote of 52 to 43 following intense lobbying by the Bush Administration.
- The National Transportation Safety Board proposes to force airlines to require that all children under age two be seated separately in toddler safety seats. The FAA estimates this would have saved one infant life since 1978. The cost of this regulation to consumers would be $205 million a year. The cost per life saved would be over $2 billion.
- A Los Angeles bank faces a $22-million environmental Super Fund clean-up bill for a debtor's 1944–1979 effluents, because the bank operated the company for eight days in 1981 in an attempt to liquidate its $900,000 loan. Banks around the country are getting out of industrial lending to avoid similar EPA "deep pockets" suits.
- Consumers of electric power in Phoenix face $4 billion in higher rates because the EPA and the National Park Service are attempting to blame visibility problems in the Grand Canyon on a clean-coal power plant 170 miles *downwind* of the canyon. The original impetus for this was that the White House was looking for a good "green photo-op."
- The Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund sued Unocal not because it had polluted (it hadn't) but because it had not complied with all permitting rules, most of them written after the fully treated effluents in question had been discharged—an *ex post facto* law. Although the federal court ruled in favor of Unocal, subsequent appeals forced a settlement of $5.6 million, of which more than $4 million went to SCLF and the Trust for Public Land.
- The Department of Energy settled a $70-million lawsuit from property holders around the Fernald, Ohio, nuclear-weapons plant, even though no damage to person or property was found or even alleged, and though the total exposure of citizens failed to rise to one-fifth the legally allowable *annual* occupational radiation exposure.
- A new study conducted by a Johns Hopkins professor for the National Acid Precipitation Assessment Project shows there is no difference in environmental gains from reducing sulphur-dioxide emissions by 12 million tons over reducing them by only six million tons, but the added cost to consumers for the Bush program is more than $6 billion a year.
- An environmental group sued the Gillette Company and forced it to remove its correction fluid from the market because it contains TCE, whose cancer risk (unless ingested in large toxic volumes) is too infinitesimal to discern. The company settled because fighting the suit would have been more costly than reformulating the product. —WTB

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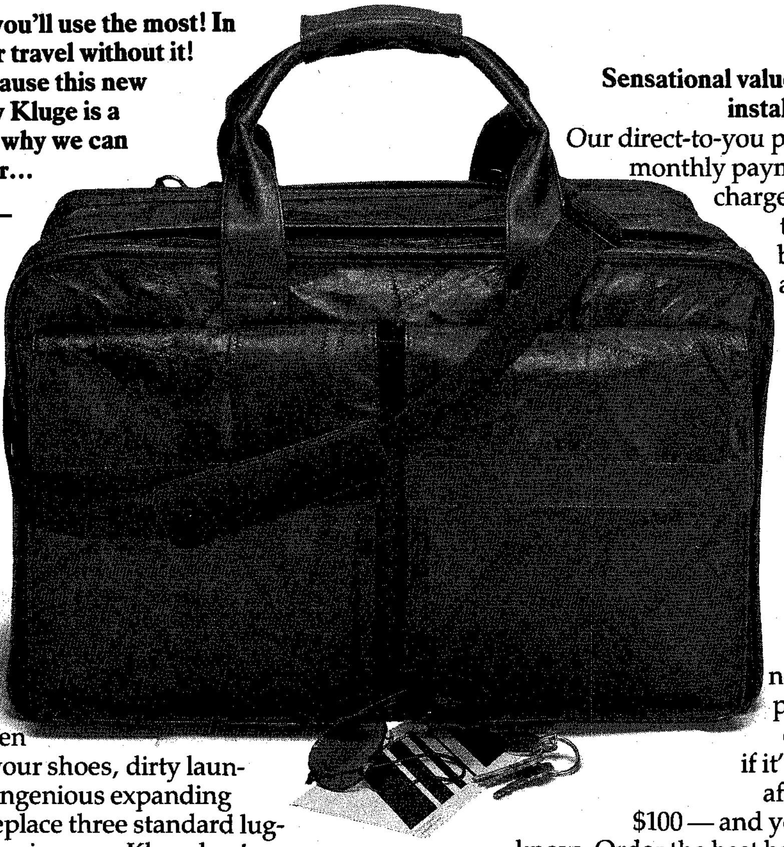

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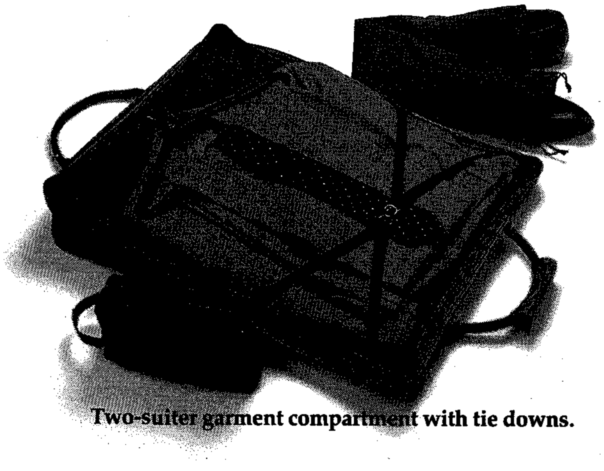

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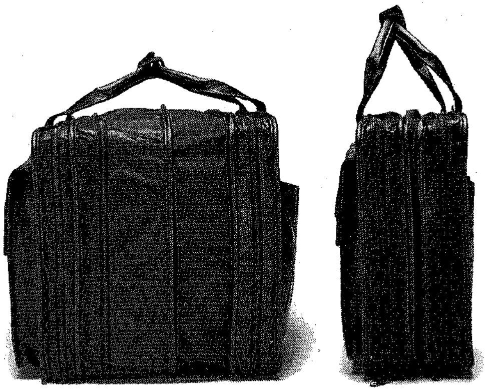

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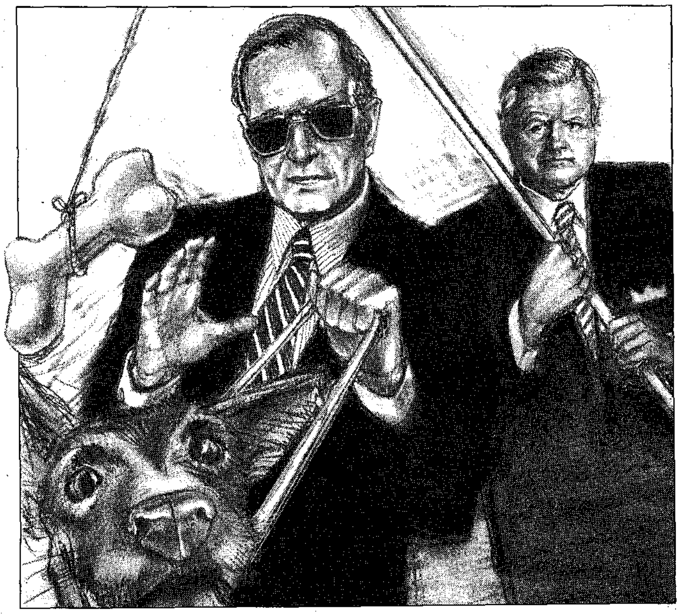
struction and allow the system to privatize and expand.

When the chance came to do just that, Bush Transportation Secretary Samuel Skinner instead bottled up a 1989 proposal by the Albany County (N.Y.) Commissioner (a Democrat) to sell the county's one-carrier-dominated airport to a private consortium that would have opened it to other major carriers. Unless the FAA allows city airports to capitalize on the more than $30 to $50 billion they now have in airport values, capacity will continue to lag behind demand and jeopardize deregulation itself.

Repealing the Reagan Revolution

IN MARCH, U.S. Chamber of Commerce President Richard Lesher wrote to President Bush warning him that "the regulatory tide is turning against the American economy, and the vast majority of regulations now being promulgated will be costly, counterproductive, and ineffective."


Janet Hamlin

Lesher was right to be concerned. At that moment the Administration had already signed off on the Americans with Disabilities Act, an undoubtedly compassionate bill whose costs are so high (many billions) no one even wanted to estimate them. At the same time Bush was working overtime to compromise on Edward Kennedy's Civil Rights bill, which would effectively force companies to hire to fit local racial percentages or face protracted court suits and unlimited punitive damages. Moreover, even as the Administration protested quotas, the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* revealed [see "Big Brother's Test Scores," by Robert C. Holland, *NR*, Sept. 3] the Bush Labor Department was supporting an on-going program of altering General Aptitude Test (employment) scores according to race. Under its secret "conversion" tables the same raw test answers that produce a 47 score for whites produce an 87 for blacks and 74 for Hispanics.

But this anti-competitive approach to skills and job performance is merely a reflection of a larger Administration hostility toward the "competitive excesses" of the Reagan years. In August, Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, who has expressed dismay over the "bottom line" thinking of corporate management, called for stock-transfer taxes not only to raise billions in new revenues but also to slow down the turnover in U.S. capital markets and reduce the incentives for leveraged buyouts, mergers, and acquisitions, which he said were killing competitiveness.

This came as U.S. manufacturing finished its best decade in U.S. history. Productivity rose nearly 4 per cent a year, while unit labor costs rose less than 0.8 per cent. One explanation: A 1989 U.S. Census Bureau study of all 1,100 corporate buyouts from 1982 to 1986 showed that the LBO'd companies had increased their total factor productivity by 3 to 7 percentage points over the non-buyout companies.

The Bush Justice Department ignored this evidence and announced complete overhaul of the Reagan Administration's antitrust policies, calling for stepped-up merger-prevention actions.

Killer Watermelons

BUT NOWHERE is the threat to risk-taking from rising statism greater than in the Bush Administration's attempts to appease the "killer watermelons" of the environmental movement (green on the outside, politically pink on the inside) with a furious regulatory assault on insignificant dangers to health and the environment.

Last June, for example, William Nazaroff of Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory at the University of California, one of the nation's foremost experts on radon risk, warned in the *Journal of Environmental Science and Technology* that the EPA's campaign against the natural background radon level found in homes would cost over $1 trillion. Nazaroff points out that less than 3 per cent of total cancer risks stemming from radon exposure are among those who do not smoke. That's fewer than five hundred cancer risks. A 2 per cent reduction in smoking would save more lives than $1 trillion spent on radon removal.

Two weeks later a team of National Cancer Institute researchers led by Dr. John Boice published, in the June 20 issue of the *NCI Journal*, a study of Chinese women exposed to more than double the average U.S. level of residential radon, and four times the EPA's stated "danger level." They reported: "No association between radon and lung cancer was observed regardless of cigarette-smoking status." Similar lack of correlation abounds in the United States. So why is the EPA promoting such high-level hype on radon? Because radon is at least two hundred times more dangerous than the next most serious environmental hazard the EPA regulates. If radon is not a danger, nothing else regulated by the EPA is either.

That includes pesticides, where the Bush EPA is now carrying out systematic elimination of more than one thousand applications of food chemicals at an economic

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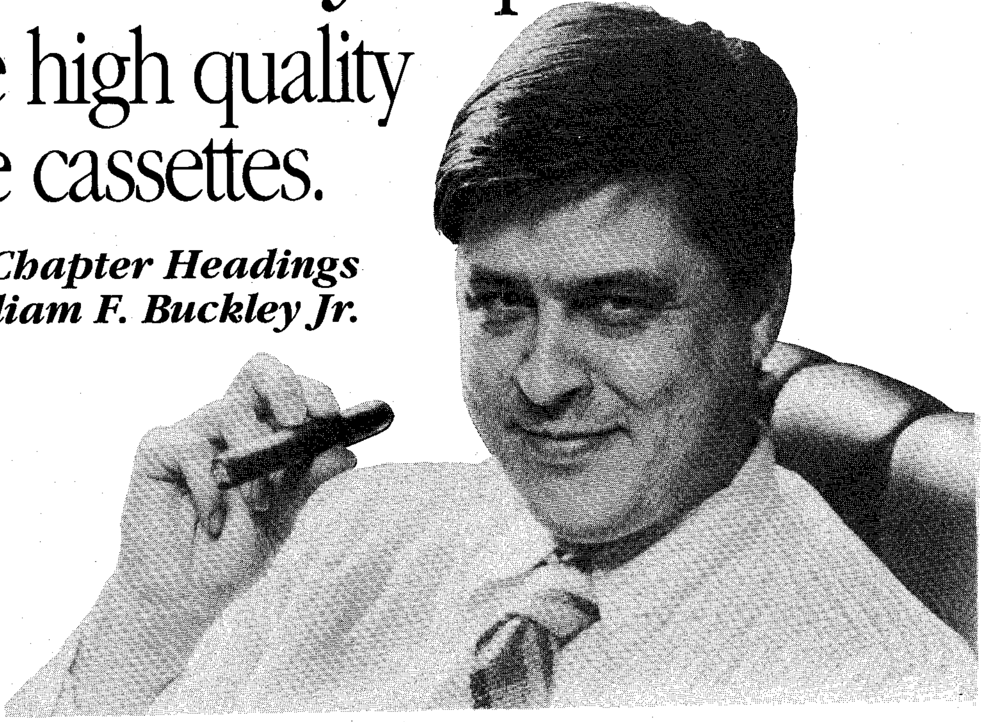

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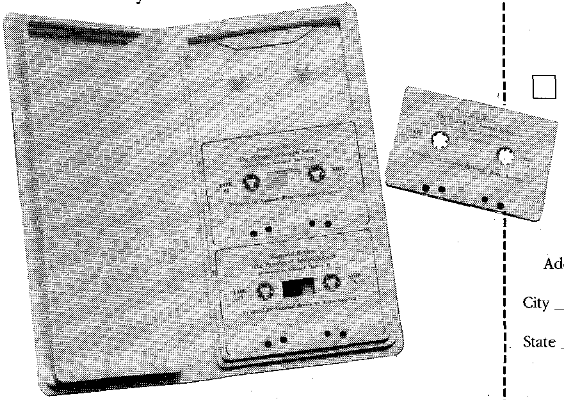

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cost of more than $20 billion. Last December, EPA Administrator William Reilly announced the phase-out of a whole class of fungicides known as EBDCs, at an economic cost in lost product of more than $2 billion per year. Yet according to the FDA's actual exposure and toxicity studies, the risk to the public from EBDCs is less than half of one cancer risk per year.

Last February, the FDA's top toxicologist, Robert Scheuplein, told the American Association for the Advancement of Science that the total risk of *all* pesticide residues on food is 0.0000076, or fewer than fifty cancer risks (not deaths) per year. Total costs of removing all of them from our food are over $40 billion a year. Said Scheuplein: "I don't honestly believe anyone has ever died of exposure to pesticide residues on food." Most toxicologists agree.

Twelve years ago the EPA and the HHS told us that airborne asbestos in buildings was killing nearly sixty thousand Americans a year. By 1989, careful scientific review and epidemiology had cut that estimate to fewer than five deaths a year. By this time the EPA was carrying out what could be a $50- to $100-billion program to rip asbestos out of the schools. Now the EPA says that was never its intention, and agrees such removal could do more harm than good.

This maniacally costly pursuit of minimal health-risk reduction at maximum cost is merely an element in the larger strategy of slowing down what environmentalists see as the depletion and degradation of our planet through technological development. The 1970 Club of Rome has been replaced by the 1990 Club of Reilly, and limits to growth from declining resources have given way to limits to growth from planetary pollution.

Down the Learning Curve

THE IRONY of this preoccupation with environmental limits and resource recycling is that the global *market* economy is now engaged in what Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan recently called the "marked downsizing of economic output," producing ever more value with ever less physical input. As he told the Federation of German Industries this past June in Bonn, "Downsizing is the process that substitutes conceptual insights for physical volumes in the creation of economic value. Four-ounce pocket calculators now do what eighty-pound accounting machines did twenty years ago. Palm-sized transistor radios deliver more ear-shattering volume than 1940s consoles."

There is nothing new about this. As technology pushes us down *any* learning curve the invariable result is greater and greater value with less and less consumption of raw material. The pollution of Eastern Europe is the result not of too much technology and development but of far too little.

Last December 29, ABC *20/20*'s consumer reporter, John Stossel, looked back on the now universally condemned Reagan decade, and said: "It's been a startling ten years. . . . We got technologies that made our lives easier, more convenient. . . . All these inventions were terrific things, yet you almost didn't have some of them." Why not? "In Washington we have a rather awesome regulatory system . . . every year they churn out thousands of regulations designed to make life safer or fairer. . . . Sometimes they succeed, but often they create tangled webs of laws that stop progress. Looking back on the Eighties I was struck by how many good things happened only because government . . . let go a little."

Tightening Up Again

UNFORTUNATELY that "letting go" process is over in spades with the 1990 Clean Air Act amendments. While the economic costs of that legislation have been variously underestimated at between $22 and $46 billion, its greatest impact could well turn out to be killing the economic vitality of the U.S. economy by imposing what can only be described as "environmental industrial policy." That is implicit in the act's largely ignored "permitting and enforcement" titles. For the first time, as many as 150,000 American businesses, from heavy manufacturing to small print shops and dry cleaners, will have to secure specific EPA permits for every point source of one or more of 191 "pollutants."

That might be survivable if it were the end of it, but it is only the beginning. Every time a company changes any part of its process in a way that would affect any one of the targeted substances, even if that modification produces *less* toxicity, new permits are required. Every new product must pass through EPA filters. The penalties for failing to meet not only these permit standards but detailed compliance timetables could subject company officials to prison sentences of up to 450 years and unlimited fines at $25,000 per day, with company informants and competitors offered up to $10,000 in bounties for fingering suspects. Even after permits are granted, any citizen group—from environmentalists to competitors—can sue to countermand them.

"This sort of 'pollution prevention' could signal the death knell for competitive economic growth," said Ernie Rosenberg of Occidental Petroleum, a former EPA regulator and one of industry's most respected lobbyists. "Take for example aerospace, electronics, and photographic products, where just to meet Asian competition most companies must make process or product changes monthly, even weekly. Under this bill, that will be impossible."

The new bill will raise U.S. pollution-control costs to 2.3 per cent of GNP. That's three times the burden of Western Europe and Japan, but it might still be worth while if the health and ecological benefits were as significant as the original U.S. Clean Air laws of 1970 and 1977. Those did produce substantial improvements in ambient air quality, and are still producing them today. But the U.S. has already reached the point of diminishing returns from the command-and-control strategies it used so effectively in the 1970s. It may have been relatively cost-effective to cut the first 96 per cent of tailpipe emissions from autos, at less than $600 a ton, but squeezing out the last 4 per cent on new models will cost $13,000 per ton and will actually slow down fleet turnover (by raising car prices) and so make ozone pollution worse.

The same uncertain benefits accrue to the acid-rain program, which calls for cutting U.S. SO_2 emissions by the year 1999 by ten million tons a year from their current level of 22 million tons. The cost of this reduction is up to $7 billion a year. That would be small enough if the "crisis" were as advertised. But a ten-year, $600-million study by over seven hundred scientists commissioned by Congress shows "no evidence of widespread forest damage from current levels of acidic rains in the U.S.," and finds that acid rain "is not responsible for regional crop-yield reduction." Instead of the aquatic silent spring predicted by the EPA in 1980, it found "acidic lakes were a relatively small percentage (2.1 per cent) of the National Surface Water Survey," and the acidity of most of those lakes today is about the same as it was in pre-industrial times. President Bush never even read that study, and neither did Congress.

> The pollution of Eastern Europe is the result not of too much technology and development but of far too little.

The Global-Warming Scam

AS BAD as the Clean Air Act is, however, the most insane threat to our way of life is the alleged "crisis" of global warming, whose scarier scenarios are fading before the cold light of factual dissent even as the Bush Administration signs on to a program of worldwide CO_2 control.

On August 12, Britain's Channel 4 presented a brilliant science documentary, "The Greenhouse Conspiracy," that threw big boulders through the glass. The *Financial Times* called this program "the best bit of television journalism of the week and probably one of the best of the year."

In it producer Hilary Lawson interviewed MIT meteorology professor Reginald Newell, who said: "I would not think there is *any* evidence for a catastrophic change in our climate."

Asked Lawson, "No evidence at all?"

Said Newell, "No evidence at all." That's what his exhaustive 150-year sea-temperature record showed last year.

So began Lawson's relentless, hour-long destruction of "the four pillars" upon which the theory of global warming rests. First, evidence that the earth is warming—it's weak; second, evidence that CO_2 has been the primary cause—it's non-existent; third, the ability of climate models to predict far-future change—none; and fourth, the underlying physics—it's still wide open to debate.

By the time the documentary was complete, warming guru Stephen Schneider—who admitted to having predicted an ice age in 1976—was saying: "I don't set very much store by looking at the direct evidence." Those who *have* looked hard at the evidence are slashing the catastrophe scenarios. The Max Planck Institute's own General Circulation Model now shows a warming trend of only 0.3° C. for the next 25 years, implying a warming for CO_2 doubling of about 0.6° C. That is well within normal climate variability.

In spite of this clear absence of any catastrophe the State Department and the EPA last month got the Administration to agree to a protocol calling for the stabilization of greenhouse gases. While the language is squishy, the cost of a real stabilization would be $65 to $100 billion a year for a warming "threat" less significant than the earth experienced in the Middle Ages.

Short Memories

MALCOLM ROSS, a scientist with the U.S. Geological Survey, told the graduating engineers at Virginia Polytechnic last May: "We live in a nation with a short but dramatic history of high technical achievement on its way to becoming the most frightened nation on earth—of radon in basements, alar on apples, greenhouse gases, ozone holes, nuclear energy, ad nauseam. If we were to fund all of the so-called high-priority environmental projects proposed in the last few years so as to save us from these and other perceived terrors, the costs would certainly be greater than the nation's gross national product."

The real agenda of this regulatory overkill? At Senator Albert Gore's Climate Change Conference last April, his chosen keynoter, Brazil's Secretary of the Environment, José Antonio Lutzenberger, told an enthusiastic audience: "The worst and most dangerous aspect of our modern economic thinking is the dogma of the necessity for continuous economic growth. Even the idea of sustainable growth is a contradiction in terms."

The enthusiastic applause he received from that audience at the J. W. Marriott Hotel in Washington indicates how far the anti-growth forces of the 1970s have recaptured the policy levers in the 1990s. George Bush's predilection for regulation has replaced Ronald Reagan's conviction of the need for deregulation and privatization. Bush's trust in the bureaucratic and political process has restored to government the momentum that Reagan had slowed, and in so doing has braked the economy that Reagan had stimulated. In the quantum economy, where idea is more important than structure and policy more vital than process, the American Prometheus is slowly being wrapped in kinder, gentler shackles. □

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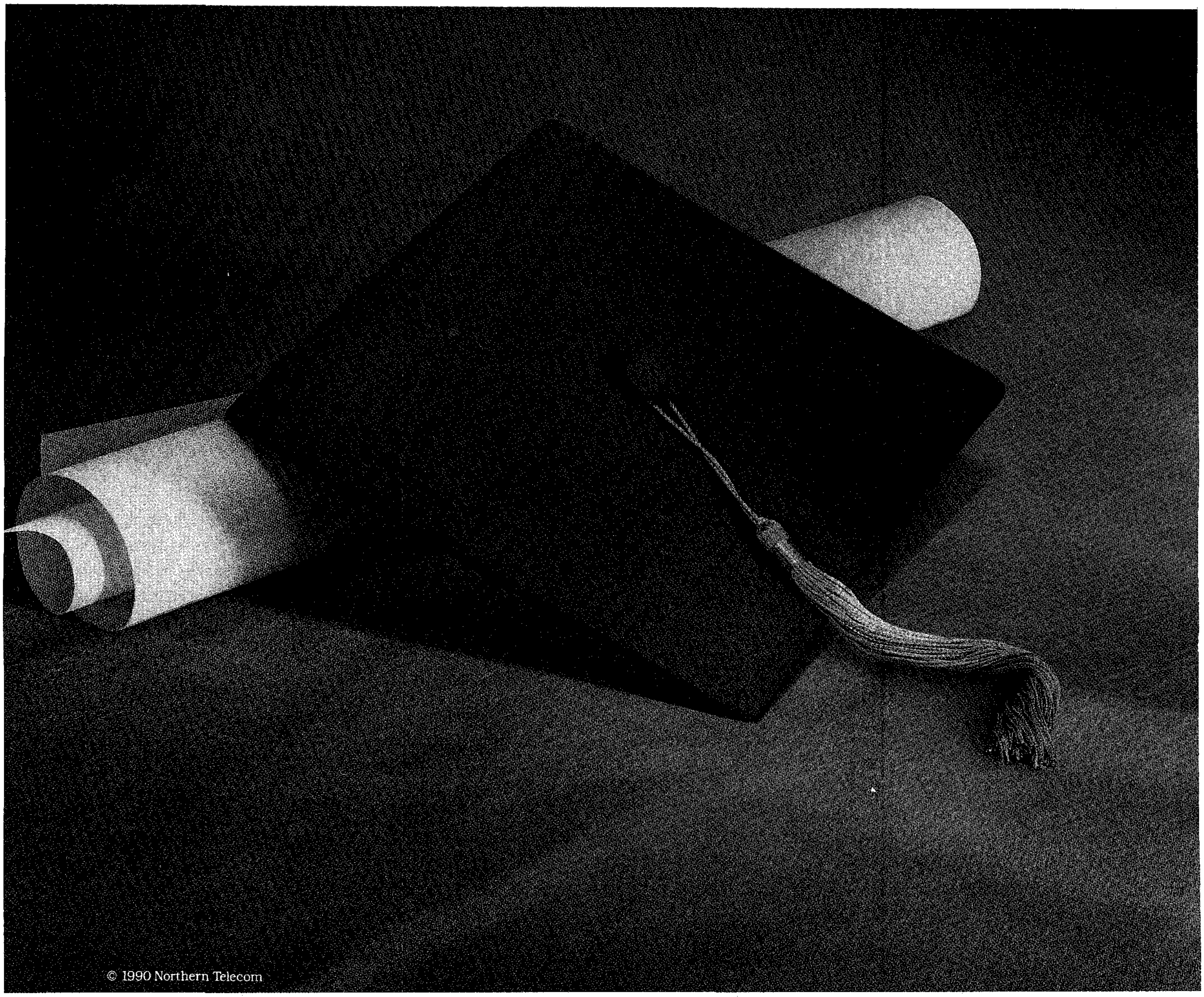

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TECHNOLOGY THE WORLD CALLS ON.

After Desert Shield

AMERICA, THE GULF, AND THE WEST

Most commentators, and many policymakers, blithely assume that when the crisis is over, the problem will be over. That requires great faith in the power of foxes to guard chicken coops.

J. B. KELLY

TWENTY YEARS ago, on the eve of Britain's relinquishment of the maritime protectorate of the Gulf which she had exercised for the preceding century and a half, the Western oil companies prepared to do battle at Teheran with the Gulf members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) in what was to be the most critical engagement ever fought in the history of the Middle Eastern oil industry. At stake was a fundamental issue of supreme importance: whether crude-petroleum prices and production levels were to continue to be governed by freely negotiated contracts between the companies and the governments of the producing countries, or whether prices and output were henceforth to be arbitrarily determined by the OPEC cartel. It might even be said that the confrontation represented a contest between two philosophies of law: that of the West, in which the law of contract plays a crucial role, and Muslim jurisprudence, which, in accordance with the tradition of Oriental despotism, depends upon the promulgation of edicts.

Some measure of the gravity with which the oil companies viewed the approaching trial of strength can be gained from the fact that it was the first time that they had ever combined, majors and independents alike, to present a united front in defense of their individual interests. In the case of the U.S. companies, their combination required the cooperation, which in the event was freely given, of the Department of Justice, in waiving any likelihood of prosecution under the antitrust laws. The Department of State was less eager for the fray, succumbing to the bad case of cold feet which normally afflicted it whenever it was faced with the prospect of unpleasantness in the Middle East. The governments of Britain and France were equally half-hearted in their support of their own oil companies, conjuring up in defense of their pusillanimity the tired old specters of catastrophe, bloodshed, and unbridled *jihad* which were always supposed to follow when a Westerner so much as trod on the toe of one of the anointed of Allah. So, before battle was even joined at Teheran in January 1971, its outcome had been determined. An offhand threat from the gracious trio representing the Gulf oil states—Ahmad Zaki Yamani of Saudi Arabia, Saadun al-Hammadi of Iraq, and Jamshid Amuzegar of Iran—to ban the export of oil from the Gulf was enough to give the State Department a fit of the vapors and lead it to pull the rug from under the oil companies.

It was a momentous defeat for the West, opening the floodgates to a deluge of larceny in the years that followed, notably in the latter months of 1973 and the early part of 1979. Deprived of even the tenuous control over the Gulf's oil reserves which the companies' concessions and the British politico-military presence had once afforded us, we have had to depend for access to those reserves upon the goodwill of the regimes in power in the Gulf states.

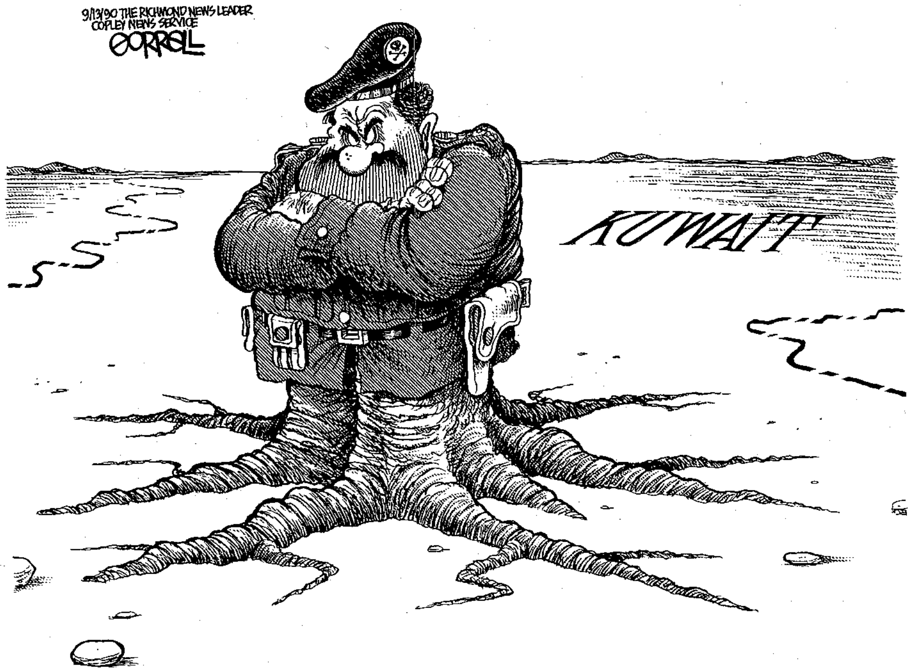
Shaky Pillars

THAT EVIDENCE of this goodwill had been conspicuously lacking in the behavior of the major Gulf powers—Iran, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia—up to 1970–71 apparently counted for nothing in the eyes of American and British policy-makers, who were profligate with their assurances that two of these powers, at least, Iran and Saudi Arabia, could be relied upon to keep the peace of the Gulf and the oil flowing freely. Iraq, of course, was not included in these makeshift security arrangements, being considered something of a pariah. It had broken off diplomatic relations with the United States in 1967 over the Arab–Israeli war; it had concluded a defensive treaty with the Soviet Union in 1972; and it was at loggerheads with Iran and Saudi Arabia, the "twin pillars" of the peacekeeping structure the United States was erecting in the Gulf.

It was a cause for wonder at the

Mr. Kelly is author of, among other works, Arabia, the Gulf, and the West.

time, and even more so today, how the United States came to entrust the security of the Gulf to the two local powers which had been the principal disturbers of its peace for the preceding 150 years. (The British knew better, having had to deal with the offenders during that time; but they cynically joined in the charade for the sake of commercial advantage.) Thereafter, successive Administrations in Washington strove manfully to convince Congress and the American people that this ramshackle improvisation (it could scarcely be called a policy) would protect American and Western interests in the Gulf region. The overthrow of the Shah, and the subsequent descent of Iran into medieval darkness, knocked over one of the "pillars" and with it not a few comforting illusions. But Saudi Arabia continued to be touted as a firm, stable, and reliable ally, capable of standing guard over her own oil fields and those of her smaller neighbors.



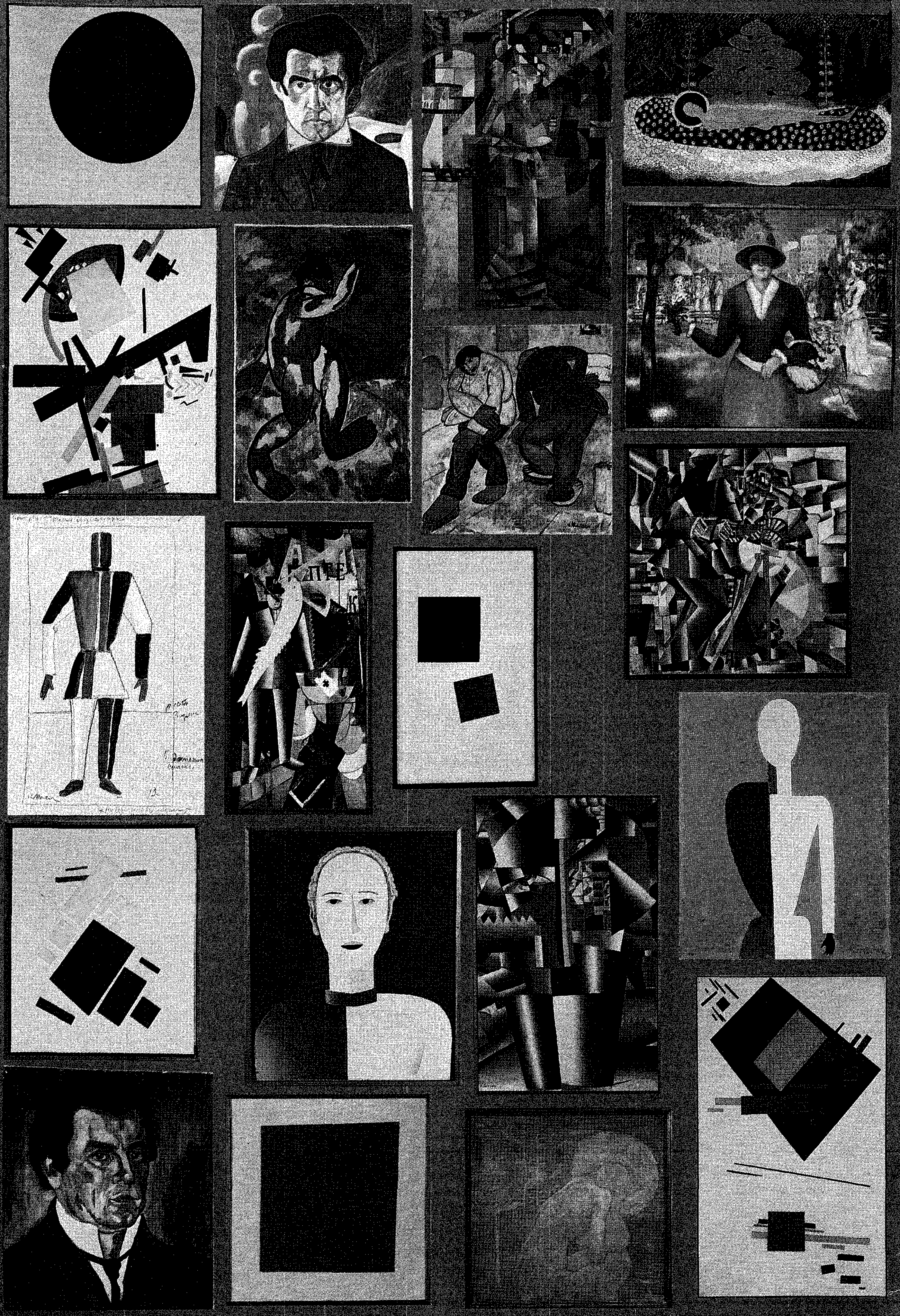
Modest Proposals

TO DEPICT Saudi Arabia in this light required a certain amount of invention, not to say downright misrepresentation, on the part of those responsible for the conduct of American foreign and defense policies. They proved themselves in the 1970s and 1980s fully equal to the task, especially when it came to justifying the sale of enormous quantities of advanced weaponry and aircraft to the Saudis. Thus, to take only one among a hundred examples, the assistant secretary of state for Near Eastern affairs, Alfred L. Atherton Jr.—testifying before a congressional committee in March 1976, just three months before the scandal of Middle Eastern arms sales led Congress to enact the Arms Export Control Act—assured the committee, in submitting for its approval a Saudi arms order to the tune of $3 billion: "We see their present requests as reasonable and rational, albeit limited and relatively small, and well within their capability to absorb and employ effectively." Considering that Saudi Arabia, with a population of five million people and no military commitments beyond its own borders, had a defense budget equal to two-thirds that of Britain, it rather strains the meaning of words to describe such arms purchases as "limited and relatively small." One certainly couldn't categorize Saudi Arabia's subsequent purchases as being on the modest side, though the State and Defense Departments did their best to do so.

As for the Saudis' alleged "capability to absorb and employ" their sophisticated weaponry effectively, this has been a constant theme of Administration spokesmen for more years than one can recall. If the Saudis really are that competent to absorb, maintain, and operate these arms and aircraft, why, 14 years after Atherton's assurance, are there at least fifty thousand American military advisors and technicians attached to the Saudi armed forces? Why, to take another instance, are three thousand British aerospace technicians needed to service the two or three Tornado squadrons the Saudis have purchased? Why has the Department of Defense never given us an indication of the actual military capabilities of the Saudis, their fighting qualities, or their technical competence? After all, the first American military mission to Saudi Arabia went there during the Second World War. A second was sent in 1950: its report, a sanitized version of which is to be found in the military branch of the National Archives in Washington, is not exactly encouraging. Since then, despite the ever-increasing American military involvement in Saudi Arabia, a veil has been tightly drawn over the reports of subsequent military missions. One wonders why.

Throughout these years, despite its reliance upon the United States as the ultimate protector of its existence, the Saudi royal family has steadfastly refused to grant the United States any basing rights, or even adequate facilities for the pre-positioning of war matériel against the day when it might be needed. Even in the early years of the "special relationship," supposedly forged by President Franklin Roosevelt and King Abdul Aziz ibn Saud in 1945, the Saudis made it difficult for the United States to retain its rights to the air base it had constructed at Dhahran by drastically raising the rental fee every three years when the lease came up for renewal. Eventually, in 1959, the United States abandoned the base in disgust.

Will the United States be accorded any better treatment in the future, perhaps in grateful remembrance of the current American rescue operation? It seems unlikely, for the very reason that has led the House of Saud in the past to reject any application for basing rights, and which caused it to accede only reluctantly to the United States' request a few weeks ago to be allowed to defend it against Saddam Hussein's machinations. The House of Saud rests upon a dual foundation: its religious position as the head of the Wahabi sect of Islam and guardian of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; and its immense wealth, which is the creation of American enterprise. To allow infidels (i.e., Americans) a lodgement on the most sacred soil of Islam would be to invite, so the Saudis calcu-



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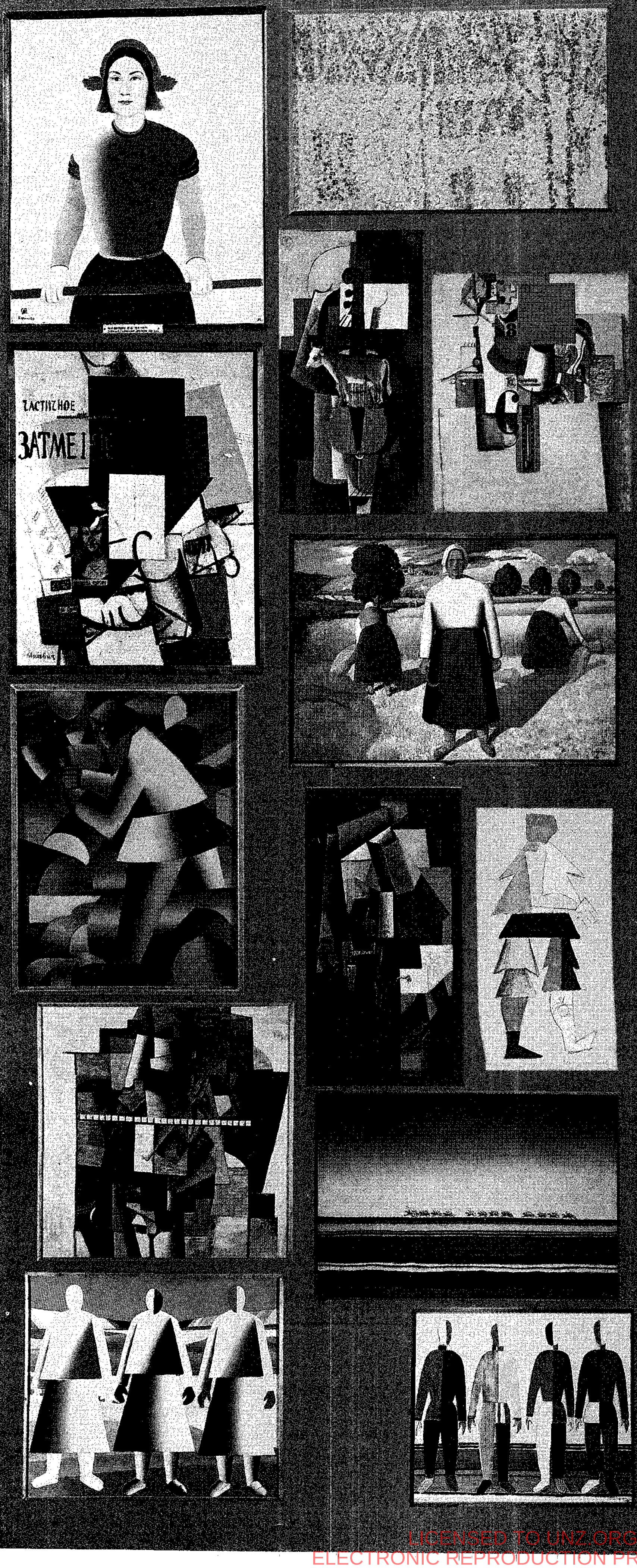

THE ARTIST WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

Kazimir Malevich was a revolutionary Russian artist and one of the greatest creative innovators of modern times. He believed that art should infiltrate every area of society and he became a leader of the artistic revolution that swept Europe early this century.

Malevich originated the abstract theory of "suprematism," an art form using images which did not come from nature but which were beautiful in themselves. For decades his paintings remained hidden away in Russia. Today President Mikhail Gorbachev endorses Malevich as "one of the most original spokesmen of the entire Russian avant-garde."

His life's work, now on view at the National Gallery in Washington, follows the progress of a passionate individualist in an era of social and political turmoil. The simple peasant portraits of his youth are a quiet prelude to the revolutionary suprematist experiments which shook the art world. While his later work shows Malevich returning with undiminished energy to more figurative forms.

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late, the reprobation and possibly the retaliation of the Muslim world, and thereby to encompass their own destruction. It was the fear of the growing power of Muslim fundamentalism which led King Fahd four or five years ago to drop the title of *malik* (king), which was anathema to the devout of Islam, and to adopt as a talisman against their hostility the style of "guardian of the *haramain*" (i.e., the holy places). The Al Saud must have been frightened almost out of their wits in early August to have taken the risk of allowing U.S. armed forces into their country. When the nightmare has passed, one can be sure, the Americans will be asked to leave as rapidly as they came, an eventuality which has been foreshadowed by the recent statement of Prince Sultan ibn Abdul Aziz, the defense minister, that Saudi Arabia must not be used by the United States as a base from which to attack Iraq.

Arming Our Enemies?

PACE Prince Sultan, after Iraq has been defeated and disarmed, how are the United States and its allies to provide for the future security of the Gulf and its oil fields? For a start, we can stop selling enormous quantities of arms and combat aircraft to the Gulf states as we have been doing for the past two decades. No one asked during that time, at least with any insistence, whether the voracious appetite of these states for the deadly instruments of modern warfare might not be an indication of the true nature of these states. Was it not obvious, given the turbulent history of the Gulf and the disposition of its inhabitants to settle their altercations by the sword, that the extensive arsenals they were accumulating would one day be used? And that, if we ourselves had ever to enter the lists against them, we were only making the enterprise more dangerous for our troops and more costly in terms of casualties? It makes no difference to this argument that Iraq has been armed primarily by the Soviet Union. Saddam Hussein has also been armed by France; and who can doubt that the United States and Britain, on their record, would have sold him weaponry also, if they had had the chance?

If the Gulf states, large and small, had been armed according to their genuine needs, they would today possess nothing more than infantry weapons, armored cars, light artillery, unsophisticated aircraft, and coast-guard vessels. Have the huge arsenals they have acquired actually bought them any security? The current deployment of Western forces in the Gulf says all that needs to be said on this head. All that the insensate acquisition of modern armaments by the Gulf states has accomplished has been to subject the Gulf region to more violence, bloodshed, and destruction in the two decades since the end of the British *imperium* than in the whole of the two preceding centuries. It is a fact worth reflecting upon, long and hard.

Jennifer Lawson

In the first week of September Secretary of State James Baker adumbrated to Congress the idea of a regional security arrangement to keep the peace in the Gulf once the present crisis was past. His subsequent pronouncements and visits to Arab capitals would seem to indicate that what he has in mind is some kind of Arab façade buttressed by the United States. It leads one to think that there must be something in the air that circulates in the corridors of the Department of State which instantly incapacitates the memory of anyone who crosses its threshold. The history of defensive alliances in the Middle East is a sorry one, which is hardly to be wondered at if one stands back and looks at the area. The United States has never been associated in a formal alliance with an Arab state; if it had, the secretary of state might not be so sanguine today about the prospects for his proposed regional pact. Arab states are not exactly noted for their constancy, or renowned for their clubbable disposition. As their relations with one another, let alone with the West, are marked by almost ceaseless bickering, one might be forgiven for doubting their usefulness as regional peacekeepers.

It would be reasonable to assume that the secretary of state may have his eye on Saudi Arabia and Egypt as prospective partners. (Why else, in the same week as he produced his plan, did the Administration write off Egypt's $7-billion debt to the United States?) Enough has been said about Saudi Arabia to indicate that it is highly improbable that the Al Saud would be prepared to participate in a security pact which included Western (i.e., Christian) powers, especially if such participation were to involve the grant of military facilities on Saudi soil. Nor would it necessarily be in the West's interest to have Saudi Arabia as a partner. The Saudis are not particularly loved by their smaller neighbors in the Arabian peninsula, whom they have consistently bullied for the past century and a half, and to portions of whose territories they have persistently laid claim—and still do. For the Saudis to be associated with a regional security pact led by the United States would prompt recollections in the Yemen, Oman, and the United Arab Emirates of American support a generation ago for Saudi Arabia's territorial ambitions. In turn, those recollections might well cause principalities like Oman, Bahrain, and the UAE to reconsider the willingness they have shown up to now to cooperate with Western military forces.

As for Egypt, here again the institutional memory of the State Department seems to be malfunctioning. Any move to associate Egypt with security arrangements for the Gulf is bound to reawaken thoughts of Gamal Abdul Nasser's dream in the 1950s and 1960s of imposing an Egyptian hegemony upon Arabia and appropriating its oil reserves to finance the creation of an Egyptian empire stretching from the Nile to the Euphrates. (It was also the dream, a century earlier, of Mehemet Ali Pasha, who got a little closer to realizing it.) While Nasser remained in Cairo he could successfully pose as the champion of Arabism. The moment he set foot in Arabia, however, as he did with his expedition to the Yemen in 1962, he became in the eyes of the peninsular Arabs a pharaonic figure, arousing memories of two thousand years of Egyptian interferences in the peninsula and sending shivers of apprehension down the spines of its inhabitants. Hosni Mubarak may be no Nasser, but were Egypt allowed, under the Baker plan, a permanent military presence in Arabia, or even the right to send troops there in an emergency, who knows that he, or his successor, might not be tempted to fulfill Nasser's dream? One can be sure that in this regard the dynastic memory of the Al Saud is functioning better than that of the State Department.

Baker has also traveled to Damascus. What can one say? *Quem Jupiter vult perdere . . .*

Not Our Job

If A REGIONAL security pact is a doubtful starter, would a multinational force under the auspices of the United Nations be a more workable alternative? As soon as the question is asked the objections to the notion come tumbling out of the closet, rattling their bones. Leaving aside the questions of whether the Security Council could be brought to mandate such a force—and how long it would be before the General Assembly got its mischievous fingers on the project—the precedent of the UN expeditionary force in the Sinai peninsula between 1957 and 1967 does not inspire optimism. When Nasser decided in May 1967 to try conclusions with Israel he told the UN secretary general, U Thant, to remove the force. U Thant complied immediately. How long would a UN peacekeeping force last in the Gulf before meeting a similar fate?

There is only one satisfactory solution to the problem and this is for the Western powers to undertake the task themselves. It is a task, moreover, that should largely be performed by the nations of Western Europe, not only because it is Europe which has most at stake in the Gulf but also for reasons of honor and self-respect. While it is the United States which is at present shouldering the greatest burden of responsibility there, the ultimate responsibility for the future defense of the Gulf should be Europe's. Of course it is possible that, after all the great efforts it has made in dispatching its expeditionary force to the Gulf, the United States will be reluctant to hand over the major share of responsibility to the European powers. But this seems unlikely, if only because of the general climate of opinion prevailing in the United States itself, which is averse to the prospect of assuming fresh military obligations in Asia, especially obligations of indefinite duration.

A political and military structure already exists, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, for the creation of a security system for the Gulf. With peace apparently breaking out all over the European continent, or at least with the Soviet Union and its former satellites having to contend with enough economic and political difficulties to engage their energies for years to come, all the talk now is of finding a new raison d'être for NATO. What better objective to set the organization than the defense of the West's vital interests in the Gulf region? At present, the southern limits of NATO's area of responsibility are set at the maritime frontiers of Greece. If for political or other reasons it is deemed inadvisable to try to extend these limits, then there is nothing to prevent individual members of NATO, like the United States, Britain, and France, from acting in combination to police the Gulf. Such policing can be carried out primarily by naval and air power, with an effective military strike force held in reserve nearby. Sea power was the means by which Britain controlled the Gulf for a century and a half. Naval forces have distinct advantages from a political point of view over other armed forces. One is that they operate from distant places and are therefore largely autonomous. Another is that they are discreet, in that they can lie over the horizon, out of sight of the inhabitants of the coasts under surveillance, and thus are not a constant irritant to local sensibilities.

If facilities in or around the Gulf are needed for aircraft or military units, it is highly probable that they will be made available, especially in the wake of the alarm caused by Iraq's aggression against Kuwait. It has to be remembered that twenty years ago Bahrain, the United Arab Emirates, and the Sultanate of Oman did not want Britain to abandon her special position in the Gulf. In the years since, both Bahrain and Oman have afforded Britain and the United States rights of visit and supply for their naval vessels, air-landing rights for their combat aircraft, and pre-positioning facilities for their military equipment. There is no reason to believe that these two states, and possibly the UAE, would not afford similar rights to NATO or Western European forces. After all, regardless of the constant rhetoric that is uttered about Arab brotherhood and Arab unity, the smaller Arab states fear the larger ones; and it is a fairly safe bet that the smaller Gulf oil states would rather have regular visits by Western forces than have Egyptian or Syrian troops stationed in their countries.

The obvious northern bastion of such a system of defense is Turkey, should she be prepared to assume the role, which is very likely if the prospect were held out to her (as suggested recently in *NR*) of the reversion of the former *vilayet* of Mosul, together with its substantial oil reserves. (More farsighted proponents of a new security system for the Middle East would doubtless prefer to do a thorough job by reinstituting the Ottoman empire.) As a formidable military power herself, as well as a member of NATO, Turkey would be fully capable of holding Iraq and Iran in check, should they at any time play with thoughts of trouble-making in the Gulf.

The State of the Backbone

HAVE THE Western powers the will and the backbone to take any of these steps? There's the rub. The record of Western actions in the Middle East since the Suez expedition in 1956 does not inspire much confidence. Europe has lost its nerve in dealing with the Arabs and the Iranians. There was a time, up to and perhaps beyond the first world war, when the powers of Europe were inclined to look upon the polities of the Middle East with a certain degree of bemusement, not unmixed with disdain. They could not bring themselves to regard these states or their rulers seriously. To most European statesmen the pretensions of these Oriental potentates appeared absurd, their conduct repugnant, their administrations feeble and corrupt. The altered perceptions of our day are due not to any improvement in the quality or character of Arab or Iranian governments but rather to a lowering of Europe's standards of judgment, itself a consequence of the loss of faith in the superiority of Western civilization. "The fish rots from the head," as the old Turkish proverb has it, and it is Europe's loss of confidence, not the strength of Arab nationalism or Islamic fundamentalism, which has undone us. Whether Europe will recover its nerve has yet to be seen. Whether the Western powers will recover the Gulf has yet to be decided. Whether they can summon the courage, the steadfastness, the skill, and the resources to hold it in the future will be the ultimate test, especially bearing in mind Kipling's somber warning: "Blood is the price of admiralty." □

UP IN THE PARK, DOWN AT THE COURT

CRIME, RACE, AND THE FOURTH ESTATE

LORRIN ANDERSON

NEW YORK'S beleaguered criminal-justice system worked. But only just. Three young men—boys, really—were convicted of rape, robbery, riot, and assault with "depraved indifference" to human life. But this happened only because of unusually effective police work, luck, a tough judge, and a jury that finally managed to avoid deadlock after ten days of name-calling debate. The "jogger trial" threw a harsh light on the racial currents swirling around crime and punishment in America.

The trial of the first three defendants (three more remain to be tried) got under way in mid June with a setback for the prosecution: the forensic evidence turned out to be inconclusive; semen and blood samples failed to link any of the defendants to the crimes. And that left prosecutor Elizabeth Lederer with only one weapon: written, signed, and videotaped confessions in the case of two of the accused, Antron McCray and Raymond Santana, and a highly incriminating oral statement given, a detective testified, by the third, Yusef Salaam. But the confessions, admitted by Judge Thomas Galligan over defense objections, were powerful evidence indeed: McCray and Santana, naming names and incriminating themselves, describing calmly but in revolting detail how they and the others seized the jogger, struck her with a lead pipe and bricks and rocks, held her down, grabbed her breasts, pinned and caressed her legs as the rapists "got on top of her" one after another.

At the time of their arrest, all three defendants were under 16, the statutory age at which suspects can be questioned as adults; McCray and Salaam were both 15, Santana 14. In its counterattack, the defense focused on technicalities regarding their ages and the legitimacy of the way the police carried out the interrogations, but more than that on one overall claim: that the confessions were coerced. Antron McCray's father testified that he told Antron to lie—that the boy provided his damning account only because the police said he could go home if he would just say what they wanted him to say. And the detective who questioned Salaam conceded on the witness stand that he used a lie to trick the defendant into an oral admission of his guilt, telling the boy falsely that the police had found his fingerprints on the jogger's pants (a kind of deception that is not unusual in good detective work or in itself illegal, so long as coercion is not involved).

It would be naïve to suppose that the police did not apply heavy psychological pressure to get the confessions. But the jury, ultimately, apparently saw no significant abuse of juvenile or other legal rights. It also didn't buy the argument of coercion—and anybody looking at the videotapes, which were played over and over on television news shows, can see why. It is all but impossible to believe that McCray and Santana were reciting from a script dictated by the cops. The tone is too conversational, the description too detailed—who did what, and when . . . McCray recalling the sound of the lead pipe as it struck the victim.

Rainbow Jury

THE TEN-MAN, two-woman jury was a neatly lifted cross-section of what Mayor Dinkins likes to call New York's gorgeous mosaic: four blacks, four whites, three Hispanics, and an Asian. Judge Galligan, who is white, had taken the unusual step of questioning prospective jurors in detail about their racial attitudes and prejudices, possibly eliminating the more committed racists, white and black. The foreman (who reported a telephoned death threat after the verdict) was a 69-year-old black man named Earle Fisher. The last holdout against conviction—he caved in only on the tenth day—was a white man named Ronald Gold.

The three defendants were acquitted of the most serious of the charges against them: attempted murder. And the jury's rationale here seems defensible, even though the jogger almost died. If the boys had intended to kill her, jurors said after the verdict, they certainly could have, if not with the brick or rocks or pipe then with knives they are believed to have been carrying. The victim was left tied and gagged, the jurors noted, suggesting to them that the assailants did not believe she was dead or about to die.

At the sentencing all three maintained their innocence, Salaam reading a long rap poem comparing himself to Malcolm X, Marcus Garvey, Martin Luther King, and Nelson Mandela. And the session was a raucous reprise of the racial refrain heard during the trial itself, with the boys' victimhood ("legal lynching!") certified by none less than William Kunstler, who has joined the defense team to press an appeal. Salaam is a Muslim who kept the Koran at his side during the trial, and Kunstler denounced the judge as both a racist and a religious bigot. In the event, Judge Galligan

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Mr. Anderson is a former producer and editor for WNBC-TV News in New York.

gave all three defendants the maximum sentence—which for juveniles, however, is only five to ten years.

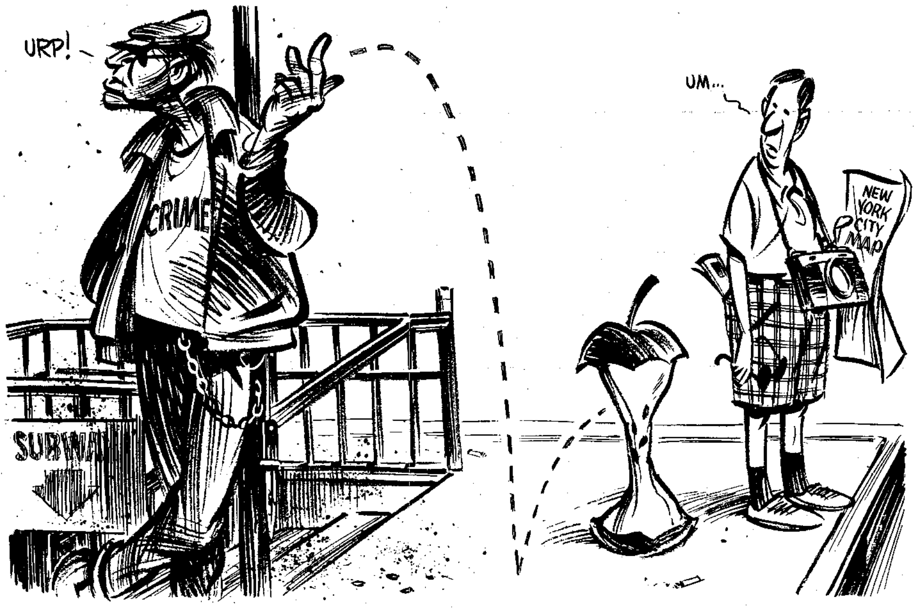
A Question of Race?

THE ROLE of race in the jogger assault is a delicate subject that raises interesting questions about both the criminal-justice system and the way the news media cover interracial crimes. All the defendants are black or Hispanic (or both)—and not, incidentally, scions of the "underclass." Some come from single-parent households, but their families are mostly working people with decent homes, some of them in Schomburg Plaza, a moderate-income complex that overlooks Central Park. The jogger, as everybody knows, is white, as were most of the other eight victims of the April 19 rampage (two of the men assaulted were Hispanic).

There were some reports at the outset, including police accounts, indicating that the attacks may have been racially motivated, at least in part. But the police and the prosecutors backpedaled quickly, while the press and the politicians went out of their way to downplay the racial aspect while deploring the crime. The case took on a strongly racial cast as it unfolded because of the provocateurs who can be counted on to surface in any notorious interracial case, feeding the paranoia that exists in some segments of the black community. In this instance the racial waters were muddied not only by the self-promoting Al Sharpton and the implacably racist lawyers Alton Maddox and C. Vernon Mason (of Tawana Brawley fame), but by more reputable black voices like the prominent Harlem preacher Calvin Butts, *Amsterdam News* editor Bill Tatum (who like Kunstler called the trial a "legal lynching"), and Hazel Dukes, the head of the state NAACP, who despite the confessions perceived insufficient evidence for the convictions.

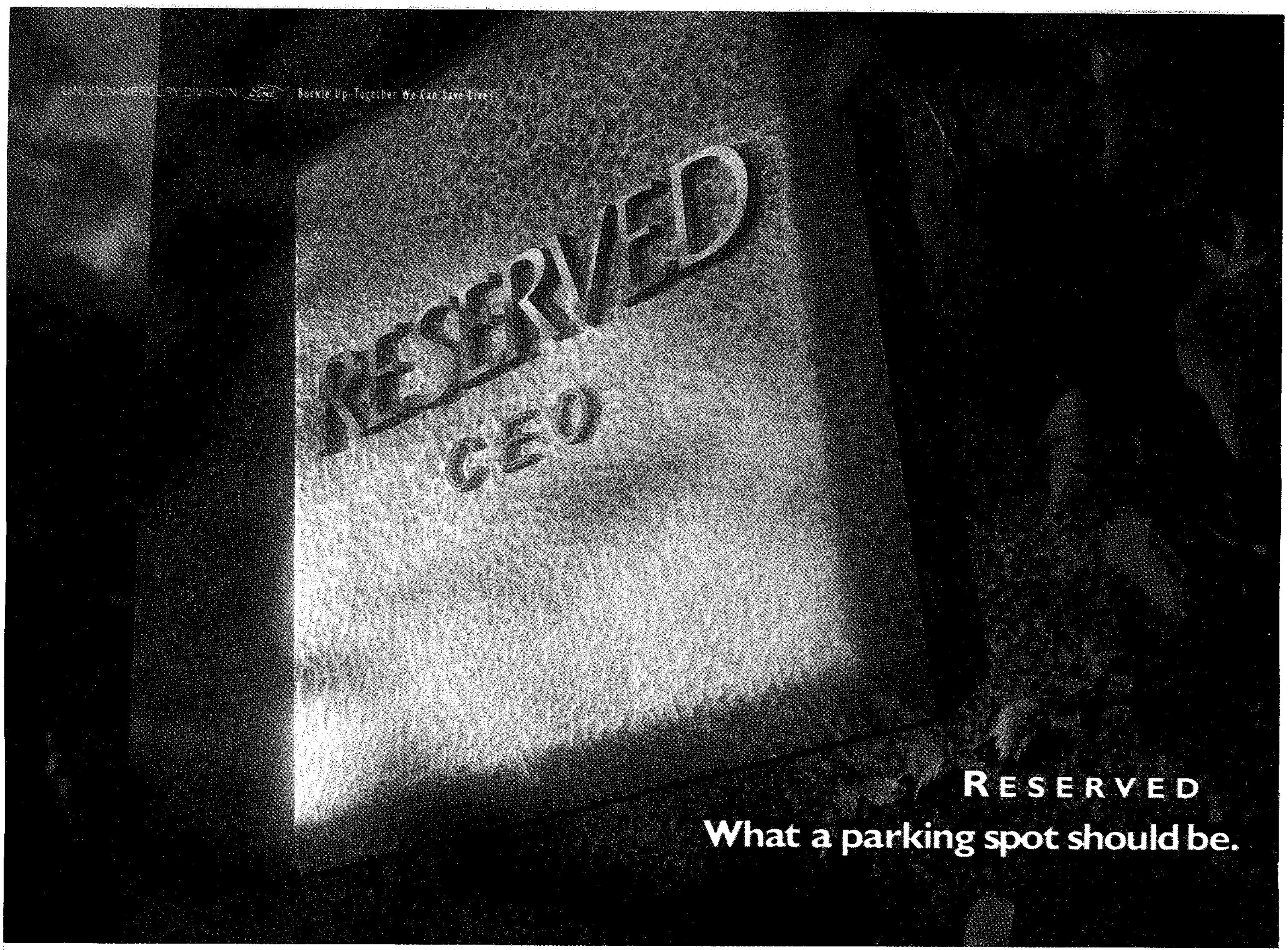
Such race-based perspectives were still more evident outside the courtroom, where supporters of the defendants taunted the jogger as she came to testify, ostentatiously shouting her name, branding her a liar, and suggesting that she had gone to the park to buy drugs. They hounded Miss Lederer daily as she came and went, calling her everything from "liar" to "KKK" to "a slut like the jogger." And Sharpton (you have to admire his chutzpah) resurrected the Brawley affair, showing up one day with Tawana herself on his arm to dramatize the way society spits on its black prey. (A grand jury found Tawana's tale of degradation at the hands of white brutes to be a total concoction, although her partisans have since suggested that her story, whether fabricated or not, epitomizes the victimization of black women in white America.)

All this got considerable play, especially on television, and you can't really fault the press for paying so much attention. What is striking, though, is the difference between the way the press treated the jogger case and the way it responded to such notorious white-on-black criminal episodes as Howard Beach and Bensonhurst.



Coverage of the Central Park rape was, on the whole, commendable: fairness and responsibility carried the day, the press not resisting sensationalistic temptation entirely but trying in general to avoid inflaming passions and prejudices. Howard Beach and Bensonhurst were something else. In its zeal to bash white bigotry, the press—and notably the *New York Times*—not only put a shrill emphasis on the racial elements but distorted and even falsified facts in the process. (See "Race, Lies and Videotape," *NR*, January 22, and "Murder in New York," June 25.) In an editorial side reference shortly after the Bensonhurst killing, the good grey *Times* flatly called the death of Michael Griffith in Howard Beach a "hateful racial murder," blithely convicting the white defendants of a charge that the jury rejected, even in the poisonous political atmosphere of that celebrated trial. The *Times* handed down that same journalistic murder verdict on May 20, 1990, in its "Week in Review" section, and who knows how many times in between. But ambiguous racial aspects aside (both Bensonhurst and Howard Beach arguably had more to do with turf than with race), the fact is that nobody was found guilty of murder in Howard Beach. It is highly unlikely that the white defendants intended to chase Griffith to his death, and questionable that they even saw him run onto the highway where he was killed by a car. The jury in any case returned verdicts not of murder but of second-degree manslaughter. And murder, as *Times* editorial writers might concede in other contexts, is a term that has a specific meaning, both legally and in common parlance—not to mention the emotional reverberations when the "murder" is labeled "racial."

Bensonhurst *was* murder—clearly, in the case of the gunman who shot Yusuf Hawkins, but not at all clearly with respect to the intent of the other whites involved. Their motives were immediately apparent to the *Times*, however: "youthful violence so wanton as to recall the lynchings of the Old South" was the summary editorial judgment. *Times* columnist Anna Quindlen announced later that "The boys of Bensonhurst . . . were given to understand that they were better, not because they were smart or capable, but just because they were white men



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in a world that hated anyone who wasn't"—conveniently overlooking the fact that one of the Bensonhurst boys was a black named Russell Gibbons, who helped his white friends round up baseball bats to fend off a supposed invasion by an outside gang of blacks and Hispanics. (Prosecutors didn't charge Gibbons as an accessory; to have done so—to have included a young black man among the defendants—would have seriously undermined the theme the prosecution and the media kept hammering home: that the case was racial, pure and simple.)

"Racial murder . . . bigotry . . . hate . . . lynching . . . racial murder, racial murder, racial murder"—for Bensonhurst and Howard Beach that was the leitmotif, strummed over and over, in the *Times*, in the tabloids, on television. And the main effect of that simplistic litany may have been not to underline interracial solidarity in the face of white-on-black crime but rather to fuel the bitterness that many blacks—and not just the militant fringe—felt as the Central Park trial took center stage. The *Times* was probably no more inflammatory than anybody else—except that it *is* the *Times*, with its immense effect on received opinion in New York and its profound influence on the rest of American journalism. And the news media in New York, led by the *Times*, have enthusiastically joined in pushing the prevailing political view that a prime function of the courts is penal affirmative action—not merely to dispense even-handed justice, insofar as possible, but to send social messages. Thus the pressure for the stiffest possible sentences for whites convicted of violence against blacks, and the drive to make "bias crimes" more heavily punishable than routine brutality. And there's a convenient rule of thumb: black-on-white crimes—your garden-variety rapes, muggings, and murders; the Central Park rampage —are typically assumed *not* to be racially motivated; white-on-black violence, which is big news partly because it's so much rarer, presumptively *does* stem from "bigotry."

Writing in *Newsday*, the columnist Sydney Schanberg confidently informs us that "If thirty white youths had similarly assaulted a black professional woman" in Central Park the story "wouldn't have been this big"—the unrelenting press coverage of Howard Beach, Bensonhurst, and Tawana Brawley's inventions apparently having vanished irretrievably down Schanberg's personal memory hole. And his black colleagues in the newsroom, Schanberg observes sadly, "know that severe punishment is called for" in the jogger case because "it was a black-on-white crime."

Severe punishment? Despite the fact that deaths were involved in Bensonhurst and Howard Beach and not (by the grace of God) in Central Park, the assault on the jogger comfortably surpassed both the earlier episodes in cold barbarity. But Keith Mondello, 18 at the time of his arrest, is serving consecutive terms of five and a third to 16 years for riot and lesser offenses. Joey Fama, found guilty of "depraved indifference" murder in the death of Yusuf Hawkins (though not of being the triggerman), got 32 years to life. Jon Lester, 17 at the time of the Howard Beach incident, got consecutive sentences of ten to thirty years on questionable manslaughter and assault convictions (Lester has black friends who say he was railroaded because of political pressures and incendiary press coverage).

The *Times* gave William Kunstler twenty inches of op-ed space on September 8 to complain that Judge Galligan was handpicked by a court administrator to preside over the jogger trial, and to accuse Galligan not only of pro-prosecution bias but of "a total lack of compassion for the accused juveniles' relatives and supporters." Kunstler failed to mention that the judges in the Howard Beach and Bensonhurst trials, Thomas Demakos and Thaddeus Owens, were also handpicked, and were likewise accused of bias against the defendants. Some of the lesser Howard Beach convictions have in fact been thrown out by an appeals court, which ordered a new trial on the grounds that Judge Demakos made errors harmful to the defense.

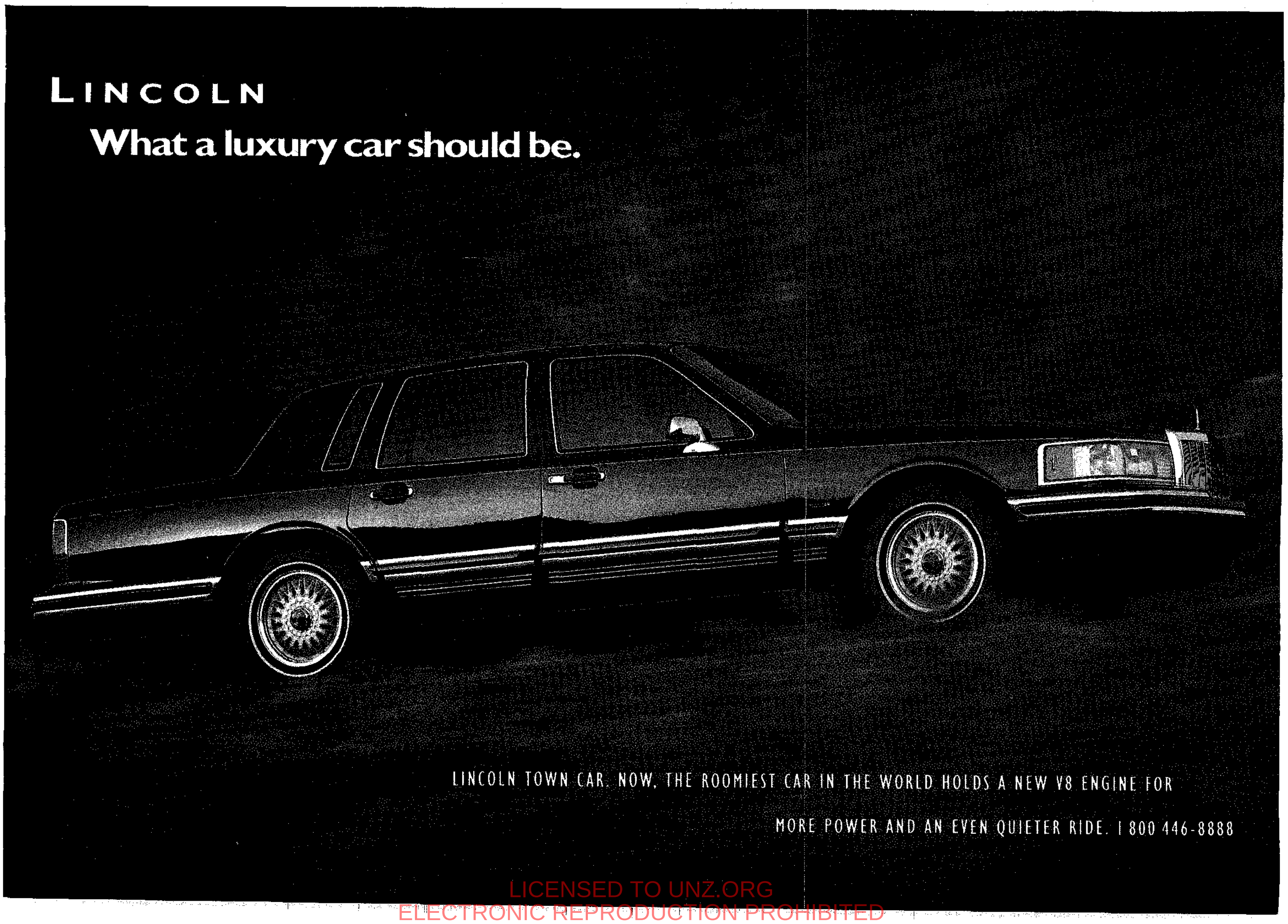
The Dinkins Prescription

DAVID DINKINS, New York's first black mayor, offered an uplifting prescription after the jogger verdict: "We should forge a society in which such heinous crimes do not occur." Pending that happy state of affairs, he declined to question the jury's decision and saluted the courage of the jogger, but complained at the same time, in general terms, about a "double standard of justice" in which blacks are more likely than whites to be arrested and convicted. Dinkins is certainly right about the numbers; only the most dedicated ideologue, however, is likely to dispute that more blacks are arrested and convicted mainly because they *commit* far more violent crime, proportionately—including interracial crime.

The fact is that the young outlaws who are turning the sidewalks and subways and parks of New York into playgrounds of crime are almost exclusively black and Hispanic. And as the backgrounds of the jogger-case defendants demonstrate, it is not merely a problem of the underclass. This unpleasant reality was underlined again early in September when a gang of undowntrodden black and Hispanic kids from Queens attacked a family from Utah in a Manhattan subway station, stabbing 22-year-old Brian Watkins to death when he went to the defense of his parents. (The muggers needed extra cash to go dancing at Roseland.) Orthodox pieties die hard, but the poverty/discrimination/oppression chant resounds more and more hollowly.

David Dinkins, who promised during his campaign to be "the toughest mayor on crime this city has ever seen," inherited the social crisis. But it's clearly getting worse—the Watkins murder was actually only one of three dozen homicides that week, slightly below the steadily rising average rate—and the mayor is floundering. He has gone to Washington to lobby for stricter national gun control, New York's own stringent law having had no noticeable effect. But gun control is a dubious nostrum, which would not in any case have helped either the jogger or the subway stabbing victim—perhaps a ban on knives, rocks, and lead pipes is indicated.

Governor Cuomo has joined the chorus calling for more cops and, without being very specific, more taxes to pay for them—city taxes, that is; the state won't help foot the bill. Whether more cops would have more than a marginal effect on crime is debatable, particu-



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larly in view of the steady undermining of police effectiveness by civil-liberties zealots, the courts, and progressive ideology—along with the lowering of recruitment standards (and morale) to accommodate feminists and minorities. The jails are already bulging, Rikers Island erupting from time to time in riots and guard retaliation. And exhortations to the populace to "take back the streets" are not likely to knit up the raveled social fabric.

What will in the long run be needed is a mobilization of moral resources to battle guilt-ridden, crippling hypocrisy. And not, certainly, just for white New York, or for the survival of the city as a viable multi-racial metropolis, but most particularly for blacks, who bear the brunt of crime and who see their sons sucked into a milieu where criminality and self-destruction are the norm, where thugs and pimps and drug merchants are seen not as the sociopaths they are but as heroes and martyrs.

Alan Nahigian

There are signs, here and there, of emerging public honesty. The *New York Post* denounced Sharpton and the claque outside the jogger trial in the strongest terms, and wondered editorially why black politicians didn't do the same. "Imagine," said the *Post*, "if white activists had endeavored to stir up racial animosities in the aftermath of the Bensonhurst verdicts—by claiming that the trial was rigged for racial reasons, or by alleging there was 'no evidence' to justify the convictions." And Bob Herbert, a black columnist for the *Daily News*, has written scathingly both of the black defendants and of the way their supporters "ranted about racism and revenge and repeated the most fantastic versions of what 'really' had happened in the park."

Ideas and attitudes in themselves are not of course an antidote to social pathology. But they may well be a prerequisite to treatment. It is ultimately not "healing" but immensely damaging for politicians, black and white, to purvey a patronizing double standard that excuses or rationalizes criminality. It is profoundly pernicious for black leaders, and their white liberal supporters, to raise the specter of racism where racism is not plausibly involved. And it is in the long run irresponsible for journalistic analysts to evade unpleasant truths in their well-meaning efforts to avoid inflaming anti-black prejudice. □

THE IVORY FOXHOLE

DISCOVERING COLUMBUS

JEFFREY HART

GET READY for the assault upon Columbus. As the five-hundredth anniversary of 1492 approaches, the American mainstream, with justified pride, will be celebrating his achievements; but the academic and racialist Left will be denigrating him. In the forthcoming *Conquest of Paradise* (Knopf), Kirkpatrick Sale provides a *summa* of anti-Columbus argument.

The gravamen of the Left's case against Columbus you could readily surmise, even if the charges had not begun to appear in the press. He was a Eurocentric white male, and a Christian to boot. The European explorers and traders were cruel—as, sometimes, they were. The Europeans exterminated many Indians—as, sometimes, they did. But the big charge against Columbus is—that he discovered America.

Of course, the Left denies that he actually "discovered" anything. Amerinds were already here. They had migrated from Siberia across a land bridge at the end of the Ice Age. The answer to the question of whether Columbus discovered America, however, is philosophical. He and the other explorers discovered America for *significant* history; that is, history that means something in terms of art, philosophy, and science. There was no Amerind Dante, Kant, or Mozart. Before Columbus, Norsemen did land on these shores, but they left few traces. Their landings doubtless were of interest to them but led to nothing.

But the Left hates America so much that it wishes to vilify its European roots. The founding documents, written by white males who were mostly Protestants, are today gleaming ideals from Tiananmen Square to Prague. But not in the American academy.

Hero of History

CHRISTOPHER Columbus was a genuine titan, a hero of history and of the human spirit. Samuel Eliot Morison has written well about him; we have his famous letters and an elegant re-issue of his journal, *The Log of Christopher Columbus: His Own Account of the Voyage That Changed the World* (International Maine Publishing Company, Camden, Maine, 1987). But if you wish to read superlatively incisive commentary, try pages 6 to 25 of William Spengemann's *The Adventurous Muse* (Yale, 1967).

Columbus not only sailed the Ocean Sea, he sailed between the medieval and the modern consciousness. In place of a globe, the Middle Ages had a flat map, depicting a world-island consisting of Europe, Africa, and Asia. It was complete and static. Ocean was supposed to cover everything else.

Mr. Hart, an NR *senior editor, is a professor of English at Dartmouth University.*

In discovering a new part of the world, Columbus destroyed such finite certainties. He upset theologies. He found not only a new geographical place, but a new unfolding world of mind and experience. "The farther one goes," he wrote, "the more one learns."

Columbus was not a philosopher, but he provided the materials of philosophy. His aims were multiple and confused: 1) to cross the Ocean Sea and prove his theories of navigation (a scientific and modern project; though he thought the world was pear-shaped); 2) to find a nautical way to the riches of Asia (Spain, as usual, was hard up; the Turk controlled the land routes); 3) to convert the pagan nations; 4) to find the Earthly Paradise (Eden), as foreseen in the Book of Revelation (a medieval and doctrinal goal; he thought he had found the Earthly Paradise when he met the fresh waters at the mouth of the Orinoco River). He even developed a theory of spiritual growth as *seeking*.

This was a man both of the medieval world and of the dawning world of the Renaissance, a hero of human consciousness indeed. (The great American poet Hart Crane grasped this with spectacular intensity.)

In retrospect, Columbus helped inaugurate an enormous westward European expansion, surely the greatest demographic movement in history. Driven by complex causes, it reached the Atlantic coast of the New World, then pushed ever westward, toward California, the Klondike. And though it had begun as a colonial movement itself, it eventually came full circle, beating back the old empires of England, France, and Spain. It reached its geographical high tide in 1945, when General MacArthur signed the surrender document aboard the battleship *Missouri*. But its spiritual heritage now begins to encircle the entire globe. The ideals of representative government and liberty under law have leaped continents and cultures and are the sole forms of modern legitimacy, whether triumphant in Managua, Budapest, and Moscow or threatening in Peking. Westward ho, says the world.

To those who would denigrate Columbus and the other pioneers one can apply Nietzsche's term "garbage-can philosophers," or Thomas Carlyle's term *Teufelsdreck* (devil's turd)—that is, nihilists, the sour enemies of human aspiration. To denigrate Columbus is to denigrate what is worthy in human history and in us all. □

THE UNBELOVED COUNTRY

AFTER APARTHEID

AN INTERVIEW WITH F. W. DE KLERK
BY COLIN VALE

Q: YOU'VE BEEN in politics most of your adult life and you have played a significant role in the evolution of the policies of the National Party. In your present position you have virtually reversed its traditional policies. At what stage did it become clear to you that these traditional policies had to be radically overhauled?

A: It is a wrong perception to say that I changed the basic philosophy of the National Party. I was party to the changing of the philosophy of the National Party, but the fundamental change of the policy away from one of separate development was introduced at a federal congress of the National Party in August 1986. That new policy provided for power-sharing without domination, for full participation of all South Africans in a non-discriminatory manner in government at all levels. It provided for the right of all South Africans to vote for joint governmental structures.

This policy was then presented to the white electorate in the 1987 election, which we won with a large majority. It was repeated in even clearer terms in the 1989 general election.

In that sense, therefore, I was co-architect under the leadership of P. W. Botha of this fundamental change in policy. Since I became leader of the National Party and state president, we've reached a stage where we want to take real and dynamic steps to bring about the new realities which would flow from this policy. In a general sense, I think, within the National Party (and that applies to me and all other Nationalists) there was a gradual process of realizing that the ideal of finding a just and equitable solution along the lines of nation-states for the various black nations and for the whites in South Africa would not work, a realization which culminated in the fundamentally changed policy.

Q: Clearly you concurred with the new direction the NP decided to take in 1986 . . .

A: I not only concurred, I played a leading role.

Q: Were there any special influences on your thinking which made for this new departure?

A: I think the main influence is the fact that when you're in a responsible position you realize that it is almost criminal to stick to policies which you realize cannot work out in practice. You have a duty to assure stability for the country and to strive for practical solutions.

There was no sort of Damascus-road experience. It is a process Mr. John Vorster started—the outward movement [the opening of communications with black African states—ED.]. Even in his time there was a realization that apartheid as born in 1948 would not work out to the full. He started dismantling many forms of so-called petty apartheid. Mr. Botha, very early in his term of office, took this further when he said, in a famous speech, "South Africans must adapt or die."

I would say other influences would include the political process itself inside South Africa. I would identify as one of the main influences the fundamental principle of the National Party, from its inception round about

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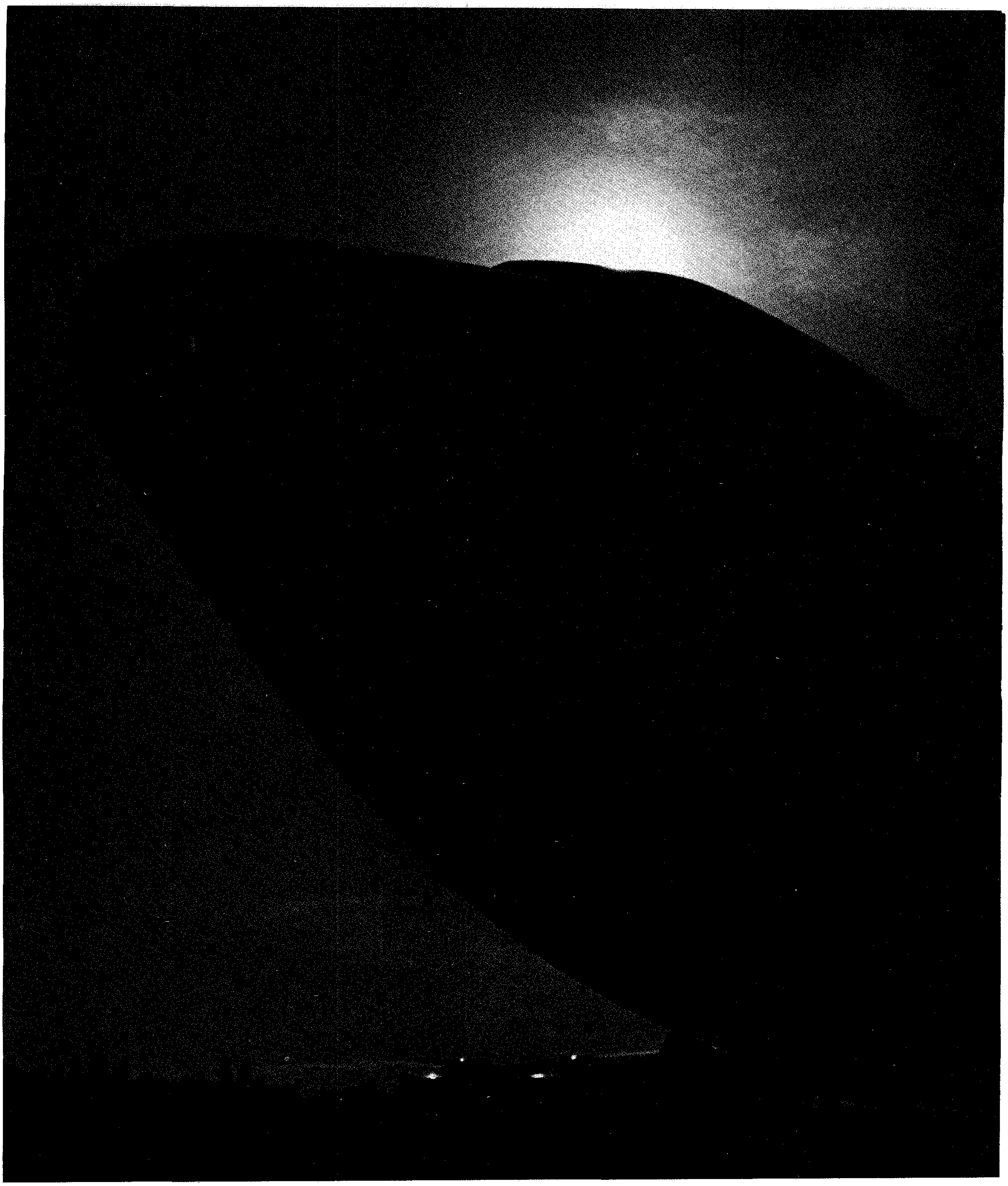
Mr. Vale, formerly in the South African foreign service, is now senior lecturer in international relations at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg. NATIONAL REVIEW *is grateful to the International Freedom Foundation and Duncan Sellars in Washington, D.C., for their assistance with this interview.*



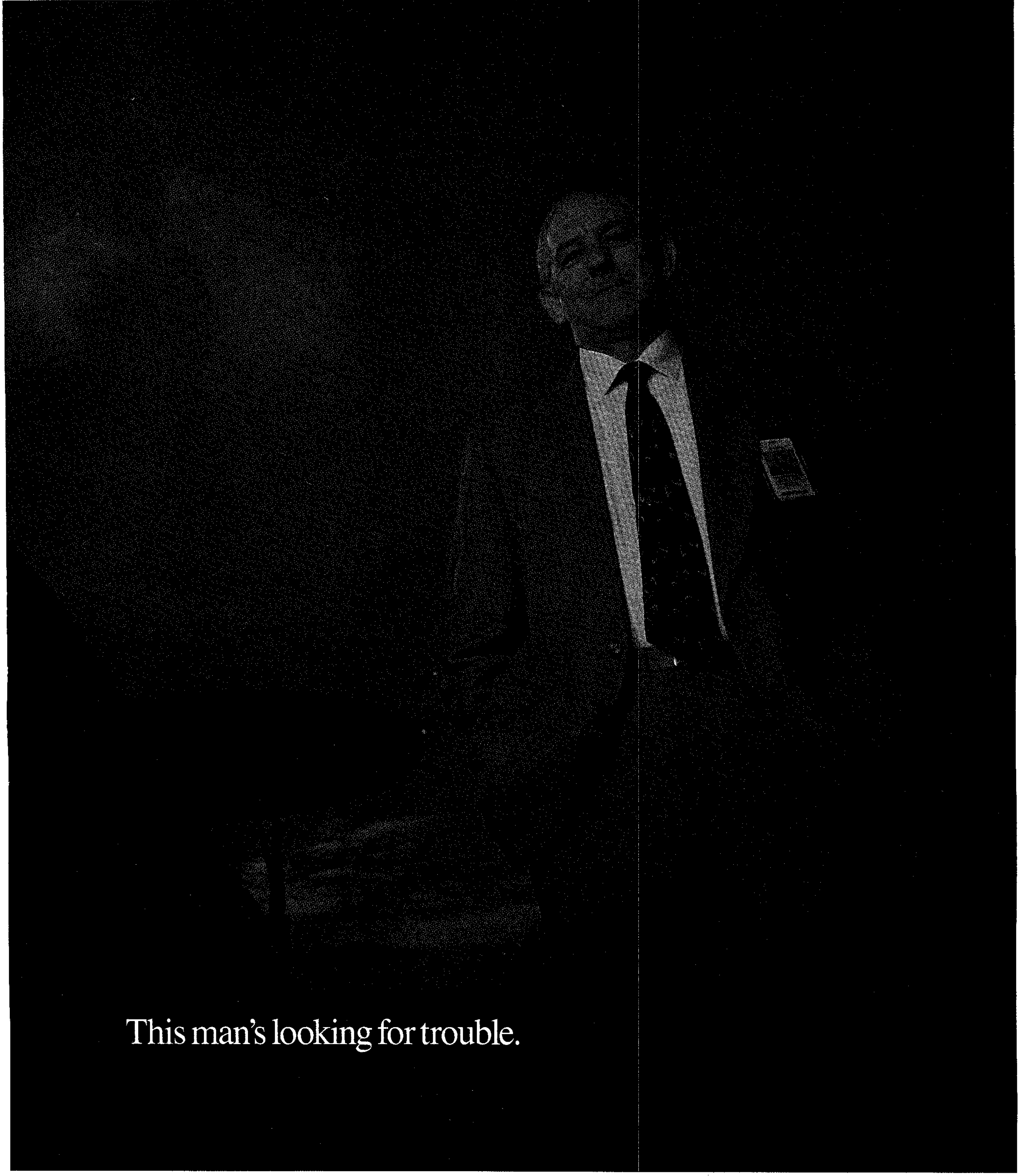
Meet Jerold Mack, manager of Boeing AWACS Support Services.

AWACS stands for Airborne Warning and Control System, the flying radar that has helped cool a dozen world hot spots in recent years.

AWACS goes in early so little problems don't become big ones.

So does Mack. He prowls maintenance shops and taxiways around the world, talking with the crews that keep AWACS flying.

Mack's mission is to focus Boeing resources on ways to design problems out of the system; ways to build in simpler, easier maintenance; ways to make sophisticated AWACS equipment more reliable, more durable, less costly.


This man's looking for trouble.

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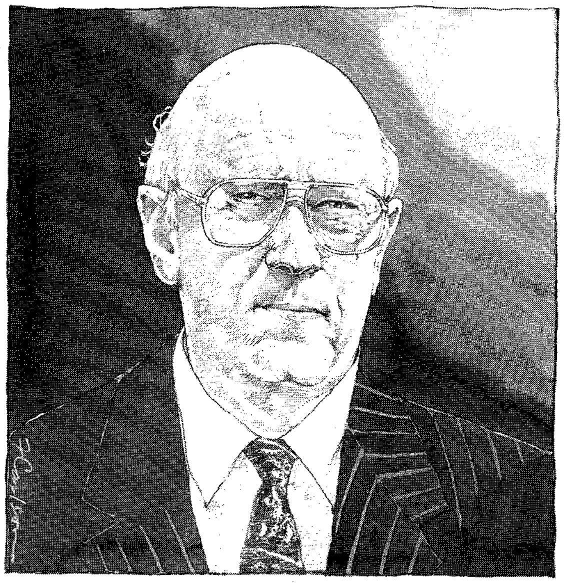
1915, namely, to strive for the best interests of all sections of the community. In English there isn't as strong a word as the Afrikaans word *geregtigheid*—justice. This was always a fundamental basic value of the National Party which has its roots in Calvinism. As it became clear that separate development would not lead to a really just and equitable system, it became clear that from the vantage point of justice, therefore, apartheid had become an untenable policy.


Fred Carlson

Q: Many people might argue that the evidence that the policy was not going to work out in a just way was to be found at almost any time since the mid Fifties. So one must assume that the ideal of *geregtigheid* was one that was seen perhaps through dark glasses for a long period of Nationalist history. Many people might say that there has recently been a dramatic change in thinking, and, when it comes to justice being done, the greatest section of the population, the black people, have only really been included in Nationalist thinking since the 1980s.

A Part of Its Time

A: BUT FOR the greatest part of the early period, the colonial powers were still running most of Africa on the basis that the indigenous people did not have any real political rights. In other words, there has also been development in political thinking across the whole world. The apartheid of 1948 should be seen in the light of the then-prevailing attitudes throughout the world—I was about 12 years old at the time—and the colonial history of Africa. The point that I would like to get across, therefore, is that it's always easy ex post facto to have a particular perspective on things, but one must, I think, try to understand what has happened at particular points in history in the light of what was then the prevailing philosophy in wider terms.

Q: I recently read in *Time* magazine a comment on Helmut Kohl—that he has no driving ideology, no grand vision. He is simply a unifier. Would that be a reasonable description of your approach?

A: No, not at all. I don't like to talk about myself. I am basically a shy person, but in response to a similar question, I once described myself as a practical idealist. I am driven by a basic philosophy that has been the theme of the National Party under my leadership: that is the ideal of reconciliation, fundamental reconciliation aimed at a fully just and equitable new dispensation for all in South Africa. I don't think that the interests of my constituency, of my people, of the Afrikaner people of which I am part, can be served by being unjust toward others; but it goes deeper than that. I am a believing Christian and I think that leaders are called upon as Christians to ensure that the basic values laid down in the word of God should be the basis on which we want to build our private lives, our public lives, and also our country's life.

The Gorbachev Comparison

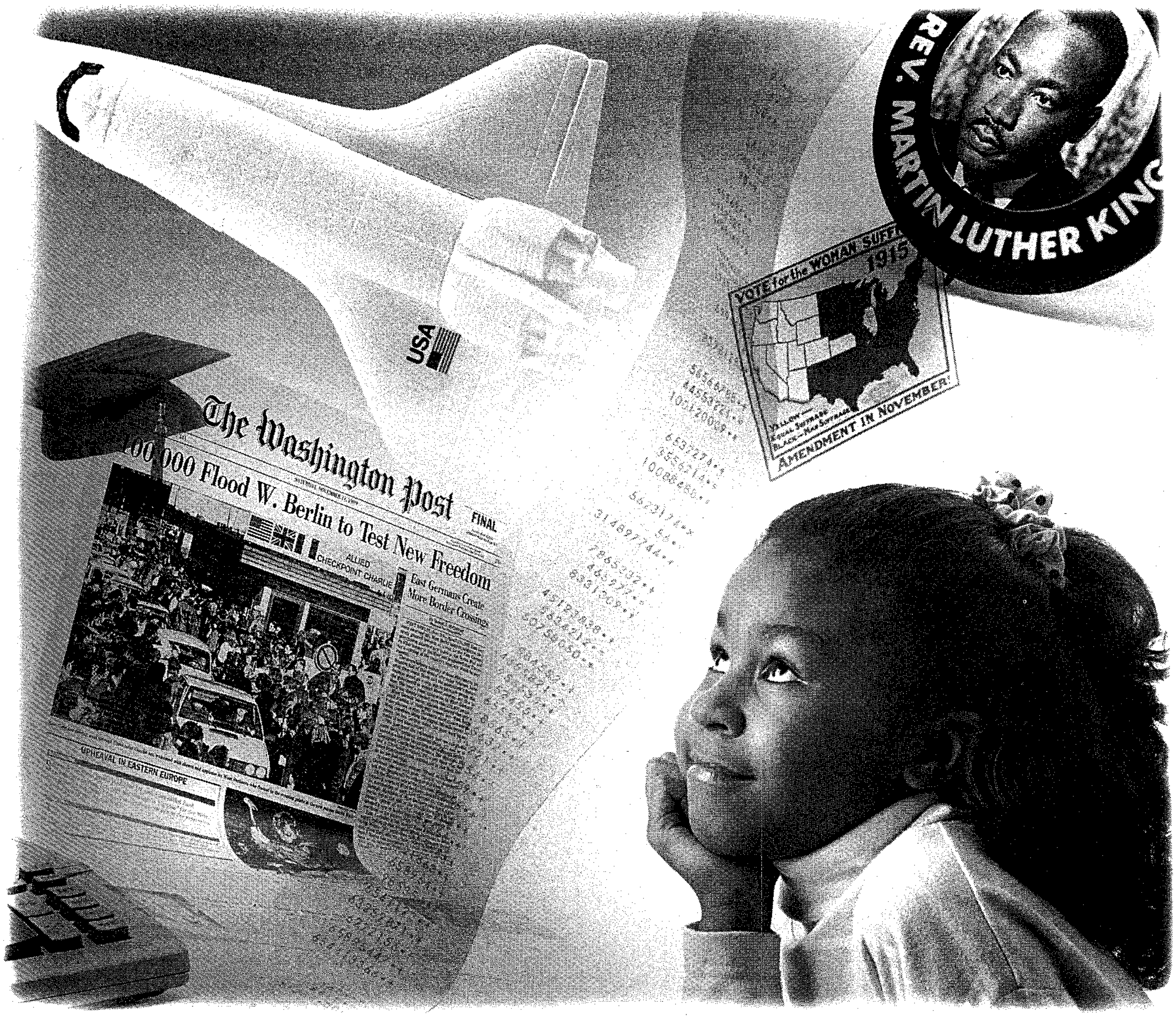
Q: IT HAS also been suggested that there is a valid comparison between you and Mikhail Gorbachev. The essence of the comparison, it seems to me, is that you both found yourselves in the driving seat confronting daunting odds, and that you both decided that your problems could best be addressed by a reversal of previously sacrosanct ideas. Is there some substance to the comparison?

A: I can understand why the comparison is made, and obviously one could identify certain elements which justify that sort of comparison. On the other hand, there are also basic differences, especially in the nature of the daunting problems which we face. I don't want to be unkind, but President Gorbachev is trying to dismantle, in an orderly way, a dictatorship, a system which denied freedom to other states which fell under his control. At the same time he is facing the daunting task of trying to build a sound economy from nothing. In my case, I have the advantage of a basically sound economy, and I'm trying to extend freedom in one state to all the inhabitants on the basis of democracy in the full sense of the word, and against a background of having always striven to bring democracy to all the people, but in a different way. So I feel that the comparison should be qualified by acknowledging the differences. We've always been strongly anti-Communist, free-market-oriented in South Africa, so philosophically, there are vast differences. But, superficially, yes . . .

Q: The idea that *glasnost* reflects a genuine change of heart is questioned in some of the literature of the Soviet Union. There are many people who don't really believe that Gorbachev's objectives are honest. The same sort of skepticism is sometimes expressed about South Africa. How would you respond to a suggestion that the South African government is merely patching up the situation, in order to perpetuate the kind of political system we have known in the past?

A: Well, I reject that unequivocally. To adopt that sort of attitude would be to take a suicidal direction. I am on record as having said publicly that any effort, under the mantle of a disguise, to continue minority domination of the majority would be fundamentally wrong, would be dishonest. I bound the National Party to honest and open power-sharing in the fullest sense of the word. I am on record as having said, "Minority domination, insofar as it exists, must come to an end." I really find that this type of skepticism to which you refer, although it existed initially, has evaporated in all responsible circles since February 2 [when President de Klerk announced the unbanning of the African National Congress and the freeing of Nelson Mandela—ED.].

Q: Many people were surprised that the government decided to unban the ANC and the SACP [South African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Communist Party—ED.] before those organizations had renounced violence and the armed struggle.

A: Our position has always been that we are not prepared to negotiate a new constitution with parties or movements that follow a policy of violence and are not fully committed to peaceful solutions along the road of negotiations. We have not reversed our position on that fundamental approach. We are not negotiating with the ANC with regard to a new constitution at the moment because we regard their continued adherence to the so-called armed struggle as a stumbling block. We are talking to them, we are having dialogue with them, with the goal of getting them to move away from the concept of armed struggle—to drop it.

The moment they do that, at that moment real negotiations can start.*

Q: The time may come when the government may have to decide that the level of violence in the country has passed the bound of acceptability. One thinks, for instance, of the three-kilogram bomb found in the Hallmark building in Pretoria. Had it not been for sheer good luck, the bomb would have exploded and perhaps one hundred people would have died. There are also the revelations of Operation Vula, the so-called Red Plot. At what point would the government have to reconsider its attitude toward talking to the ANC?

A: Let me first say that the government has at no stage considered, in any way whatsoever, shrinking from its duty to maintain law and order, applying the laws of the land and arresting those who participate in unlawful acts. And law and order will be maintained. As a matter of fact, we have announced steps to increase the police force by some ten thousand. We are not prepared to allow this country to fall into a state of anarchy, so we will in an evenhanded way try to maintain law and order in the strictest possible terms.

Q: One of the most interesting events recently is the vigorous response of Christian churches to the launching of the Communist Party as a political party and the statements made by Mr. Slovo about Christianity. Among whites, Communism is considered to be an alien and even an evil creed. In the light of this, why has the government tacitly accepted the SACP as a negotiating partner in the search for a new dispensation?

The Open Door

A: I AM on record that the government remains fiercely anti-Communistic; that we totally disagree with Communist policies. But the government is talking to everybody. I have an open-door policy and will talk to anyone who wants to talk to me. That doesn't imply agreement or even possible agreement with the philosophies of those we talk to. I have spoken to the Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging, to Mr. Jaap Marais of the Herstigte Nasionale Party**; I have spoken to the ANC, which has an alliance with the SACP.

I'm prepared to speak to all political parties and movements, because what we have decided to do is to normalize the political process. The SACP really propounds a policy which has proved itself to be a dismal failure. It is a philosophy from which all the countries where it has been accepted as a basic political philosophy are moving away as fast as they can. In that sense, the circumstances have changed to such an extent that the way in which we can fight Communism can now be a different one.

There was a time, I have no doubt, when the masters of Communism, the Soviet Union and the satellites, were bound together in a common strategy to take over South Africa, when they had expansionist designs with regard to the whole of Africa. The whole of Africa is moving away from that. In Mozambique, the ruling party in what is still a one-party state has fundamentally changed its policy. Many African states where Communism had a strong influence before are moving toward multi-party democracy. So it is a question of a change in strategy, but not a change in convictions.

Q: The process of negotiation implies give and take. I wonder whether there is anything that the Communists can gain by way of concessions in such a process.

A: Well, the negotiations won't be aimed at political philosophy. The negotiations are aimed at drawing up the rules of the game. That is what a constitution is. Within a democratic process various political philosophies, as propounded by political parties, will struggle within the rules of the game. So one should make a clear distinction about the purpose of the negotiations—which is to deal with the new constitution—and the beliefs about what is the best policy for a country, which will be part of the political conflict, according to normal democratic practice, in any election following upon the introduction of a new constitution.

Q: Do you believe, then, that it would be possible to set aside ideologies when it comes to the negotiations?

A: Let me say that in a normal democratic process what has been true previously will not necessarily remain true. Historically, the SACP was the link which opened the doors to money, weapons, international expertise, international training. And yes, because of that there surely was a time when the SACP was the driving force in this alliance. But things have changed. The governments that rolled out the red carpet before and signed the checks, that provided the logistical support, are out of power. The doors are closed. Mr. Mandela did not go to Eastern Europe on his overseas trip. He went to Western governments. What was he told by the Western governments? He was told, I'm sure, that he must work for democracy, that he must relinquish the armed struggle. He didn't see one Communist-based government, and I'm sure he wasn't encouraged to strengthen his ties with Communism. Those he saw, most of them, are fiercely anti-Communist. American legislation says that it requires the ANC or any similar organization to distance itself from Communism. So it's a new ballgame and it's very early in the day to say what will happen. The Communist Party launched itself only a few days ago as a new political entity. That must have a profound effect on its relationship with the ANC. Of one thing I have no doubt, and that is that there are very important and strong leaders within the ANC who would not like to see the ANC being usurped by the SACP.

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* On August 6, four days after this interview, the ANC agreed to suspend violence.

**The Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging (usually abbreviated AWB), meaning Afrikaner Resistance Movement, is a right-wing movement led by Mr. Eugene Terblanche. The Herstigte Nasionale Party (Reformed National Party), also right-wing, was the first splinter party to leave the National Party. Unity between the two has proved elusive.

Therefore it can be expected in the months ahead (it may take longer) that there will follow fundamental adaptation within the ranks of those who formerly based their close cooperation on their opposition to us. No doubt there is a possibility that the time will come when the SACP will be seen as an albatross around whosever neck they are bound to.

Q: Would you like to comment on the issue of partition still put forward by people like Professor Carel Boshoff,

SLOUCHING TOWARD LEBANON

THE BIG QUESTION facing South Africa is whether the country will—as Cassandras have so long warned—turn into a sort of giant Lebanon, with warring communities tearing up all the normal rules of civil society and reducing the land to a series of no-go areas and contested zones.

Take the violence on the Reef, which has left several hundred dead and many more hundreds injured in what has, in effect, been a small war between Zulu hostel-dwellers and predominantly Xhosa ANC supporters. The ANC's knee-jerk response has been to claim that the violence has been deliberately instigated by Chief Buthelezi, hand in glove with the security forces. Mrs. Mandela went further. The government, she alleged, was "working hand in hand with Inkatha," and de Klerk himself was behind the violence.

There is, actually, no evidence for this conspiracy theory, and the accusations against de Klerk are ludicrous. He has more to lose than almost anyone else from the violence, which pushes more white votes toward Treurnicht on the extreme Right and destabilizes the negotiation process on which he, de Klerk, has risked everything.

It is extremely dangerous to fling such charges around now. In the eyes of the wilder township elements it is tantamount to saying that to kill the other side (Zulus) is to strike a blow against the hated apartheid state. The result can only be to increase the ethnic polarization that these events have strengthened.

For the first time I have found Africans telling me that they will ultimately vote for Buthelezi "because I am a Zulu." I was struck, too, that some of this rubs off even on the young Zulu "comrades," who are as strongly ANC as much of their age group seems to be everywhere. One such comrade I spoke to yesterday blamed all the violence on "that bad man Mangosuthu [Buthelezi]" but agreed with me that the Zulus seem to have had by far the best of the fighting on the Reef. "Well, of course we win," he beamed, "we just are braver." One wonders at what point that "we," rather than his current loyalty to the ANC, will become his fundamental identity.

The worsening of the relationship between the ANC and Buthelezi comes at a time when the policy differences between them have been narrowed to almost nothing. Buthelezi has always demanded the release of Mandela and other political prisoners, the unbanning of the ANC and PAC, and universal suffrage in a unitary state. His differences with the ANC came over the armed struggle (which it has now ceased), over sanctions (which Mandela talks of dropping), over nationalization of industry (on which the ANC now declares itself to have an open mind), and on respect for minority rights (on which Mandela has recently hinted at major concessions). But this very convergence merely points up the fact that the animosity between the two is rooted in rival and ethnically slanted nationalisms.

Just six months on from its unbanning and re-entry into South African politics the ANC is now caught up in a situation very different from its millenarian dreams in exile. It has made much progress, but only at the cost of concessions on every front. Despite decades of non-racial propaganda, it finds itself engaged in a neo-tribal war. It has mass support but so little organization that when the government gave it the names of 96 police officers across the country to whom it could have a hotline to head off threatening local situations and asked for a list of 96 ANC counterparts, the ANC, weeks later, has only been able to come up with 29 names.

Above all, the ANC is full of slogans about "Forward toward this," but in practice it finds the government is going far too fast for it and is desperately trying to slow down the pace—saying, for example, that it would like to put off negotiations on a new constitution until 1991.

TIME IS lacking in a more fundamental sense. For the fighting on the Reef is only part of a far larger breakdown. Most significant of all is the fact that the agency set up by the government, with a brief to spend $750 million on township improvements, finds itself unable to spend its money because the townships are simply too troubled to operate in. Such incidents raise the whole question of how amenable to treatment the situation now is.

The main imperative has to be some sort of rapprochement between the ANC and Buthelezi. Nothing would do more to reduce ethnic strife, restore peace, help confidence, and shore up the economy. The problem is that a deal which brought Buthelezi back within the ANC—of which he was a member for many years—would immediately make him second only to Mandela. Moreover, room would doubtless have to be made for a number of other leading Zulu figures at the top of the ANC. This would have the effect of pushing a whole lot of other ANC constituents—the Communist Party and the trade unions, not to mention a large number of Indians, whites, and other non-Zulus—down the queue.

The *Realpolitik* is that a deal with Buthelezi would transform the balance of power within the ANC—and this at a time when the movement is confused and there is much nervy scrambling for position. It is a tall order but there may be no other way to peace. —R. W. JOHNSON

Mr. Johnson is professor of politics at Magdalen College, Oxford. This article has been excerpted with permission from New Statesman & Society.

who has advocated a *Boerestaat* (Boer state) in the Northern Cape?

A: Let me personally say of Professor Boshoff (and people who stand by him) that he is the only honest advocate of partition, in the sense that he is trying to produce a plan for partition which acknowledges the realities of South Africa. He has chosen areas which are relatively speaking uninhabited. Any plan for partition that includes densely populated areas can only succeed if you shift millions of people. It is economically unattainable, it is politically unattainable, and for that reason I don't think that partition can work. I don't think Professor Boshoff's type of partition can work either, for economic reasons. But we have clearly stated, and we sincerely believe, that all political parties and movements should be free in the negotiation process to sit at the table and that consideration should be given to all views. So those who believe in partition are free to become part of the negotiation process. It is my distinct impression of the Conservative Party that, while it propounds partition, the overwhelming majority of its members really do not believe that the policy is workable and practical.

Q: On the other hand, there are a lot of people in the Conservative Party who believe in the possibility of a federal or confederal arrangement in South Africa.

A: The policy breaks down on one issue. They have to admit that in what would, in their policy, be white South Africa, there would remain on a permanent basis millions and most probably a majority of blacks and/or coloreds who would have no, or almost no, political rights. Their policy rests on the assumption that those millions would be happy not to have political rights in the places where they were born or in the places where they live and where they will die, and will settle for exercising their political rights in a state where they don't live. And, therefore, I say it's unattainable and therefore inherently dishonest, in that only a section of the people would have political rights.

Q: Would not a confederal arrangement satisfy many of the people who currently support the Conservative Party?

A: If you look at a map of South Africa, without shifting millions of people, which this country cannot afford, each of the states will be a mixed state with probably a black and/or colored majority. It is on the issue that they are not just striving to have a federal arrangement, but they are striving to have a white state in that arrangement, that their policy founders. I'm not against confederalism or federalism as a philosophy, but as a solution for the racial problems of South Africa it is inherently part of Conservative policy that there will be a white state with a white majority, and that is unattainable. The National Party has striven over decades and, notwithstanding pumping thousands of millions of *rand* into attaining this goal, we could not succeed. □

THE OPEN QUESTION

WHY NATIONAL REVIEW IS WRONG

JOSEPH SOBRAN

IS IT that the Left has given peace a bad name? Why do some conservatives—especially neo-conservatives—think the U.S. has to dive into *every* foreign broil?

Do I overstate the matter? Why, then, are conservatives who demur at war in the Middle East immediately branded "isolationists," even if they've favored U.S. military action in Korea, Vietnam, Grenada, and Panama?

Lo, even NATIONAL REVIEW adopts this bit of one-worlder invective ("Drizzle on the Right," "The Week," Sept. 17). It's an unworthy attempt to marginalize fellow conservatives and hustle us all into gung-ho unanimity. The word "isolationist" suggests a churlish provincialism, a refusal to face the outside world; presumably showering that world with bombs is the cosmopolitan approach.

Anyone who wants war should bear a heavy burden of proof. There ought to be a standing presumption against sending hundreds of thousands of troops to the other side of the world. Any such commitment warrants full debate. Every consideration against it should be carefully weighed.

Instead, there seems to be a presumption in favor of war, any war, any time, any place. Reservations are answered with flippant scorn and name-calling ("isolationist" is one of the milder epithets). This whole drive for war has the odor of hysteria and manipulation.

NR's argument, I regret to say, is as slackly reasoned as most of the other pro-war arguments. We are told that "America has at least three clear and vital interests in this crisis." A *vital* interest, if we're using words carefully, is one on which survival may depend. Arab oil? We don't need it. "Peace and stability"? Nobody in the Gulf region threatens us. "Allies"? Such as—Turkey! "to which the U.S. is bound by NATO obligations and which has a long-standing border dispute with Iraq." Oh, brother.

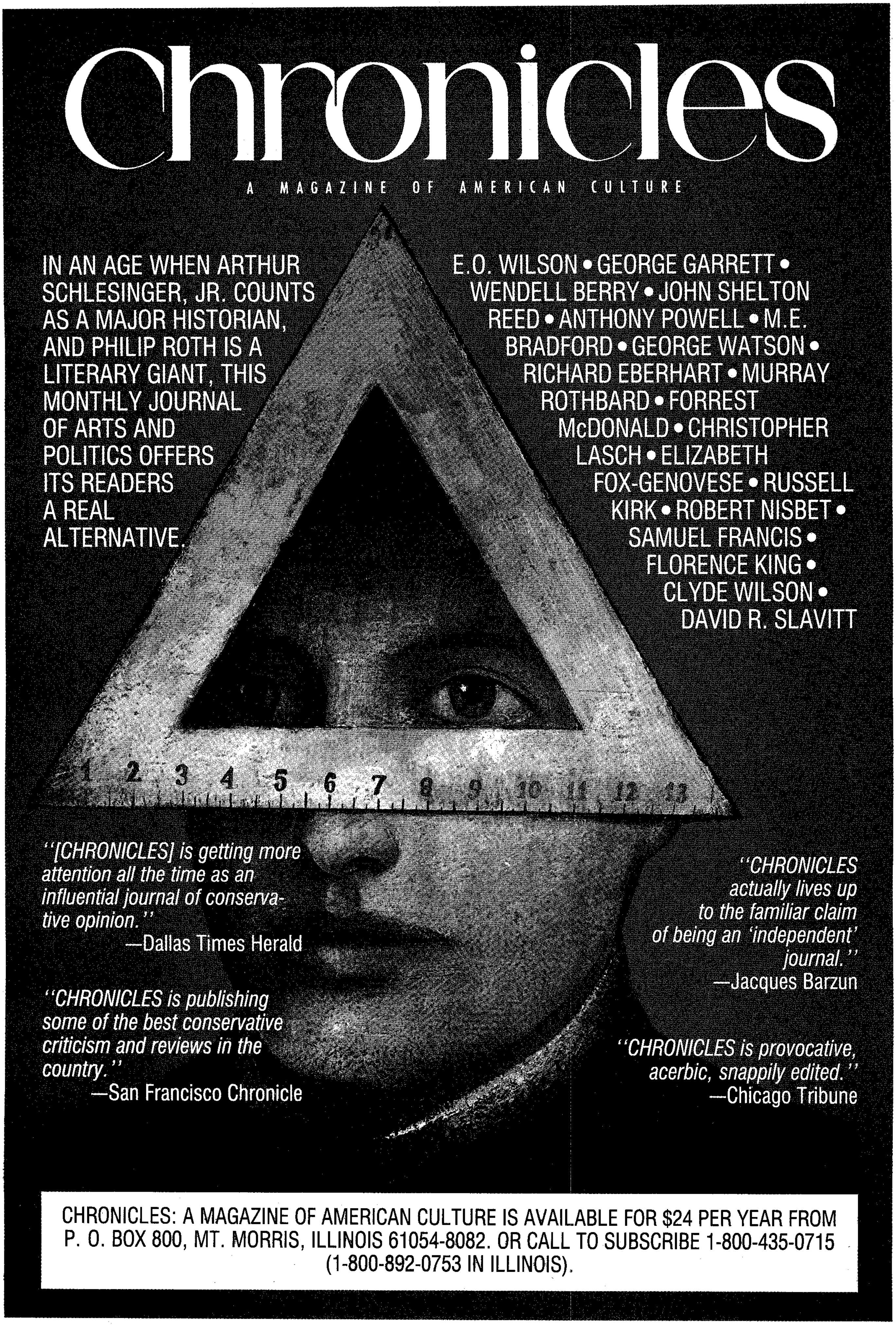
These, we are told insistently, are "solid interests." A war would by no means be an act of "global altruism" or part of any "universal crusade." No sooner had these words appeared than Mr. Bush, who hadn't consulted *NR*'s war aims, announced his "new world order."

This easy enumeration of "vital interests" should in itself put us on our guard. "At least three" of them, forsooth! In one region! For a country as large and self-sufficient as the U.S.! How many vital interests do little countries like Portugal and Peru have there? Thirty-seven?

But skepticism that this stuff is worth getting American boys blown to pieces over is dismissed as "determined despair." (There follows a catalogue of the horrors the skeptics will

(Continues on page 92)

Mr. Sobran, an NR *senior editor, writes a twice-a-week column for Universal Press Syndicate.*



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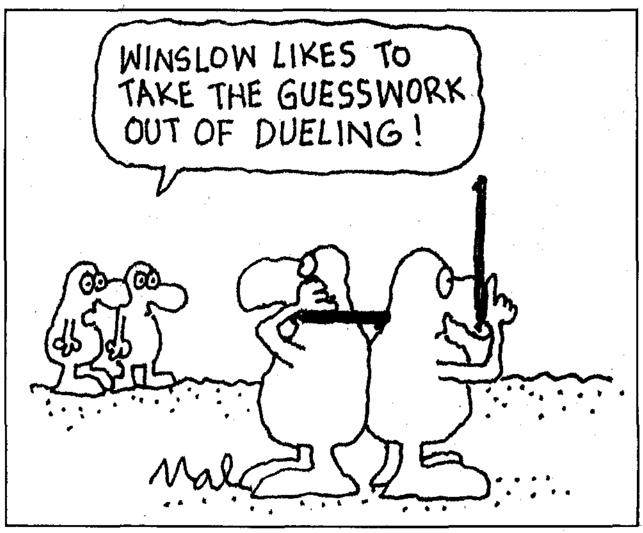
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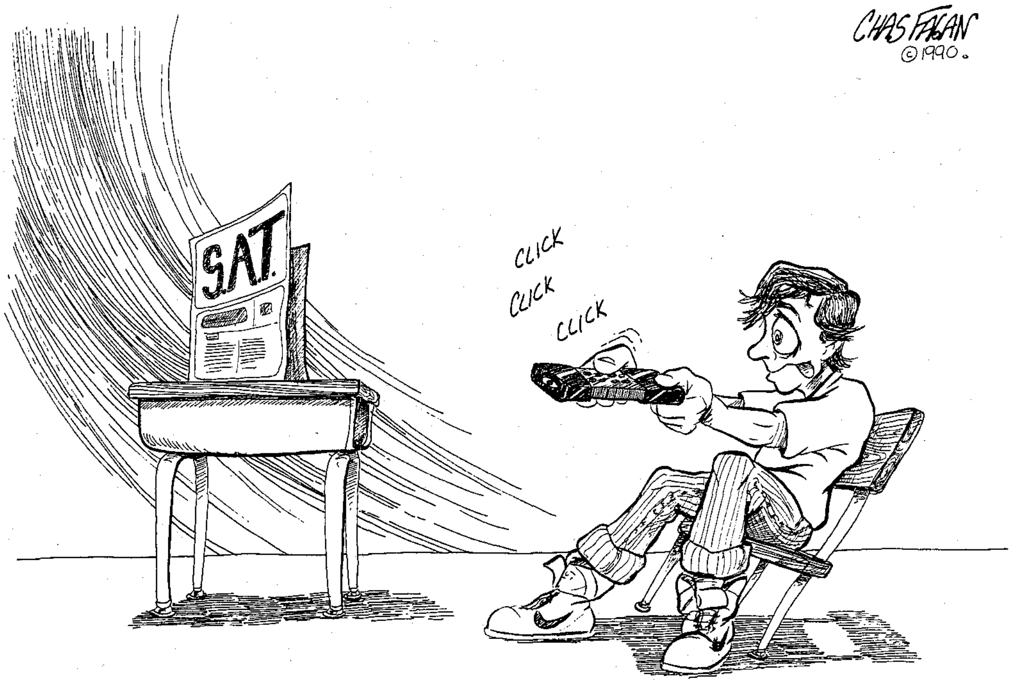
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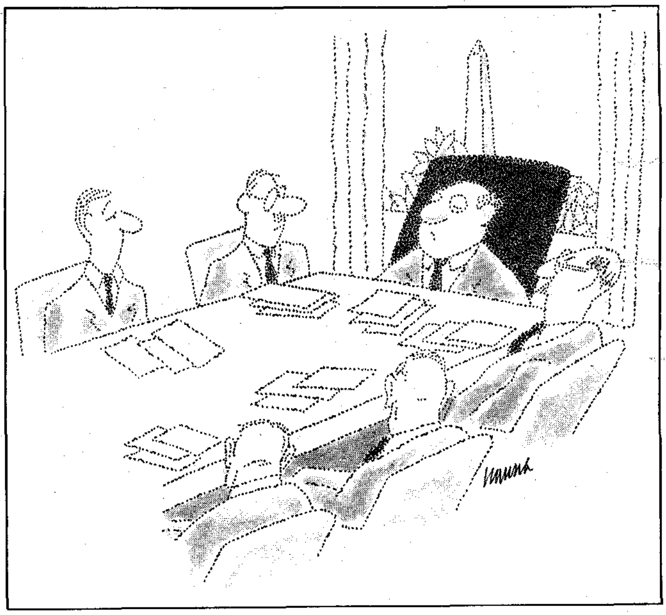
The Implosion Continues

Like dinosaurs, whose swift demise
  Bemuses science still,
The Communists will fossilize
  Until, on some bleak hill
Once home to Gulag residents,
  An academic dig
Uncovers bones and testaments
  Suggesting something big.

W. H. VON DREELE



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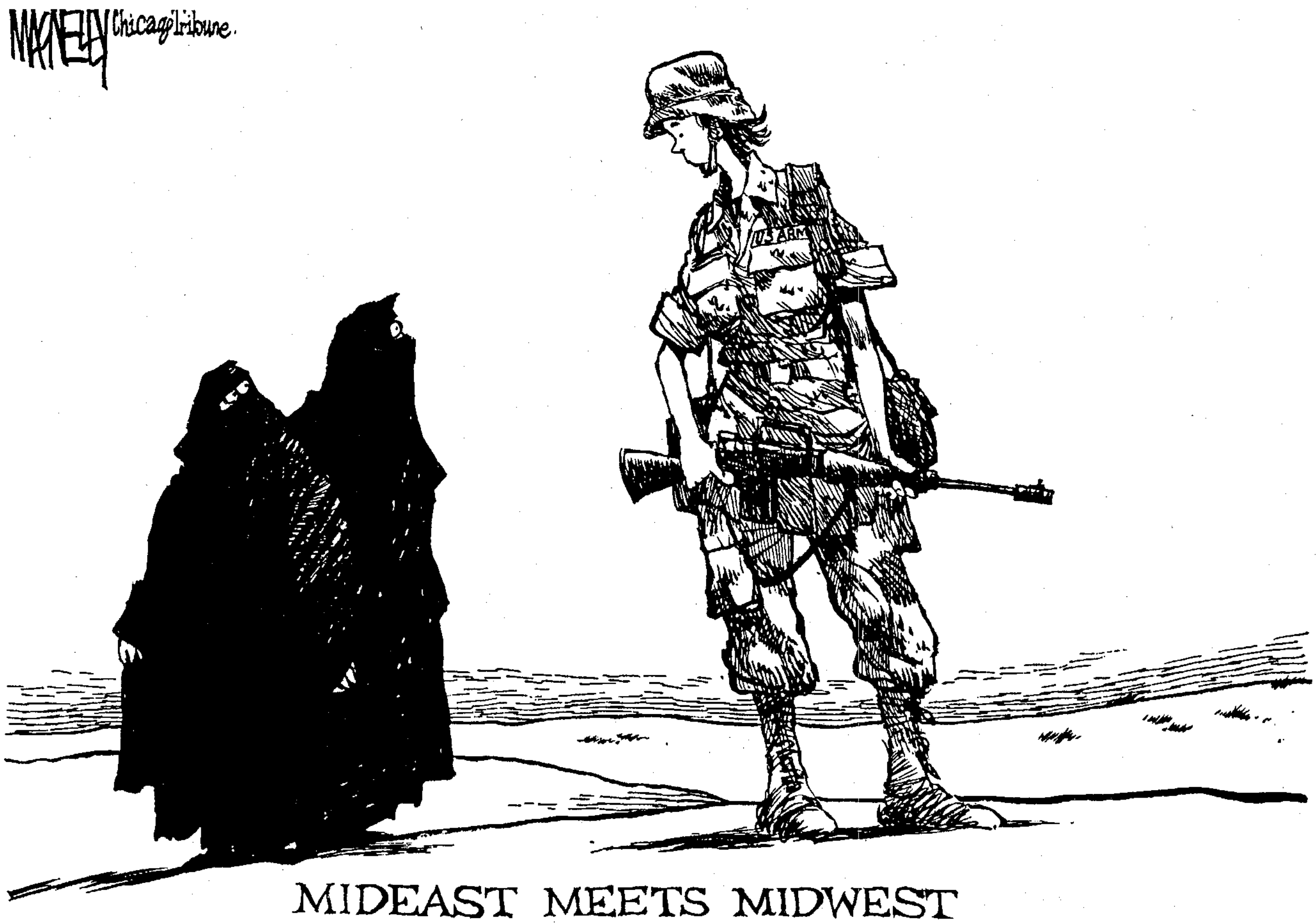
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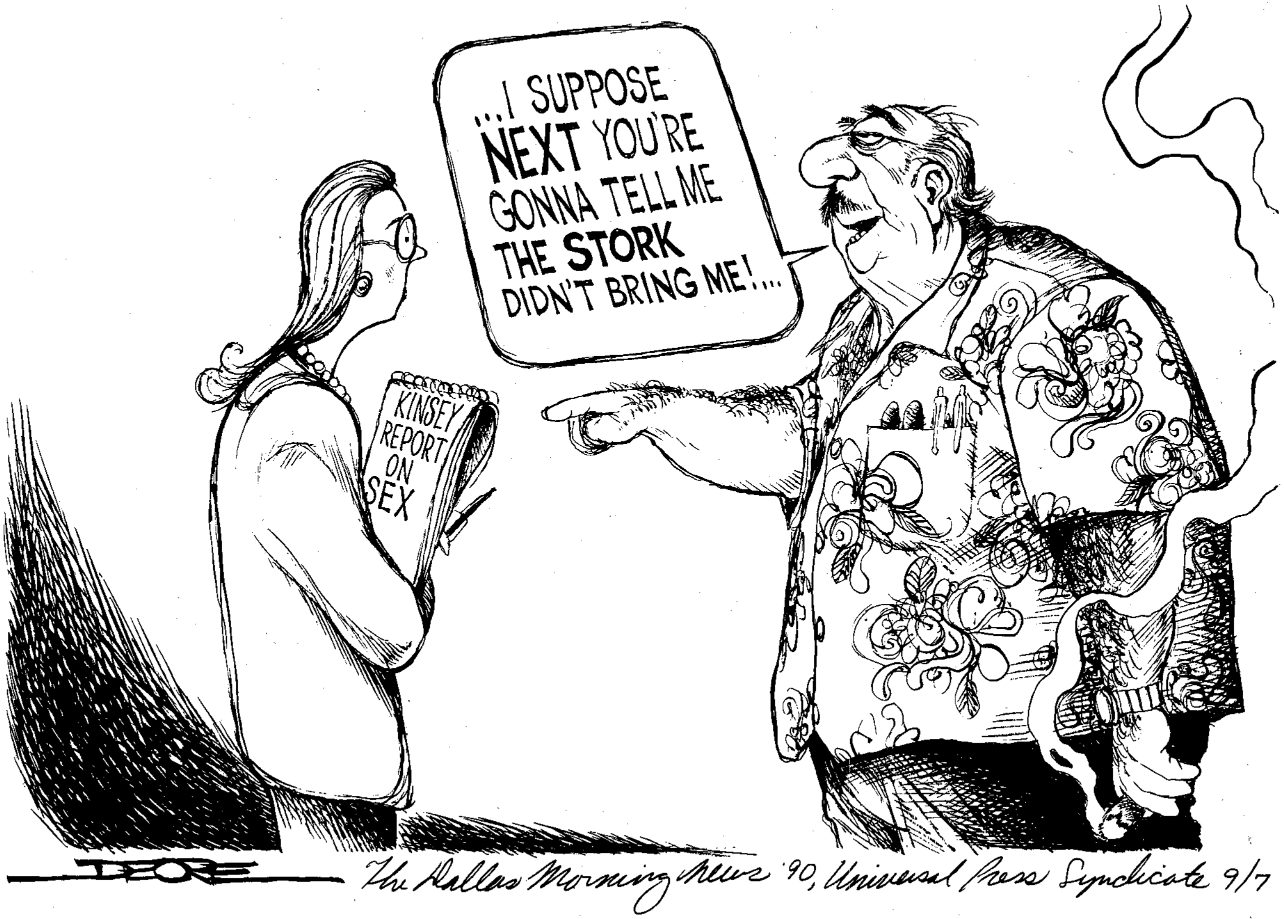
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KINSEY REPORT ON SEX
DEORE

The Dallas Morning News '90, Universal Press Syndicate 9/7

Transforming a Lie into Truth: A Metaphor of the Novelist's Task

MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

I AM AWARE THAT a writer does not have the last word about what he has written; that in many cases a critic or reader can have a better understanding of the writer's work. This was the case with my novel *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta*. My goals were not what readers imagined, although I'm not saying the readers were wrong. In fact, it may be that my planning and conscious work were less important than the intervention of my unconscious.

The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta (1986) has been read mostly as a political book, and in many cases has been considered an essay about violence and revolution in Latin America—a political statement disguised in novel form, the essence of which is the description of an objective historical reality. That was not my intention. I was, of course, using political ideology and historical facts as raw materials, but my goal was literary, not political. In my opinion, a novel should create an illusion of reality—whatever that may be—and is not a genre suited to political statements.

As is the case with all my books, *Mayta* began with a personal experience, not an experience I lived myself, but something I nonetheless knew well. During the late Fifties and early Sixties, I was politically committed to extreme leftist causes and ideals. Like many Latin Americans, my enthusiasm for the triumph of the Cuban revolution was very strong. Although I had broken with the Communist Party after just one year, I remained interested in Marxism, despite some disagreements about aesthetics, literature, and art. Until Fidel Castro entered Havana, most Latin intellectuals thought of revolution as a remote, romantic, even academic idea. Che Guevara's conclusion that the objective conditions for a revolution could be created by revolutionaries themselves changed the attitudes of the extreme Left—me included. Nonetheless, I was amazed when I read in *Le Monde* (I was living in France at the time) that a group of Peruvians had actually attempted to start a revolution in the central Andes. They had taken control of a small city for a few hours, and then escaped into the mountains, where they were hunted down; some were killed, and others arrested.

Until I read this report, I had never really believed that in Peru—my own country, which I thought I knew so well—such events would one day happen. I was impressed, and I kept the details in my memory. Gradually they became a matter for literary speculation, around which my imagination, my fantasy, started to work.

Sometime later, just by chance, I met a man in France who told me the details of the aborted revolution. It was something quite crazy. The revolutionaries consisted of only two adults and some high-school students; a handful of people—maybe ten or 15, I don't remember exactly; there were not twenty of them. It was difficult to imagine how this group could have imagined their insurrection would begin a process that would eventually seize control of the country.

One of the adult leaders was a 23-year-old lieutenant of the Guardia Republicana; the other, a man in his early forties named Mayta, was the only one with a background of political militancy. First he had been in the Soviet faction of the Peruvian Communist Party; then he became a Maoist. When the Maoists expelled him, he became a Trotskyist, and was a militant in a Trotskyist cadre when he met the young lieutenant, who, to Mayta's amazement, started to talk about the possibilities of a revolution in Peru. The lieutenant was a spontaneous revolutionary—with no ideological education—and the older Trotskyist was impressed by his militancy, especially so because at that time the association of a military officer with Marxism was as unthinkable as a priest's sympathy for such doctrines. Things have changed considerably since then.

IT WAS DECIDED in this Trotskyist group that Alejandro Mayta should try to indoctrinate the young lieutenant. In fact, it was the younger man who convinced Mayta that revolution was actually possible; that Peru was a fertile land for an upheaval. He explained that the town where he was based could easily be captured by a group of revolutionaries. They could get weapons from the city guard there, and establish a revolutionary focal point in the mountains, just as the Cubans had.

Mayta was convinced, and together the two men planned the revolution. At first many others agreed to participate, but when the deadline came most had become skeptical and had withdrawn. The only ones left were the two men and some students, whose role, ac-

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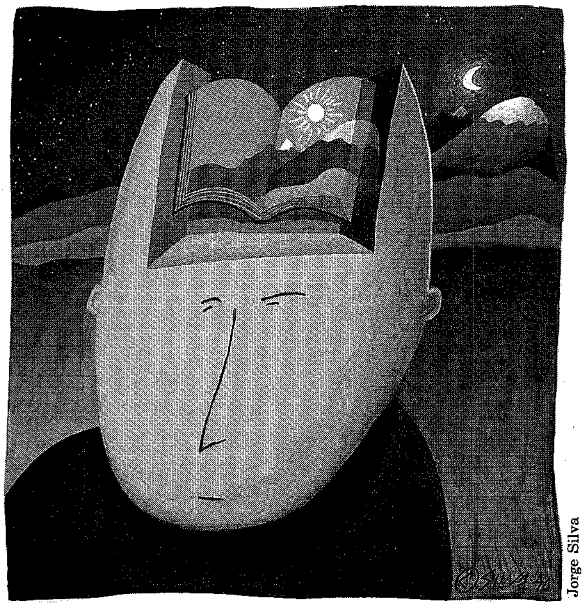
Mr. Vargas Llosa, whose newest novel is In Praise of the Stepmother *(Farrar, Straus), ran unsuccessfully for the Peruvian presidency this spring. This article is adapted from* A Writer's Reality *© 1990 by Mario Vargas Llosa, to be published in December by Syracuse University Press.*

cording to the original plan, was supposed to have been marginal.

These were the facts behind the story that I read about in the French newspaper. I knew I wanted to write a political novel of adventure; to tell the story of a handful of people crazy enough—or generous enough or idealistic enough—to start a revolution.

I NEVER START writing immediately after I have an idea. My usual pace is to think about it for months—even years—and to enrich the original concept. Then one day I start making notes and putting anecdotes into place. In this case, the original plan for the novel changed with my own political evolution. Throughout the Sixties, my enthusiasm for revolution slowly diminished, which is to say, I abandoned the belief that only violence could break the status quo and precipitate economic and social reform in Peru. I had seen what Cuba had become, and had seen the reality in other socialist countries.

Then in the early Seventies another idea, probably more important than the original novel of political adventure, took over. Fiction itself as a theme became very important to me: fiction as something larger than literature; fiction as something more important in life than literature or art. I discovered that in fact fiction is indispensable for mankind—even for people without an interest in literature, who never read books at all. Everyone needs to incorporate some fictitious life into real life; some kind of lie that by some mechanism or another is transformed into truth. In many cases literature accomplishes this task. We read novels, and are enriched by the lies they give us. But there are other ways in which it is not so clear that we are incorporating fiction into experience. In some cases religion does it—not just for individuals but for whole societies.



Jorge Silva

As I became involved in political debates in Latin America, I became even more aware of this human need for fictitious experience, especially as my own vision of social problems changed, as I grew more and more critical of the strategies and ideas of the extreme Left. Being so involved in polemics, I thought about this subject a great deal, and one day I reached a conclusion: ideology was fulfilling this need for lies throughout Latin America. Ideology was the way many people incorporated fiction into their lives, just as some did so with novels or religion. Intellectuals especially were using ideology to identify the laws of history, society, and political evolution, and were, in fact, adding to reality *a purely imaginary world.*

How strange that this fiction was a major cause of violence and brutality in Latin America; that these sometimes elaborate and complex ideological constructions, which criticized existing society in terms of another ideal society to be reached through revolution, were, in fact, the mechanism that was destroying our societies, and creating major obstacles to real progress against the very problems that gave rise to the ideologies in the first place—social injustice, economic inequality, disharmony among different cultures. How interesting that fiction can be both beneficial and damaging. In one way, the civilization's great literary achievements have enriched mankind psychologically and ethically, and have encouraged progress in many ways. But at the same time fiction has been a major instrument of suffering, because it is behind all the dogmatic doctrines that have justified repression, censorship, massacres, and genocide.

Why not, therefore, write a novel about the two faces of fiction, obverse and reverse? When I decided to do so, Mayta and his handful of revolutionaries came immediately to mind. It was, in fact, ideal raw material for the invention of a novel that would develop this night-and-day story of fiction.

I had, of course, some information about what had happened, but I began to do additional research—not in order to be totally faithful to what had occurred, to be exact or objective, but, as the narrator of Mayta's story says, *"Para mentir con conocimiento de causa."* I don't like the translation of this phrase into English as it appears in the novel. What it really means is that one distorts knowing one is distorting. The novelist's responsibility is not to exactness but to persuasiveness; and to persuade, in most cases, is to lie.

I did a great deal of research. I read everything that had been written, in newspapers and magazines, and interviewed some of the participants. By now, these events had taken place 25 years before, and yet I found that many people were reluctant to say exactly what they knew. It was very interesting to discover how people used memory to justify both past and present—who they had been, and what they had become. Some were obviously lying to change the past, and I was able to test in a practical way how fiction was operating, because their fictions were so visible. For a writer, unlike an anthropologist or historian, lies are as important as truth, are equally useful. In this, the novelist is superior to the scholar.

My idea was to have the novel flow on two levels. First there was the story of the narrator, someone who would have my name (but only in order to misguide the reader), collecting material to write a novel about Mayta. This would be the so-called fake objective level.

Then there would be an *imaginary level*, in which the reader would follow the process of building a fiction. The reader would see this writer using what he knows in objective reality as material out of which his fantasy and imagination construct a fiction, something that is not a reflection, not a totally separate reality (because this new reality always uses objective facts), but something that little by little becomes very different, essentially so, from those objective sources. So the whole novel would be a continuous confrontation between these two dimensions, warring in the mind of the protagonist, who is the writer. The narrator, who when I began writing was supposed to be invisible, became, more in an unconscious than in a deliberate way, at least as important as Mayta, because it is he who manipulates what happens, so that in the end what is important is not what actually happened but the way in which reality—the characters and events—are manipulated by him.

T*HE Real Life of Alejandro Mayta* is a novel about two kinds of fiction, ideological fiction and literary fiction. Ideological fiction is what Mayta and his comrades live. Mayta is an ideologue, a man totally convinced that reality can be captured by the mechanisms of reason, as defined by Marx and enriched and improved upon by Lenin and Trotsky. Revolutionary doctrine provides all the instruments necessary to understand exactly what society is, what forces are involved in history, and how, knowing this, a revolutionary can act to produce qualitative changes in reality. In the novel, the reader can perceive that this ideology is, in fact, a fiction—constantly rejected and falsified by objective reality—and how, in spite of it, Mayta possesses a mechanism that acts immediately whenever the falsification of reality becomes obvious, and finds a theoretical justification to move forward in yet another illusory way. And the reader perceives how all this leads Mayta and his followers into something that produces exactly the opposite of the intended consequence.

The literary fiction, however, does not have these catastrophic results. In fact, it has positive consequences, because in a world going to pieces, practically disappearing in an orgy of violence, the writer finds a reason to resist, to live. When one witness asks how he can stupidly write a novel at a time when the country is vanishing, when there is civil war and terrorism, and people are dying of hunger, the narrator replies: "No, it's not stupid. At least to write a novel is something that can create a way in which I can defend myself against all this catastrophe that surrounds me." Fantasy and imagination provide psychological means to survive despite the fact that objectively there is no longer any hope.

Through the destinies of characters in a novel or short story, I can make evident something I believe: fiction is negative, has negative results for society and history when it is not perceived to be fiction but is disguised as objective knowledge, as an objective description of reality; and, on the contrary, fiction is positive and useful to society and history—and the individual—when it is perceived as such; when, reading a novel, one relishes the experience of an illusion. I want a novel to make evident this paradox: when fiction is understood to be an illusion it becomes an objective reality. When thus understood and incorporated into our real experiences, fiction gives us a better understanding of ourselves and society.

This was what I wanted to write about, and what I thought I had written when I finished the novel. But the reviews, essays, and even oral commentaries about the book have not brought out any of this. *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta*, as I wrote above, has been taken as a novel *against revolution*, as an indictment of Marxism in Latin America. I do not know. Again, the writer does not have the last word. ☐

A Whiff of Woodstock

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

THEY MEET once a month in a brownstone on the East Side of Manhattan. They call themselves the Vile Body. They are second-generation baby-boomers, which is to say members of the baby-boom generation born too late to have been drafted for service in Vietnam. They are well educated and articulate writers, editors, critics, economists, and journalists based largely in New York and Washington. One spent the better part of a year covering the war in Afghanistan. One of the men will be covering Europe '92 from Brussels, for the *Wall Street Journal*. Out of the Vile Body's discussions of the world they inherited from the older baby-boomers has come this book of 15 sassy, iconoclastic, critical, thoughtful, funny, passionate, and occasionally up-yours essays. Editor Terry Teachout promises we will find "no stale Sixties romanticism, no wan Seventies disillusion, no tedious Eighties whining" here; in that he's right. Whether we will "find out what the Nineties are going to be like," only the Nineties will tell. But if the Vile Body is listened to, the Nineties will not be fuzzy-minded or utopian.

Beyond the Boom: New Voices on American Life, Culture, and Politics, edited by Terry Teachout (Poseidon, 224 pp., $18.95)

These Boomers II are tough on their predecessors, the Woodstock generation. "They were the ones who lost their nerve in Vietnam and were never heard from again," writes Teachout, except in a single field where their achievement has been destructive: they have degraded the American academy. Lisa Schiffren ("A Whiff of Grapeshot"), who saw bullets fly in Afghanistan, believes traditional notions of duty, discipline, valor, honor, respect, and glory were devalued in the Sixties and Seventies. Her disillusionment goes deep. She sees our victory in the cold war, for instance, not as a triumph of America's

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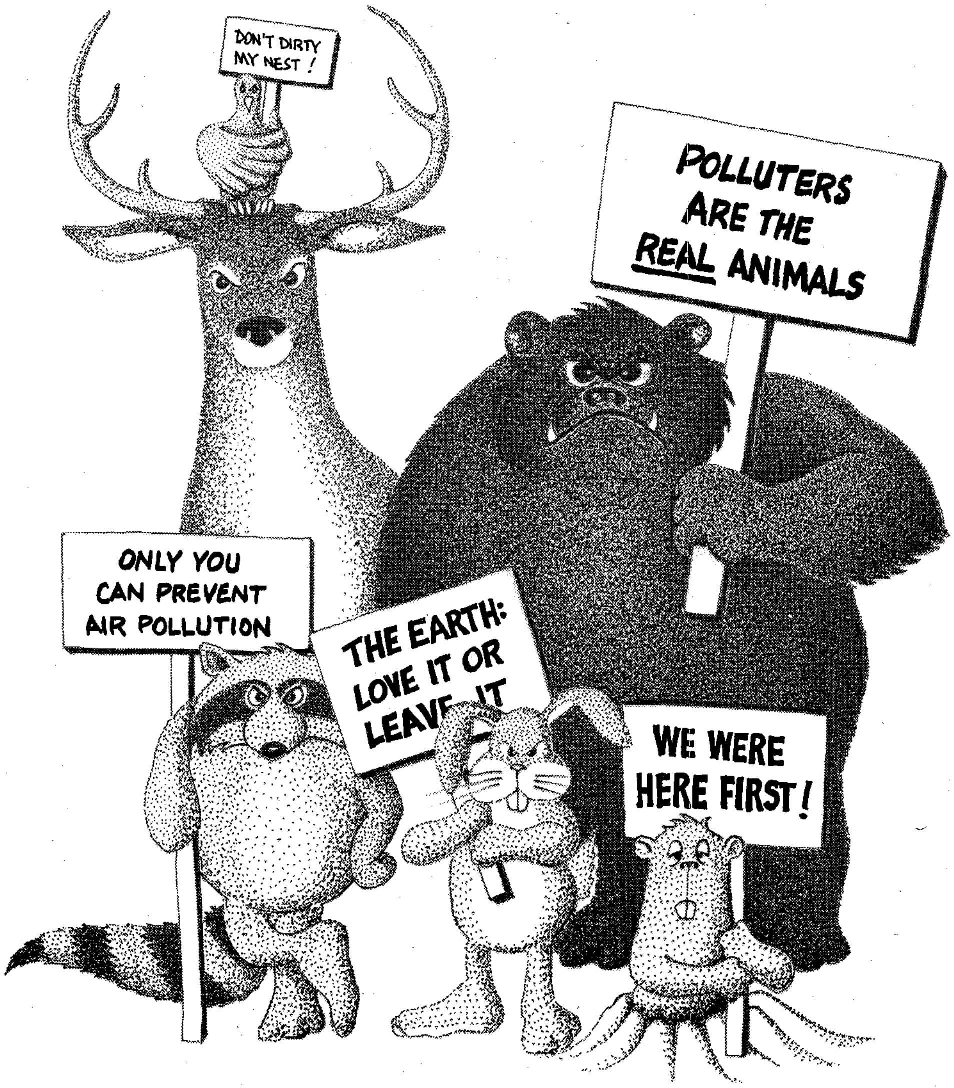
Miss Buckley is an NR *senior editor.*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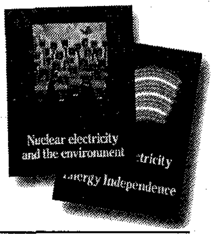
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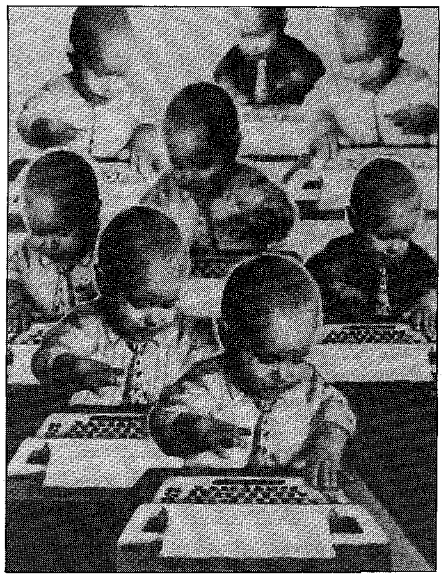
(and of Ronald Reagan's) resolution, but as a triumph of materialism, the attractiveness "of our stockpiles of VCRs and soft toilet paper," which created "a worldwide desire to emulate our ways rather than the Soviets'." This she laments: "We have won the cold war without regaining the virtues a nation needs to win a hot one." Iraq could test that judgment.

Andrew Ferguson ("Everything You Know Is Wrong") and Bruce Bawer ("What Ever Happened to Doris Day?") discuss the revisionist cult of the Sixties and Seventies in which an entire generation was taught: To Question Authority.

Ferguson has a merry time with the revisionist in-movies and in-books of the period: Dustin Hoffman's *Little Big Man*, Gore Vidal's *Burr*, Howard Zinn's *People's History of the United States*. "Following Dustin Hoffman, PhD," Ferguson concludes, "scholars in symposia assembled lustily to prove to one another that the Wild West was a manifestation of racism, sexism, and wanton disregard for fragile ecological balances . . . There were no wagon trains! Calamity Jane read Sappho! Nobody played poker! The coffee tasted great!"

When Bruce Bawer was growing up, Doris Day, "perky and well-bred and wholesome," personified the movies. "Then, all at once . . . everything was different. . . . Elizabeth Taylor was getting a lot of attention for braying dirty words in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" The Graduate* laughed at the whole idea of being a responsible grownup. Dustin Hoffman in *Midnight Cowboy* and Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper in *Easy Rider* were characters the baby-boomers could identify with. A generation was being invited to "Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out!" Yet, Bawer points out, "they were all doing exactly the same thing: goofing off, abusing controlled substances, wandering aimlessly across America." He blasts film critic Pauline Kael of *The New Yorker* for making what should have been serious criticism "genuinely grotesque." "Kael freed a million upwardly mobile baby-boomers from the oppressive notion that they had to know anything about *real* culture to be intellectually respectable."


Joanna Zlowodzka

Richard Vigilante ("The War against the Yuppies") attacks the popular magazines of the era for playing to the Yuppie myth, "the myth of a generation so deeply philistine as to have neither tastes nor principles of its own, and thus eager to have all culture reduced to fashion." He contrasts this attitude with *The New Yorker*, whose "great strength . . . in its classic period was its firm belief in the equality of the people who read the magazine and those who wrote it."

Roger Kimball ("Requiem for the Critical Temper") is appalled by what passes for literary criticism today, and looks back nostalgically to the giants of the recent past: Trilling, Eliot, Brooks. George Sim Johnston ("Break Glass in Case of Emergency") explores the baby-boomers' search for spirituality and makes the point that the vernacular culture and the easy mores in America today make the kind of silent contemplation necessary to spiritual development all but impossible. Susan Vigilante ("The Drunks Shall Inherit the Earth") suggests that AA's 12-step program may be the only link the generation has to spirituality—and other basic realities.

Other essays not to be missed: Richard Brookhiser ("The Great Baby-Boom Bust") uses his precise cultural calipers to measure the boomers' political impact on America; Walter Olson ("The Split-Level Generation") tells what happened to the generation gap "since *The Greening of America* began to oxidize at the edges." David Brooks's "Portrait of a Washington Policy Wonk" is a smashing putdown of Beltway politicians at work, play, and political dinner. And last, but certainly not least (Tom Wolfe singled it out for special praise in his introduction to the book), is Maggie Gallagher's "House Lust (and Other Social Perversions of the Baby-Boom Era)." "We of the baby-boom generation are Yuppies," writes Miss Gallagher. "We commit gentrification . . ." and takes it on from there in a bittersweet discussion of why she and so many of her generation fear they will never achieve the standard of living they had in junior high school.

Like most compilations, *Beyond the Boom* has flaws—a certain amount of repetition, some less than seaworthy argumentation—but its sins are for the most part the venial sins of exuberance. This is the nearest thing yet to that serious book that cries out to be written on a generation—the Woodstock generation—whose unexpunged sins have poisoned America's cultural and spiritual landscape for the successor generation, and the rest of us. ☐

A Report from the Front

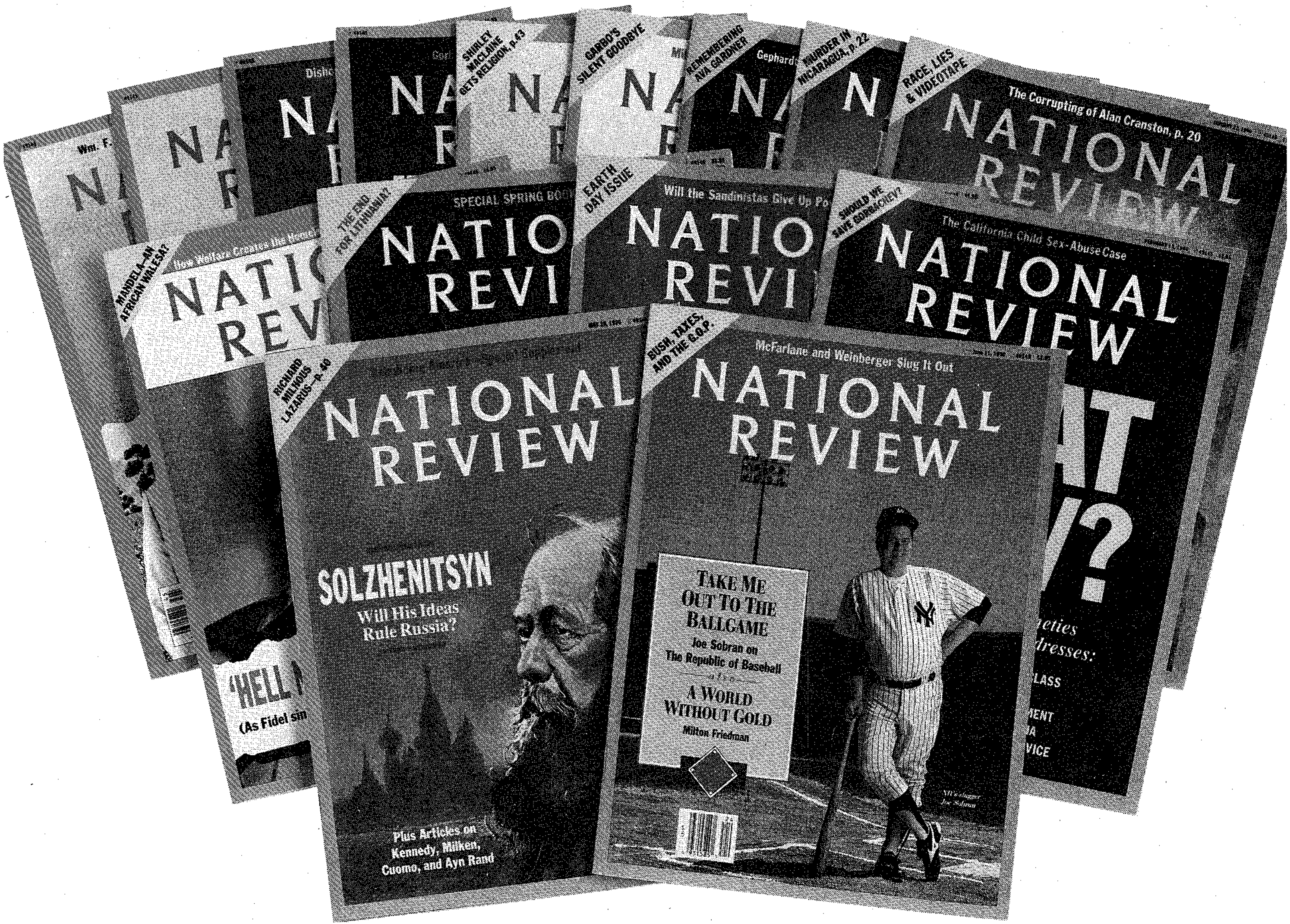
JEFFREY HART

If Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* was an aerial photograph of the battlefield that is the American academy, Charles Sykes's *The Hollow Men* is a report from the trenches—about just what it's like as the star-shells burst, machine guns rattle, and clouds of gas float over. It is a natural successor to Mr. Sykes's now famous *Profscam*, which detailed how, at large research-oriented universities, high-salaried professors flee teaching much as Dracula fled the dawn.

These professors are interested in "research" that is often trivial or meaningless, and designed to perpetuate grants and academic bureaucracies. They pad their bibliographies

The Hollow Men: Politics and Corruption in Higher Education, by Charles J. Sykes (Regnery, 356 pp., $19.95)

Mr. Hart, an NR *senior editor, is the author of* Acts of Recovery.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and résumés. Fraud is frequent. Much of the actual teaching is left to graduate-student assistants, some of whom, in the sciences at least, speak little English, and all of whom have their own problems: overwork, dissertations to finish, crumbling marriages. High-quality teaching is not high on their agenda.

In *The Hollow Men* Mr. Sykes changes focus, shifting from the large research university to the small, elite liberal-arts college, using Dartmouth as a representative example. What Mr. Sykes found concerning Dartmouth can be extrapolated to Yale, Princeton, Wellesley, Middlebury, wherever. The case is generic.

The book falls into two parts. The first is institutional history, a model of the genre. Mr. Sykes has researched the history of Dartmouth under Ernest Martin Hopkins, John Sloan Dickey, John Kemeny, David McLaughlin, and, now, James O. Freedman. Mr. Sykes writes with great generosity of spirit, and his account is rich in detail.

He has some good news: by and large, Dartmouth does not suffer from the vices of the large research university. Its teachers teach; they care about the classroom.

But there is bad news as well. President Hopkins and his successors, desiring to improve faculty quality—and succeeding—did so at the cost of an increase in faculty specialization. First-rate professors in the late twentieth century are not to be confused with Mr. Chips. And if Dartmouth implements its plans for expansion, particularly of graduate study, it will probably achieve the sad situation documented in *Profscam*.

As Mr. Sykes knows only too well, the process he documents is hardly unique to Dartmouth. The advance of specialization entailed the loss, virtually catastrophic, of an overall view of the goals of education. The great movement toward "general education," which originated at Columbia in the 1920s and involved a reading of the books generally deemed essential, had influence across the country. Educational leaders recognized that there were certain books an educated person simply had to be familiar with, and all such programs were intended to bridge the gap between specialization and shared culture.

This wave did not much affect Dartmouth. President Kemeny, Mr. Sykes shows, did try to introduce a serious "core" curriculum, but the faculty wasn't interested.

This brings us to the second of Mr. Sykes's major points: the shift of institutional power from the administration and the trustees to the faculty, which led inexorably to the politicization of the academy.

As Mr. Sykes documents, the Dartmouth faculty wrecked the McLaughlin administration, chiefly over the issue of ROTC. Actually, the substance of that issue was not the training of a few officers. It was Vietnam, in retrospect, and Nicaragua and El Salvador in the present tense, with the faculty solidly on the side of Third World Communist insurgencies. Behind it all was a negative view of American power, and, implicitly, of America itself. Intimidated by what Roger Kimball has called "tenured radicals," President McLaughlin dithered, tried to appease the faculty with perks, got nowhere, and ended up with no constituency. The result of these developments can be put succinctly. Dartmouth no longer knows who or what it is.

The loss of an overall rationale for the bachelor-of-arts program, plus the advance of specialization, plus the gain of tenured-radical power at the expense of the college president and the trustees, has issued in a permeable and exploitable curriculum. Courses get proposed and instituted because of pressure from loud interest groups. Leftist ideology has flowed into the educational vacuum.

By examining course reading lists and interviewing professors and administrators, Mr. Sykes has uncovered courses the content of which is, to put it mildly, indefensible—courses that amount to pure indoctrination, and cannot stand up to professional scrutiny. There are, for example, courses offered for degree credit in which the entire list of assigned readings is Marxist. Worse, the Marxist readings are not in the original texts by Marx and Engels, but in what might be called Paperback Marxism.

Throughout American higher education foolish and unexamined ideas are taken as canonical, and are promulgated by a parade of symbols, as in the appearance of Angela Davis as the keynote speaker at an anniversary of coeducation. During the controversy about the deployment of Pershing II missiles, which had much to do with the deliquescence of the Soviet empire, Dartmouth's "senior symposium" presented thirty speakers: 28 opposed the missile, one favored it, and one sat on the fence.

Mr. Sykes's book is in the best tradition of investigative journalism. In my judgment, it will have a national impact. It seems that the present situation can be overcome only through heroic educational leadership, such as that offered by President Silber at Boston University. Otherwise, the inmates will continue running the asylum. ☐

Virtue in Bloom

RICHARD BROOKHISER

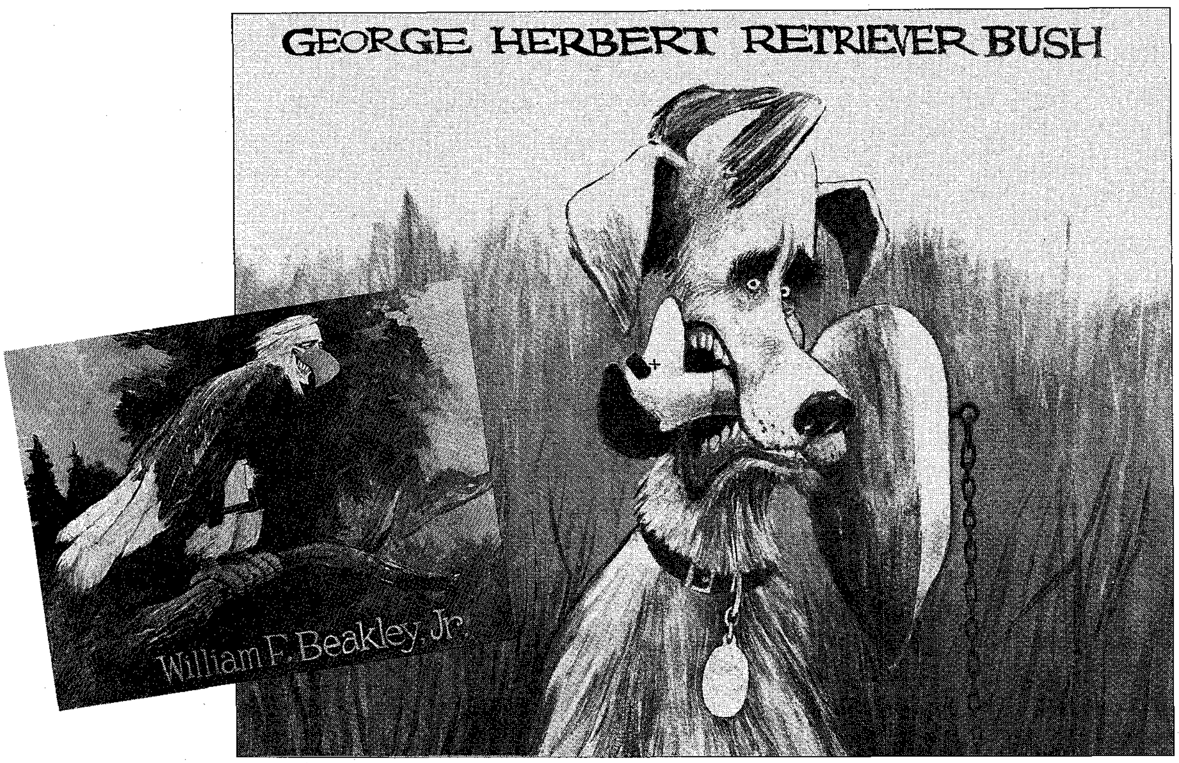
THE CLOSING of the American Mind made Allan Bloom a rock star. The essays collected in *Giants and Dwarfs* show what the University of Chicago professor was doing before the beast hit, and what he continues to do today in intervals of peace.

Several of the essays here take up the topic that made him famous, the American university and its woes. But the core of the book deals with the subject Bloom believes should be at the heart of the university curriculum—indeed, at the heart of human thought, or at least the thought of those intelligent enough to ponder it: political philosophy.

Bloom was a student of Leo Strauss, and the tribute Bloom wrote after Strauss's death, in 1973, is as good a place to begin *Giants and Dwarfs* as any. Strauss discovered political philosophy accidentally, moving back-

Giants and Dwarfs: Essays 1960–1990, by Allan Bloom (Simon & Schuster, 376 pp., $22.95)

Mr. Brookhiser is an NR *senior editor and a columnist for the* New York Observer.



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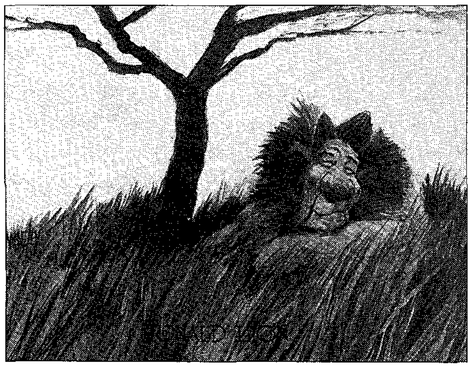

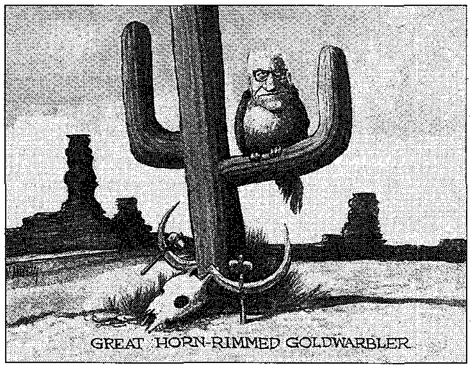

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ward from Zionism to an examination of earlier Jewish alternatives, first Spinoza, then Maimonides. Maimonides led him in turn to Plato. Strauss, writes Bloom, had been given a conventional classical education. "But that education precisely had made the classics uninteresting to him." Seeing the classics through medieval eyes made them seem like real arguments over real issues. Subsequent philosophers, Strauss discovered, argued back.

The script of this debate, as sketched by Bloom, goes roughly like this: In the beginning is tradition—societies doing what comes naturally. Philosophy begins when a "rare individual," like Socrates, realizes that tradition is not natural at all, "but is only an opinion, and he is compelled to seek beyond it." Socrates searched for, among other things, some *modus vivendi* between philosophers and society, with their necessarily different conceptions of virtue—a problematic search, as his execution demonstrated.

Flash forward to Machiavelli, who decided that philosophy could remake society, rendering it peaceful and prosperous. In order to accomplish this feat, a number of philosophy's ancient concerns had to be pitched overboard. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of property," writes Bloom, "were just what Aristotle did not talk about. They are the conditions of happiness, but the essence of happiness, according to Aristotle, is virtue. So the moderns decided to deal with the conditions and to let happiness take care of itself." Hobbes found his condition in men's fear of upheaval and death; Locke, in their fear of failing to make ends meet. We live under their dispensation.

But we also live in the shadow of Rousseau, who argued that a society founded on such low-road motivations could never be satisfying. Men educated to feel compassion rather than fear, Rousseau believed, could aim for a life that was both virtuous and stable. Unfortunately, Rousseau's sketch of this education in *Emile*, as described by Bloom, is so full of tedious absurdities that it is hard to take it as seriously as Bloom believes it should be taken. More unfortunately, it led to Robespierre. Marx and Nietzsche made yet more radical criticisms of

RANDOM NOTES

■ A recent issue of *TV Guide* introduced 34 new fall shows, so I guess I ought to prospect that many new books here, although nothing I'll report matches the impact of learning that *The Cosby Show* family will now include a 17-year-old second cousin from "a lower socio-economic background." Still, there are a few literary achievements forthcoming—and not a few belletristic pratfalls.

This issue of *NR* reviews a number of fine books; none, however, promises to be one of the Big Two. Come December 26, a couple of books will have earned the Big distinction; probably one commercial novel and one "important" non-fiction book. I'm no better than a .300 guesser, but here goes: Among novels, Colleen (*The Thorn Birds*) McCullough's *The First Man in Rome* overwhelms Jean M. (*Clan of the Cave Bear*) Auel's *The Plains of Passage* for the heavyweight championship (896 pages versus a mere 640—no contest). Neither lady is a Taylor Caldwell.

There will be other notable novels, including Norman Mailer's *Harlot's Ghost* (about the CIA), John Updike's *Rabbit at Rest* (concluding the Harry Angstrom saga), Larry McMurtry's *Buffalo Girls* (a life of Calamity Jane), and Mario Vargas Llosa's *In Praise of the Stepmother* (an erotic fable). Why won't any of these gentlemen grab the brass ring? Because it's already over, the fat ladies having sung.

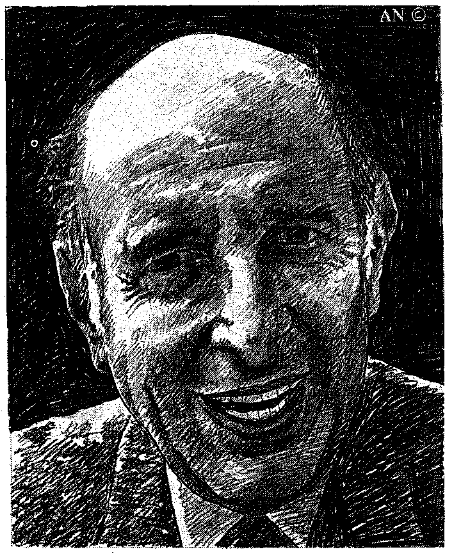
Three more novels to watch for: WFB's ninth Blackford Oakes thriller, *Tucker's Last Stand*, and Christopher Buckley's *Wet Work* (the authors will make more history by being the only father and son to reach the best-seller lists simultaneously—twice); and from the often over-elegant North Point Press a new translation of Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* (by Richard Pevear and Larissa Volkhonsky), which promises to be "truer to the original" than previous translations.

There have been fall seasons with more distinguished non-fiction, which I say having read only two of the following books, both of which were outstanding. My tip for Big Book here is *Ronald Reagan: An American Life*, the *NR* board member's autobiography. I've not read it, am looking forward to it, but wish it hadn't been written so quickly. Watch for Bill Buckley's *Gratitude: Reflections on What We Owe to Our Country* (*NR* will excerpt it in the November 5 issue and review it in the November 19), which makes a modest proposal vastly to improve America, as does Rick Brookhiser in *The Way of the WASP: How It Made America, and How It Can Save It, So to Speak*. And George Will tells the story of the American ideal's success around the world and failure at home in *Suddenly*.

Against the current swims "Germany's greatest contemporary writer," Günter Grass, arguing in *Two States, One Nation* that East Germany has its own distinct national character, and that a unified Germany threatens world peace. *The Japan That Can Say No*, by Shintaro Ishihara, will make its provocative argument (subtitle: *Why Japan Will Be First among Equals*) without the Japanese edition's co-author, Sony chairman Akio Morita. More books this fall about greed in Reagan's America; more books about World War II—especially dealing with those battles and events for which 1990–91 is the fiftieth anniversary; and, fittingly, a number of books celebrating the centenary of Dwight D. Eisenhower's birth. Tom Wicker will publish yet another biography of Nixon, and there will be "major" biographies of de Gaulle (by French historian Jean Lacoutre), Picasso (one by John Richardson and another by Françoise Gilot, reflecting also on her friendship with Matisse), Stalin (by Walter Laqueur, subtitled *The Glasnost Revelations*), and Gorbachev (by Gail Sheehy, of self-help fame and glossy lipstick, whose subtitle is *The Man Who Changed the World*). Following last year's Lincoln volumes, the Library of America is publishing the memoirs of both Grant and Sherman.

Finally, two curiosities. First is *The H. L. Mencken Baby Book*—the very definition of curious. Two pediatricians from—where else?—Johns Hopkins in Baltimore have edited and annotated Mencken's own *What You Ought to Know about Your Baby*, originally edited by Theodore Dreiser. I'm wordless. Second is *That Girl and Phil*, which ought to win the 1990 Celebrity Non-Book Prize. It's the work of "the man hired to oversee the running of the entire household" of Marlo Thomas and Phil Donahue, major domo Desmond Atholl.

—Brad Miner



Alan Nahigian

modern life, which in due course gave us Stalin and Hitler. Meanwhile, those of us who haven't become monsters under the impact of the "hypermoderns" have become discontented with our Lockean lot.

This summary does not do justice to the seriousness of the enterprise, which is the best thing about it. For Bloom, reading the philosophers is hard work. One risks mangling even so plain-seeming a writer as Machiavelli "unless one takes pencil and paper, outlines, counts, stops at everything, and tries to wonder." The effort is worth it; each of these men claimed to have found the truth, and some of them are bound to have done so.

The Middle Ages, Bloom notes, "had no interest in Greek Civ." They read Aristotle because they believed he could instruct them. The search for instruction leads to continual surprises. In an essay published in 1980, Bloom disarmingly observes that he has "only recently" hit upon a new understanding of Tocqueville. (The author of *Democracy in America*, Bloom says, was also a student of Rousseau—which is the best thing I've ever heard about Rousseau.)

Giants and Dwarfs recalls the jolt I got the first time I took a class from a Straussian. The most important thing in life, he told his audience of bored collegiate course-shoppers, is deciding how to live. There are, he went on, half a dozen alternatives; we'll be surveying them, and you should choose one. Heady stuff for freshmen, or men.

Giants and Dwarfs also left me with a number of reservations. When Bloom reads non-philosophers, he is apt to come to grief. His discussion of Book IV of *Gulliver's Travels* was so tone-deaf I wondered if we'd read the same thing. There is also a tendency to write as if actual societies conformed to philosophers' paradigms. America, the Lockean project par excellence, should be devoid of martial valor, along with other virtues. Yet 16 of our Presidents, including the incumbent, have fought in battle.

Bloom's most striking failing is his inattention to religion. The flyover from Aristotle to Machiavelli is typical. The only medieval philosophers Bloom discusses in any detail are Maimonides and the Arab Alfarabi, and he discusses them only as secret believers in the irreconcilability of philosophy and revelation.

If he scants the Catholic centuries, he ignores Protestantism. This leads to odd misjudgments of America. Religion has been "totally transformed" here, he writes, under the influence of contract theorists and the society they created. Bloom does not know, or does not consider, that Jefferson described his "wall of separation" in a letter to a group of Baptists; or that the dismantling of theocracy in New England a century earlier was as much the result of theological conundrums—how could the authorities tell who was a saint?—as of the need to accommodate non-Puritans. The religions of America created American religious liberty, not the other way around.

Bloom takes his dim view of religions because, as he says over and over, theology is the only possible rival to philosophy as a guide to truth, and it's obvious which side of that quarrel he comes down on. But if he had approached religions as serious alternatives, he would have had a folder of wiser essays to choose from.

Which kind of philosophy, finally, does Bloom endorse? He says early on in *Giants and Dwarfs* that "the preservation of liberal [that is, Lockean] society is of central concern to me," and his eulogy "Raymond Aron: The Last of the Liberals" is warm and heartfelt. But, stopping to wonder, we find ourselves asking: If Aron was the last liberal, and he is dead, then what is Bloom?

My guess is that he is his own notion of a latter-day Socratic, willing to prop up the Lockean arrangement so long as he can seek *gnosis* in its interstices. In this view, all the institutions of American life—from the Presidency to the local school board, from IBM to the corner store, from St. Patrick's Cathedral to the First Methodist Church of Muncie—exist to serve as outworks for the Committee on Social Thought.

It may wound the reader's *amour-propre* to realize this is what Bloom thinks of him. But considering the nasty by-ways other philosophers have taken in the last two hundred years, we should probably be grateful. □

Character

JOSEPH SOBRAN

WALTER JUDD may be the only American congressman ever to save another's life on the floor of the House. When Puerto Rican nationalists suddenly started shooting from the visitors' gallery in 1954, Judd braved the gunfire to rush across the chamber to Michigan's Alvin Bentley, who had been hit near the heart. Judd's courage, quick thinking, and medical training prevented Bentley from bleeding to death.

One man like Judd can tempt you to respect the whole Congress. He just turned 92, and though not forgotten, he's not as vividly known as he deserves to be. Lee Edwards's fine biography, *Missionary for Freedom*, will help renew awareness of this profoundly good and nearly great man. The book makes the reader sigh, over and over, that they don't make 'em like Judd any more, though they never did make many like him.

Missionary for Freedom: The Life and Times of Walter H. Judd, by Lee Edwards (Paragon House, 364 pp., $21.95)

He was born in Nebraska in 1898 of the honest, striving Protestant stock that used to define the word "character." (Its weaker descendants are

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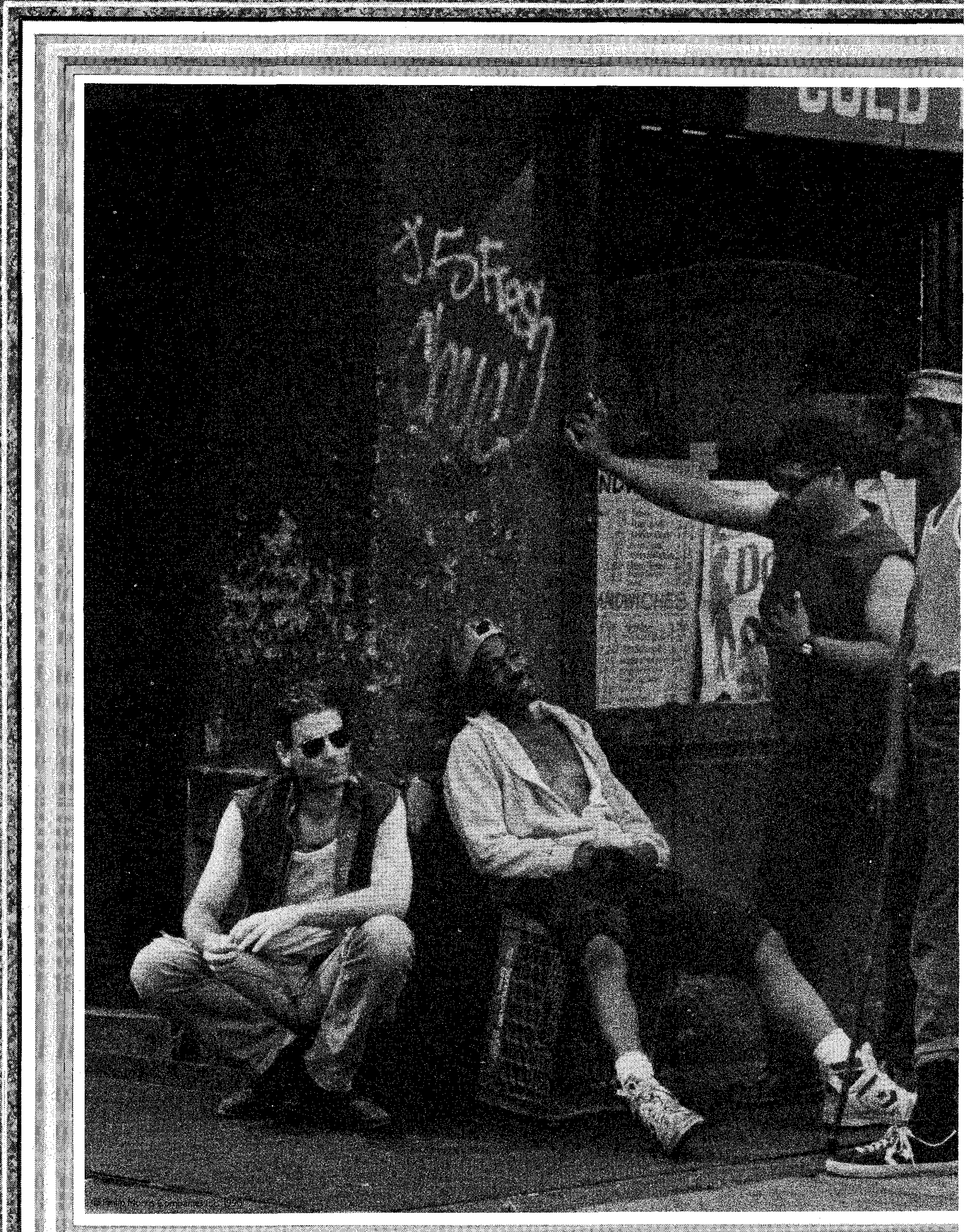
Mr. Sobran, an NR *senior editor, writes a twice-a-week column for Universal Press Syndicate.*



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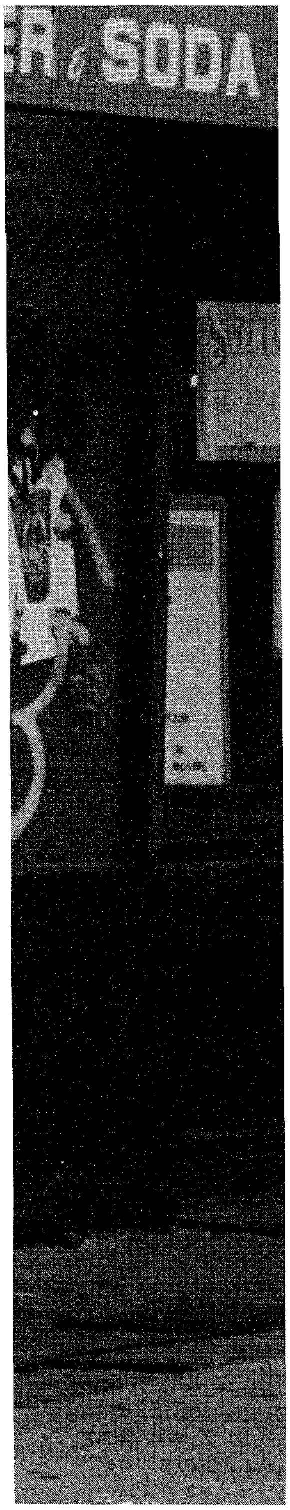

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called WASPs.) He conquered his own prankish disposition and the self-consciousness about his appearance engendered when a misguided X-ray treatment for acne left him with a badly scarred face, and in 1925 went to China as a medical missionary. A natural idealist, he became, as he said later, "painfully conscious of the great chasms of iniquity here at home, the paganism of our industrial system, our un-Christian measurement of success, our perverted standards of patriotism and inhumane social order."

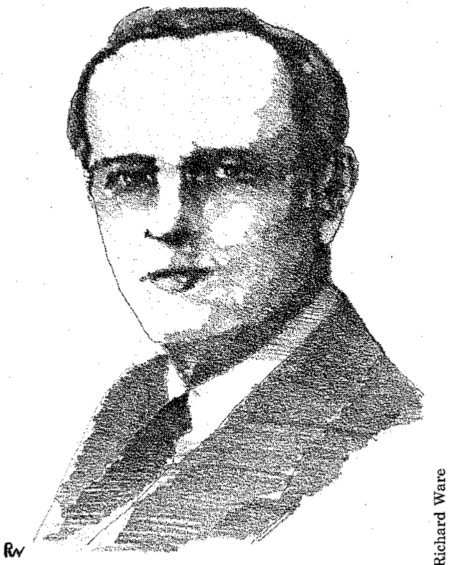
He also fell deeply in love with China, already struggling with revolutionary turbulences. He hated Western arrogance toward that immense civilization, which soon faced the additional shock of Japanese invaders. He maneuvered cunningly to minister to Chinese victims of Japanese atrocities; but in 1938 he made a narrow escape with his wife and young daughters, and returned home.

Judd blamed the U.S. for helping the Japanese achieve the power they were wielding so ruthlessly. But he didn't wallow in bitterness. He set about urging America to act. In two years he made 1,400 speeches around the country.

He was a magnetic orator. He had been a Democrat until FDR sought a third term, but Minnesota Republicans prevailed on him to run for Congress in 1942, an auspicious moment for a man who had been an early advocate of intervention. He wasn't a politician by temperament; he didn't intend to stay in Washington long. (He wound up serving ten terms.)

After the war Judd had a new mission: saving China from Communism. He had not only been alarmed by Communism as he had encountered it personally: he believed that Chiang Kai-shek was "a giant," with a heroic mission of uniting China. Even the triumph of Mao's "agrarian reformers" wasn't the end of the world for Judd. "Within 25 or fifty years," he said prophetically, "the Chinese people will vomit up Communism, I am sure." Thereafter he worked tirelessly with the Nationalist Chinese lobby, carefully keeping Joe McCarthy out of it. Judd defended McCarthy to some extent, but privately regarded him as a bull in the China shop.

The lobby faced the charge of putting a foreign interest ahead of America's, and there's no doubt Judd had, if



Richard Ware

you will, dual loyalties. He resolved the problem with evangelical assurance: "It is my conviction that whenever we do what is right for others, it will turn out to be beneficial to ourselves too." Because Communism is so bad for nearly everyone, most conservatives didn't stop to ponder this problematic credo. In other respects, Judd never belonged to the right wing of the Republican Party; he favored a good deal of social legislation, though never on the uncritical principle that more government is better; he usually had a particular moral reason.

His high-mindedness was, and is, so radiant as to sweep away most reservations. He enjoyed the respect of all but the morally insensate (Bobby Kennedy, for example). His keynote address to the 1960 Republican convention was so electrifying that Richard Nixon considered replacing Henry Cabot Lodge with Judd on the ticket, a move that almost certainly would have tipped the election. Yet two years later, thanks to redistricting in Minnesota, Judd was unseated by a Democratic hack. It was a galling loss; he had wanted to retire anyway, but had been coaxed to run again, only to be upset by a determined and slightly dirty campaign. The Kennedys rarely passed up a chance to do him a bit of no good. Later on, the Nixon Administration passed up every chance to make use of his wisdom and memory; it was intent, anyway, on a "historic" rapprochement with Maoist China.

So Walter Judd has quietly sunk from public view. He reappeared briefly in a 1988 *Washington Post* interview, prefaced with cracks about his "Red-baiting rhetoric" and "invective"—loaded and misleading terms that were given the lie by Judd's cheerfully eloquent performance in the text of the interview. He explained, earnestly, with the new-minted metaphors he never runs out of, just why Communism is unworkable and inhuman. (The *Post*, ever attuned to the moment, seemed to find it derisible that anyone should have opposed Communism while it was still chic.)

Edwards's tone is a bit too hagiographical: Judd's life and philosophy invite more debate than his biographer wants to admit. But it is, beyond question, an honorable and fascinating life, bursting with consequence. This book shows how much Walter Judd has mattered to us all. ☐

The Mirror Reversed

ROBERT ELEGANT

LATELY, WE HAVE been hearing warnings that Japan cannot possibly go on as it has been going. Because Japan has done so well, the seers say, its economic collapse is inevitable.

It doesn't matter that the same prediction has in the past two decades repeatedly failed to come true. Remember the first, second, and third "crises" in which Japan was on the verge of collapse because of the increased price of oil? Remember when the rise of the yen was certain to curtail Japan's competitiveness severely?

The Japanese Power Game: What It Means for America, by William J. Holstein (Scribner's, 296 pp., $22.95)

Wishful thinking spurns reality, none more than wishful thinking about the fall of Japan. That country is twice damned in American eyes: envied because it has the most successful

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Mr. Elegant is the author, most recently, of Pacific Destiny: Inside Asia Today *(Crown).*

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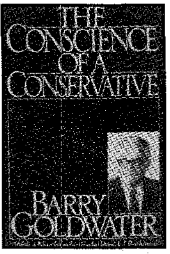

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economy in the world; hated because it is, at once, the most effective competitor and the indispensable prop of the American economy.

After all, the doomsayers point out, the U.S. economy in 1929 was the world's most productive. Yet it collapsed when its financial underpinning was shattered by a stock-market crash brought on by wild-blue-yonder credit policies. The same fate, they conclude, now awaits Japan. As an acute American recently put it to me in Tokyo: "Not only the Japanese economy, but much of the world economy, is now leveraged on wildly overpriced Tokyo real estate."

True enough. But does that make a major collapse likely?

Hardly, considering that Japanese industry is far less dependent than American industry on short-term money raised through the stock market. Or considering that Tokyo is now orchestrating the development of Southeast Asia, assigning the manufacture of specific goods to specific countries in order to create complementary economies for the benefit of Japan, as well as the countries concerned. Or considering the vast Japanese industrial and commercial machine, which produces a surplus of more than $100 billion a year to invest abroad, and is fingertip responsive to a ruling consensus formed by no more than a hundred manufacturers, bankers, bureaucrats, and academics.

Unlike the United States in its days of glory and responsibility—from, say, 1945 to 1970—Japan has never lost sight of its own economic self-interest. Japan is now, on paper at least, the world's largest donor of foreign aid. That aid usually benefits Japan more than the recipient, or, at the least, benefits the two equally.

Increasingly assertive in foreign policy, Tokyo nonetheless likes to think about what's in it for Japan before committing itself. This is why Tokyo has hesitated to support the campaign against Saddam Hussein as vigorously as Washington would, quite justifiably, like.

Yet the Japanese approach is not static. Japan offered $20 million to help during the last crisis in the Persian Gulf. This time, Japan started with a derisory $10 million, rapidly raised this to $1 billion, then to $2 billion, and now to $4 billion. Responsiveness to international pressure—

RIGHT BOOKS

In his latest book, *Unfinished Business: A Civil Rights Strategy for America's Third Century* (Pacific Research Institute, 149 pp., $24.95 cloth, $12.95 paper), Clint Bolick traces the philosophical ascendancy and decline of the American civil-rights movement with a specific goal in mind. Mr. Bolick believes the path to equal opportunity has become a quagmire, with group civil rights overwhelming individual rights. His goal is to examine "the natural-law principles of civil rights accompanied by a practical framework from which to apply those principles to contemporary civil-rights issues," emphasizing what Martin Luther King said 25 years ago: "that there are certain rights neither conferred nor derived from the state."

Mr. Bolick, director of the Landmark Legal Foundation Center for Civil Rights, believes that individual empowerment provides the means for social and economic ascent for minorities [see "Betting on Bush," *NR*, Aug. 6]. That social engineering, group consciousness, and collective guilt have failed to guarantee equal opportunity in a "color blind" America is overwhelmingly evident, he contends. And to combat the growing disparity that he sees as resulting from this failure, he proposes a radical change in approach—a change that will depend on chipping away at the basis of current civil-rights theory, as enshrined in Supreme Court decisions.

Mr. Bolick describes in detail how two landmark decisions of the High Court—the *Slaughter House* cases (1873) and *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* (1896)—defined and redefined the notions of "civil" and "natural" rights. He reveals the philosophical contradictions in these decisions by quoting the words of the Framers themselves. And he traces how they have influenced subsequent decisions, to the detriment of individual rights.

For Mr. Bolick the *Slaughter House* cases, allowing for the regulation of the livery industry in Louisiana, represent the point at which the "privileges and immunities" granted to citizens were "virtually read out of the Constitution." He provides damning evidence that the majority opinion in the case, as set forth by Justice Samuel F. Miller, was the antithesis of the intentions of the authors of the Fourteenth Amendment, ratified just five years before. In the short term, *Slaughter House* established the precedent for the Jim Crow laws and other restrictive legislation, including the "separate but equal" decision in *Plessy*. Over time it has come to represent the "nullification of fundamental individual rights."

It is commonly believed that *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* was overturned by *Brown* v. *Board of Education*—the 1954 case in which Thurgood Marshall, council for the plaintiff, argued that, "so far as our argument on the constitutional debate is concerned . . . the state is deprived of any power to make any racial classification in any governmental field." But as Mr. Bolick points out, *Brown* failed to eliminate racial distinctions from constitutional debate; it merely found that "separate" was inherently unequal. Thus racial distinctions remain a tool of the Court, now providing a "reasonable" means to a desired goal. This tool enables the Court to attempt to engineer its own vision of a perfect society. Further, as a means toward reparation for the wrongs endured under "separate but equal," the Court has proclaimed the pre-eminence of group rights over individual rights.

Unfinished Business outlines the agenda for a civil-rights battle Mr. Bolick intends to wage through the judiciary, a point about which he is very clear: this is not armchair polemics, but a plan of action. It is a book not easily absorbed, but in its completeness lies its success: Mr. Bolick relates passages on constitutional theory to current cases where individual rights are clearly being infringed, giving an idea of how these lofty ambitions might be realized.

Reversing the failed social experiments of an oligarchical Court that has dictated disastrously since its inception certainly runs against the tide, but the necessity is only highlighted by the later words of Justice Thurgood Marshall, just a few years after his successful *Brown* arguments: "we must remember . . . that the principle that the Constitution is 'color blind' appeared only in the opinion of the lone dissenter."

—ALLEN RANDOLPH

primarily American, of course—shows that Japan's policies can be shifted.

These reflections are inspired by William Holstein's absolutely first-rate book, *The Japanese Power Game*, which dramatically describes the challenge Japan offers not only to the United States, but to the entire community of nations—and ponders the proper response. The searching description, which will engross the general reader, is, quite naturally, more incisive than the apparently obligatory recommendations for meeting the challenge.

An intelligent and well-informed author like Mr. Holstein can skillfully reveal the true nature of Japan. But meeting the challenge effectively requires radical changes in the way Americans see themselves, as well as in the way they deal with each other and with the outside world. Only profound and widespread recognition of the mortal dangers ahead can inspire Americans to that effort. I am not as hopeful as Mr. Holstein appears to be that they will—or can—rise to the challenge.

First, Americans must realize that it is not what Japan is, but what America is *not*, that creates the dangers. Only then can they meet the challenge, largely by returning to traditional American virtues like industriousness, thrift, and cooperation. Above all, Americans must give up their passion for instant gratification, whether in the form of painless education or of constantly rising stock-market profits that take no account of long-term interests.

Mr. Holstein makes a great contribution to that fundamental endeavor. He not only bares the springs of Japanese behavior, but offers valuable insights to the general reader concerned about Japan's long-term influence on the American economy.

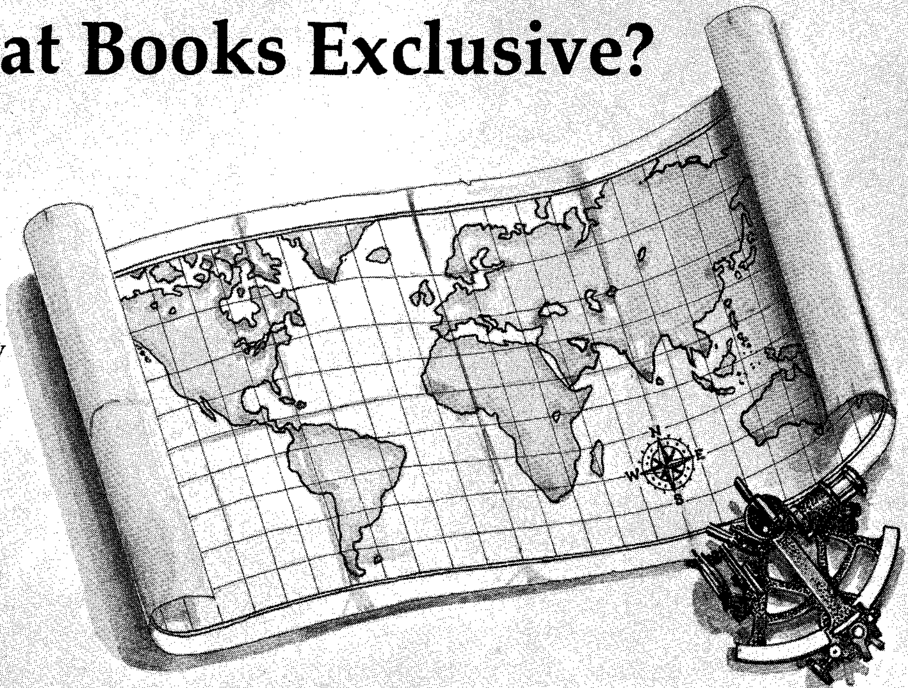
"The U.S. approach to Japan has also been remarkably naïve," he notes, "because it presupposes that Japan will conduct itself on the basis of Judaeo-Christian ideals." Further: "The Americans also asked the Japanese to spread their wealth to help the Third World debt problem [on the assumption that such action would work for the general good of mankind, including the Japanese], but the Japanese are hesitant to do this because it is not clear what's in it for them."

A final selection from a cornucopia of insights: "[T]he Japanese in general don't buy the principle of reciprocity, which is a fancy word for Western-style fairness. The Japanese system is predicated on getting better access to foreign markets than foreigners are allowed in Japan."

Mr. Holstein also points out that the American approach is still based upon the false theory that Japan will change—that is, gradually become more like the West.

Is this Japan-bashing? I think not. Revealing the actual lineaments of Japan is hardly the same as smashing Toshiba radios on Capitol Hill. Mr. Holstein's mood is reflective and disturbed; he does not exult in making his points. Besides, apologists for Japan do as much harm in the long run as bashers. Both obscure any hope of mutual understanding.

The Japanese have a far deeper understanding of the U.S. than Americans do of Japan. Books like Mr. Holstein's, the mirror reversed, have been a staple there for decades. ☐



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Not Quite Forever

KENNETH MINOGUE

SIR RALF DAHRENDORF is a model European and an immensely distinguished sociologist. In trouble with the Nazis as a youth, he has since moved fluently between the worlds of academia and politics, serving both the German Liberals and as a European Commissioner in Brussels. For ten years, he was director of the London School of Economics. *Reflections on the Revolution in Europe* attempts to make sense of the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe. He would seem to be the ideal man for the job.

Reflections on the Revolution in Europe, by Ralf Dahrendorf (Time Books, 144 pp., $17.95)

Certainly he shows no lack of courage in adapting the title of Edmund Burke's famous letter of 1790. Burke's *Reflections* attained immortality partly because he wrote them in a spirit of incandescent rage. Even before the enormities of the Jacobins had been committed, Burke had presciently put together the many small clues which added up to something quite new and horrible in European experience. Mobs with muddy boots had trampled over the corridors of the palace of Versailles, offering insult to Marie-Antoinette, a princess whom Burke had glimpsed as a vision of loveliness 17 years before. Others might think this a trivial matter compared to the condition of the poor. "He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird," commented Citizen Tom Paine. But Burke wrote:

> Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. . . . But the age of chivalry is gone, that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever.

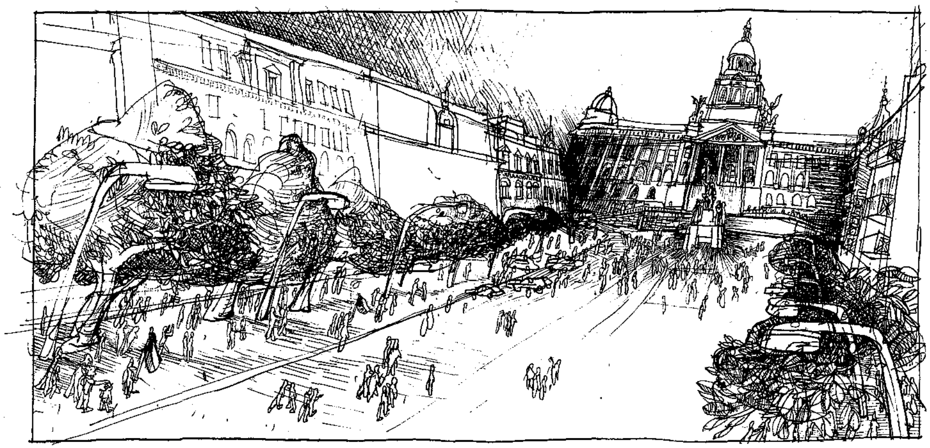
Well, not quite forever, perhaps. Glory is pretty resilient, and much romance has survived the gritty metaphysics of the Jacobins and their Marxist successors. It would have been possible for Dahrendorf to take a high conservative line and see in the events of 1989 the culmination and collapse of the sterile intellectuality whose arrival in power Burke so brilliantly denounced. Dahrendorf approaches this line in certain respects. Unfortunately, he does so with a bad conscience.

The reason is that he is essentially a man of the center whose message is that the center has collapsed. As a social democrat, he wants to have the vitality of capitalism without "the tide of trash and glitter" which rises inexorably in free societies. But the old politics of the middle way between capitalism and Communism can no longer pretend to be an option.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell once proposed marriage to George Bernard Shaw on the ground that any child they might have would be both beautiful and brainy. But what, demanded Shaw, if the child should have your brains and my beauty? The fear that the newly liberated countries of Eastern Europe might simply add capitalist vulgarity to socialist vice lies behind Dahrendorf's book, couched as an open letter to a friend in Poland, and his main advice is excellent: Throw away this talk of systems, and live in Sir Karl Popper's open society, in which men and women respond pragmatically to the challenges they face. If capitalism actually were a *system*, he remarks, it would have to be fought, and he is perfectly right. The basic error, of course, results from Marx's view that modern free societies were a concealed oppressive system, to which he gave the pejorative name of "bourgeois society."

Had Dahrendorf been more sympathetic to F. A. Hayek, he might have analyzed the error of Communism as a form of "constructivist rationalism." The odd thing, however, is that Hayek is sacrificed to the argument as the unacceptable face of liberal theory. He is described as "gloomy," his conception of society marked down as "passive," and he is seldom mentioned without being put down. At one point, he is even bracketed with Marx as a believer in historical inevitability. Yet Hayek clearly had good reasons for fearing an onset of socialism in 1944, and his belief that the collectivist solution to social problems is an evil is not a belief in political passivity (as Dahrendorf argues) but a rejection of the pseudo-activity of mass politics.

It is true, indeed, that Hayek is excessively prone to system, and that he wants to cordon off the market as a no-go area for politicians. Yet both his arguments and his historical role in the last half-century have been indispensable in sustaining the self-confidence of those who believe in a free society against those who believe in the rule of rational experts. Why is it, then, that Dahrendorf sets Hayek up as the symbol of a special kind of mistake?


Stephen Moros

The answer, I suspect, is that Dahrendorf is taking out on Hayek his discomfort at the fact that he finds himself closer to conservative positions than he likes. Hence Popper appears as Vergil to his Dante, a philosophical guide through the contingencies of collectivist breakdown. The Popperian tone also favors Kant over Hegel in freedom's philosophical ancestry. Yet it is Hegel whose theory of the relation between the state and civil society provides the most plausible reading of the immense damage that has been done to the peoples of

Mr. Minogue is a professor of politics at the London School of Economics.

Eastern Europe. Timothy Garton Ash quotes the sour Russian joke that exemplifies the problem: An aquarium can be turned into fish soup. Can fish soup be turned into an aquarium?

Dahrendorf's basic message, then, is absolutely right: there is no middle way between freedom (with its vulgarities) and Communist servitude (with its deluding promise of security). But lacking Burke's rage, and being afflicted with good manners, he is reluctant to push his argument home. One feature of the new epoch which pleases him is what André Fontaine has called "the reunification of language." It means that we can now talk to each other in a common language. This language in fact is the open academic discourse of the West, whose capacity for grappling with reality has entirely displaced the ideological Newspeak sustained by Marxism. But Dahrendorf eschews such triumphalism.

> People read my books [he writes] but they never commented on them without calling me a "bourgeois author," and many on this side of the fence found it necessary to apply analogous epithets to authors from the other side.

They did? Dahrendorf wisely refrains from exemplification. The ghost of moral equivalence thus fudges the argument here, and elsewhere. It is important for us to be clear that the Communism which has collapsed was false and vile. We must not be intimidated by mischievous people who interpret clarity on this point as if it amounted to saying that we are morally superior as individuals, or that there are no problems in our free societies. I am sure that Dahrendorf would agree that the Marxist collapse makes the deficiencies of Western life even more conspicuous, and perhaps even dangerous, than they were before. It is in provoking thought along these lines that the value of Dahrendorf's *Reflections*, for all its equivocations, is to be found. □

King of Absurdistan

EUGENE H. METHVIN

Gorbachev, Heretic in the Kremlin, by Dusko Doder and Louise Branson (Viking, 450 pp., $24.95)

A JOKE circulating in Moscow earlier this year captured the mood: "There are two ways to solve the crisis of the Soviet economy. The realistic way is to have people from outer space come straighten out the mess. The fantastic way is for the Soviet people to sort it out on their own." Or, as one Red Square protestor snorted the other day, "This is the capital of Absurdistan."

So it may be too much to expect two veteran Moscow correspondents, Dusko Doder, late of the *Washington Post* and later of *U.S. News & World Re-*

REPRESENTATIVE BRUCE MORRISON'S IMMIGRATION BILL: A POPULATION BOMB

The Middle East oil crisis has made us realize how vital it is for our nation to reduce its dependence on imported oil. Yet, an immigration bill (H.R. 4300) sponsored by Rep. Bruce Morrison (D-CT) would greatly increase our dependence, by increasing immigration, and thereby the size of our U.S. population.

A larger population would increase our dependence on imported oil because it is people who use energy. More people use more energy. Fewer people use less energy. That may seem obvious but our national leaders seem to ignore those facts.

Rep. Morrison's bill would increase immigration to 1.5 million a year, or more. That would mean at least 15 million in the decade of the 90s, plus at least 2 million children that would be born to the immigrants during that time.

Illegal immigration is still out of control, and will add an estimated 3 million more to our population in the next 10 years. The total increase in our U.S. population, therefore, due to immigration alone, would be a staggering 20 million!

That increase would require over 1.3 million barrels of oil a day, at present per capita consumption. Our own domestic production of oil is declining, so that the additional oil would have to come from imports. At, say, $25 a barrel, it would cost our nation almost $12 billion a year, which would add to our already enormous trade deficit.

We can never hope to reduce substantially our dangerous dependence on imported oil unless we halt, and eventually reverse, our population growth.

To achieve that goal, we need to halt illegal immigration, and reduce legal immigration to a yearly overall ceiling of 150,000 including all relatives and refugees. In that way, immigration would be in rough balance with emigration (out-migration), and would no longer contribute significantly to U.S. population growth.

The long range consequences of increased immigration would be catastrophic. With current U.S. fertility, and immigration at the level of the Morrison bill, U.S. population by the year 2080 would be well over 500 million, and still growing.

On August 1st the Morrison bill was approved by the full House Judiciary Committee. It is considered likely that the full House will approve the measure when it reaches the floor of the House for vote, possibly in late September.

If you believe, as we do, that the measure must be defeated, please call and write your Congressional representative today. Make your views heard and felt.

Also, please write to us and ask for a free copy of our paper titled, "Immigration and the U.S. Energy Shortage."

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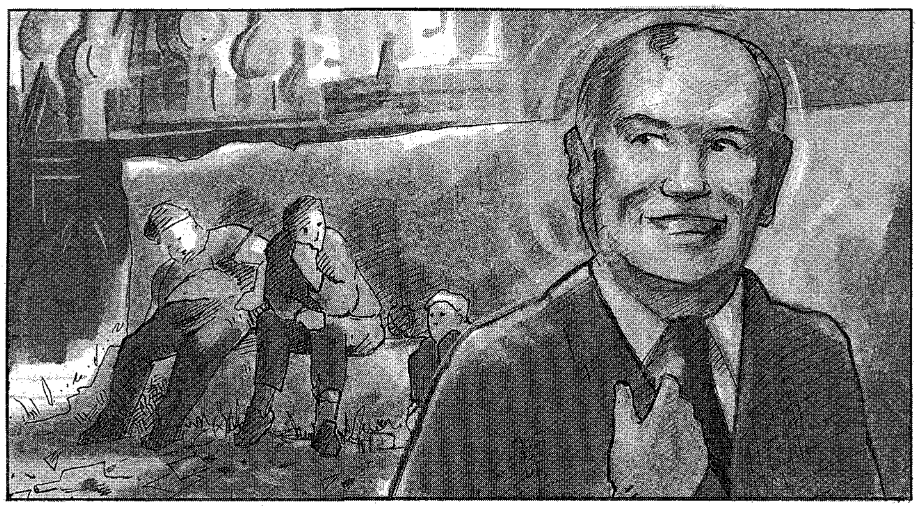
port, and Louise Branson, of the London *Sunday Times*, to make sense out of the scene. But they set out to do so in this book, which was conceived as a biography of Mikhail Gorbachev but became an encyclopedia of his regime at home and abroad.

With such a subject they can be forgiven, I suppose, for letting it get away from them. How can you explain a fellow who fervently vows that the Communist Party will remain forever "the leading force" in Soviet society, then compels the Party Central Committee to renounce its constitutionally guaranteed monopoly on power and pledge to compete "strictly within the framework of the democratic process"? Or who vows East Germany will never become part of NATO, then allows as how that will be okay with him since it seems inevitable? Or who kicks Boris Yeltsin out of the Kremlin, bans him from politics, helps him back in, tries to whip him in an election, loses, and then invites him into the Kremlin to help map out a massive reform?

You explain such a fellow by labeling him a politician, that's how. That means he is that admirable, contemptible, clownish, and sometimes magnificent fellow who sets out to lead a gaggle of human beings where he or they want to go. Watching and analyzing his meanderings down history's pathways is one of the occupational delights of the journalist's profession and the authors give us many useful insights. Yet there is always mystery at the core of biography that leaves us unsatisfied, for as Henry James warned: "Never say you know the last word about the human heart."

Mr. Methvin is a senior editor at Reader's Digest.


Jennifer Lawson

Mr. Doder and Miss Branson had the bad luck to try sending their book to press in the year of the fall of the Wall, the liberation of East Europe, the wildfire of secession in the Soviet Union, and the comeback of Boris Yeltsin. They tried to cope by adding chapters mentioning these events, but added little insight. A book half as long would have been twice as good. Through the verbiage, however, we can see the very different faces Gorbachev has shown the world as he responds to internal political pressures from the *nomenklatura*, ethnic strife, popular protest, and foreign pressures.

Gorbachev I is the radical reformer who recognized the bankruptcy of the old Stalinist system and wanted to "modernize" it. But the design he showed until recently was a kind of consultative plantation, in which the slaves would be allowed to report on and even vote out foremen who were lazy, incompetent, or corrupt. They would also be given a minority share of resulting productivity; the lion's share, however, would continue to go to the 450,000 or so members of the *nomenklatura*, the holders of power and privilege among the 19 million Communist Party members who rule the other 93 per cent of the Soviet population.

After Chernobyl Gorbachev I proclaimed *glasnost*, which has no precise English translation but combines aspects of "publicity" and "openness," a bowdlerized free-speech policy. It was an effort to enlist the slaves against the corrupt, brutal, and lazy among the *nomenklatura* masters.

Gorbachev II is the Old Bolshevik who cannot resist the temptation of power. He changed the constitution to combine the two highest offices—Party general secretary and president—in himself for the first time since Stalin. This Gorbachev is also a true-believing Communist, and we had better not forget it. Last December Boris Yeltsin declared in an interview, "Those who still believe in Communism are moving in the sphere of fantasy. I regard myself as a social democrat." This provoked a passionate Gorbachev response two weeks later before the Congress of People's Deputies: "I am a Communist, a convinced Communist. For some that may be a fantasy. But for me it is my main goal." Mr. Doder and Miss Branson remind us repeatedly that Gorbachev is an idealistic reformer who tends to underestimate the frailty of man.

Gorbachev III may yet appear: the man who realizes he cannot eat his cake and have it too. The West will have much influence on which course Gorbachev III chooses. If we are patsies, panting to rush in with no-strings loans and sign sappy "arms-control" agreements, we will tempt Gorbachev to appease the nobility of the *ancien régime*, to avoid the hard structural decisions necessary to strip it of control of the economy and liberate popular energies.

If we tie our loans to economic and political pluralism—if we finance small tractors for independent farmers, for example, and only if they are allowed to sell via free-market food stores—we can encourage the growth of political counterforces to the *nomenklatura* monopoly. We can also encourage this by speaking bluntly about the failure of its ideology and the necessity for jettisoning it in order to make real economic progress.

Before the Kuwait crisis doubled the price of oil—the Soviet Union is the world's largest exporter—Gorbachev's troubles dominated the front pages and newscasts. He was on the ropes, and some forecast his finish. During the first five months of 1990, 130,000 CP members resigned. One of them was Boris Yeltsin, whom Gorbachev thought he was banishing from political life forever in 1987. (Indeed, the authors say, Yeltsin could win a democratic presidential election today.) But Gorbachev turned in such a virtuoso performance at the July CP Congress, challenging the reluctant nomenklaturists and chastising the Old Guard, that he was able to force their last hope and his own former ally, Yegor Ligachev, into retirement. After reasserting his primacy, he invited Germany's Helmut Kohl to his home province, Stavropol, and handed him East Germany. Then he invited Yeltsin to bring his Five-Hundred-Day Plan to the Kremlin to hammer out a kind of National Unity Program for a free-market transformation.

Which brings us to possibly the most charming and insightful anecdote Mr. Doder and Miss Branson turned up. After a prickly 1986 Moscow confrontation with Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Gorbachev was told by an advisor he could profit by reading Dale Carnegie's famous book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People.* Gorbachev promptly put several of the best Soviet translators to work, and some weeks later, when he met with the American ambassador and the Council on Foreign Relations, he wowed them. No long lecture this time: instead, he flattered by asking questions, got them to ask questions in turn, then pleasantly provided his own answers—textbook Dale Carnegie. □

The Conqueror's Descent

SELDEN RODMAN

A VISITOR once suggested to Gabriel García Márquez that a novel exploring the life of Símon Bolívar might win him the Nobel Prize. "I'd like to receive it," he replied, "after I've made enough money to refuse—without economic remorse. The Nobel Prize has become an international lizard hunt."

So now, twenty years later, with the Nobel Prize already his, the Colombian poet-novelist has indeed written his threnody to the immortal Liberator, and what kind of book is it? Dazzling, of course. And with a jacket painting almost as dazzling as the text, showing the great man's hammock (slung between two flowering trees) containing nothing but a few fallen blossoms, and the general's imperial poncho tumbling among the bric-a-brac of his tragic descent into hell. Far in the distance, under a sickle moon, may be seen a snow-capped peak of the Sierra Nevada that this dying 46-year-old with the decayed body of a centenarian could have conquered (and possibly did) in a matter of hours on one of those incredible campaigns from Colombia and Venezuela to Peru and Bolivia that stunned the world.

The General in His Labyrinth, by Gabriel García Márquez, translated by Edith Grossman (Knopf, 285 pp., $19.95)

García Márquez's scenario does not show his hero in the best light, but doubtless it was not intended to. As a way of unfolding Bolívar's whole life, however, it is brilliant. With the last of the capitals he had conquered (Bogotá) in rebellion, the Liberator, sick in body and mind, is beginning the long journey down the Magdalena River to Santa Marta on the Caribbean, where he will die. Along the way there is plenty of time to speculate on the events of his tumultuous life—Caracas to London, Paris, and Madrid and back; the great battles from Boyacá and Carabobo to

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Mr. Rodman, an NR *contributor, is author of* Where Art Is Joy *and* Tongues of Fallen Angels, *among other books.*

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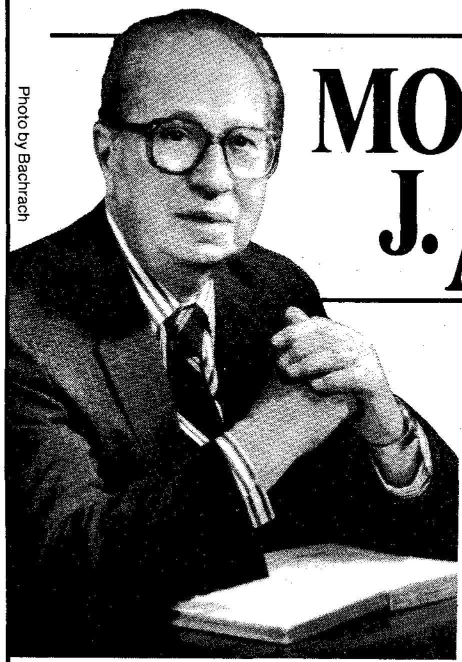

MORTIMER J. ADLER

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The Plurality of Religions and the Unity of Truth

Mortimer J. Adler's newest book deals with two central questions: Whether any of the ten major world religions—three of Western origin and seven of Far Eastern origin—can rightly claim logical and factual truth for its articles of faith or religious beliefs; and if so, which has the greater right to make that claim and which can participate in making it in some diminished degree.

As Dr. Adler explores these age-old issues, he offers an exhaustive set of possible answers, leading readers through the concepts of liberalism, pluralism, and tolerance as he provides readers with the principles and considerations they must have in mind in their own attempts to answer these questions. As always, Dr. Adler expresses his questions and insights in a style that is at once both easy to read and intellectually challenging.

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Junín and Ayacucho; the dozens of women he conquered and the famous vow to his tutor, “Robinson,” on the Monte Sacro in Rome; the celebrated *Jamaica Letter*; his freeing of the slaves after meeting and receiving help from President Pétion in Haiti; and the news that the great Marshal Sucre, the hero at Ayacucho in the final battle against Spain, had been murdered on a lonely road in Ecuador.

Is this a novel? Perhaps. Definitions have shifted drastically since *Ulysses* appeared in the Twenties. But since this one is wholly devoted to research quoting Bolívar's last thoughts on everything from life and love to his chronic constipation and dislike of tobacco smoke, it seems only fair to criticize its protagonist for what García Márquez reveals of the political shortcomings that led to the failure of democratic rule in Latin America.

No one will deny that the Liberator was a romantic hero of irresistible charm. But what did he *do*, or think? José Antonio Páez, the half-breed cowboy whom Bolívar left to rule Venezuela while he was installing himself in Bogotá, called him in 1828 “the singular genius of the nineteenth century . . . the man who for 18 years has suffered sacrifice after sacrifice for the public happiness.”

García Márquez himself is a lot more frank about some of his hero's huge flaws. After mentioning the body of song that grew up about Bolívar's ambiguous dictum that his first day of peace would be his last in power, he writes: “In the years that followed, his renunciations were reiterated so many times, and in such dissimilar circumstances, that no one ever knew again which to believe.” After the assassination attempt of September 25, 1828, in Bogotá, when his mistress, Manuela, saved him by hiding him under a bridge near the palace, he proclaimed that there would be no investigation, that no one would be prosecuted, and that he himself would leave Colombia forever. “Nevertheless,” the novelist wryly notes, “the investigation took place, the guilty were judged with an iron hand, and 14 were shot in the main square. The Constituent Congress of January 2 did not meet for another 16 months, and no one spoke again of his resignation.”

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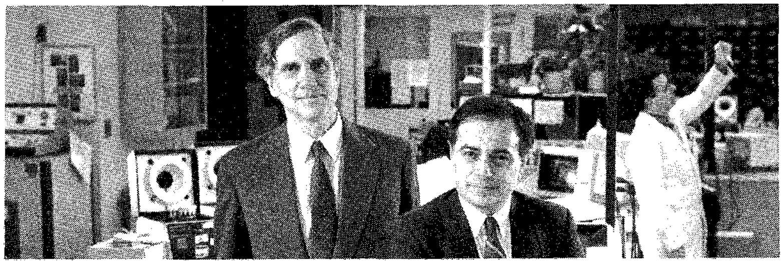

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On one occasion, walking the streets of Bogotá by night, Bolívar had had manure flung in his face. But when a soldier assigned to guard him reacted by drawing his sword to pursue the insulter, Bolívar turned on him in a flash of anger. “ ‘And what the hell are you doing here?’ he asked.

“The officer snapped to attention. ‘I'm following orders, Excellency.’

“ ‘I'm not your excellency,’ he replied.

“He stripped him of his ranks and titles,” García Márquez adds, “with so much rage that the officer considered himself fortunate that the general no longer had the strength for a more savage reprisal.”

The novelist cites the general's irritation on another occasion with a French diplomat who had dared criticize New Granada. García Márquez has Bolívar say: “During the War to the Death [with Spain], I myself gave the order to execute eight hundred Spanish prisoners in a single day, including the patients in the hospital at La Guayra. Today, under the same circumstances, my voice would not tremble if I gave the order again, and Europeans would not have the moral authority to reproach me, for if any history is drowned in blood, indignity, and injustice, it is the history of Europe.”

Does García Márquez, with a novelist's appropriate desire to explore every facet of his protagonist's character, exaggerate Bolívar's despotic and anti-democratic tendencies? Consider the seven-hundred-page biography in which a celebrated Spanish historian, Salvador de Madariaga, wrestles with the character of South America's hero. He begins by saying that Bolívar “was too swift, too much of a man of action to have pored over Locke or Hobbes, Rousseau or Helvetius. . . . In his conscious moods he was a materialist and a rationalist.” Five hundred pages later, Madariaga concludes: “[H]e had destroyed that which had worked with the weight and prestige of centuries; but he had proved unable to build up anything instead. . . . His mind saw the aim clearly; but his will was Machiavellian and tortuous. And as he was swift and therefore devoured by impatience, he became easily despotic. . . . ‘I was all my life a slave to my passions. The essence of liberty is precisely that one can liberate oneself.’ ”

By 1830 the floundering government in New Granada (Colombia) was trying to avert civil war by making Bolívar king in all but name. But Bolívar, happily for his own future reputation, was too ill in body and soul to give much heed. He resigned, and began his descent into death.

García Márquez's compassionate novel has little to tell about this unflattering phase of Bolívar's last days in the Colombian capital, except to have him say to his aide, Iturbide, son of Mexico's ill-fated Emperor, "Don't stay with Urdaneta [Bolívar's friend and successor in Bogotá] and don't go with your family to the United States. It's omnipotent and terrible, and its tale of liberty will end in a plague of miseries for us all." Perhaps the novelist, who now lives in xenophobic Mexico, will deal with this typically Latin American hobgoblin (us) in his next poetic extravaganza. ☐

Who's to Judge?

GEOFFREY MORRIS

WASHINGTON, D.C., is classy and crass. It's our seat of justice, yet it's a place where a man can hang by innuendo; where the crimes of the accusers are often more egregious than those of the accused. Sidestep its rules, ingratiate yourself with special interests, and you're helped up the ladder of power. Run afoul of someone who remembers you smoked a joint in college, and you become the scandal of the week.

Statute of Limitations, by John Buckley (Simon & Schuster, 365 pp., $19.95)

Such is the fate of Tom O'Malley, the young presidential speechwriter caught in the jaded political world of John Buckley's new novel. O'Malley's fateful mistake is his friendship with David Nicole, who was arrested for selling cocaine out of their dorm room at Amherst. Years later, Nicole calls O'Malley, who is scheduled to go to South America with the President, and makes him an offer: I'll keep quiet about the past if you'll smuggle home twenty kilos of cocaine on Air Force One. O'Malley's dilemma: save his career or do what's right.

To show he's serious about blackmail, Nicole plants a story in *Newsweek* that there's a drug dealer in the White House. O'Malley quickly agrees to Nicole's terms, but gets cold feet in Caracas, forcing the coke messenger to ditch the stuff. At the same time a case is taking shape concerning a young senator who was heavily involved with drugs in his youth and who, by the way, has called for a special prosecutor to investigate O'Malley. It turns out his top aide is the stunning Kit Bowles, girlfriend of the protagonist and the former girlfriend of drug-dealer Nicole.

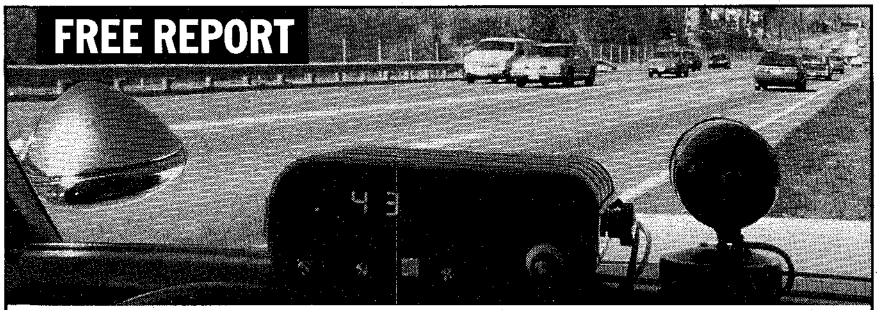
Then the plot thickens.

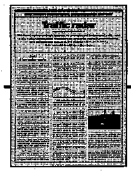
Statute of Limitations is really a parody of Washington and the novels it inspires. All of the capital's infamous traits are bundled into a series of events that show the city's true absurdity. Mr. Buckley ought to know: currently a political consultant, he has had an assortment of Washington political jobs.

His prose is smooth and lively, spiced with punchy descriptions of Washington's unscrupulous elite. He neatly cuts the facets of Beltway life: the trifling, megalomaniacal press corps camped outside O'Malley's apartment, eating pizza, waiting for him to say something, anything, they can put on the front page; the news producers who publish accusations from unidentified sources; the consultants vying to get on *Nightline*; the schoolboy finagling behind the majestic façade of the White House; the bungling, drunk FBI agent; the backstabbing congressional aides, too self-assured for their own good.

O'Malley's dad is a drunk former CIA-type who tampered with too many Third World hell-holes and had to answer to Congress, and who manages, with every attempt to help his son, to make the situation worse. (To the de-

Mr. Morris is NR's *assistant managing editor.*





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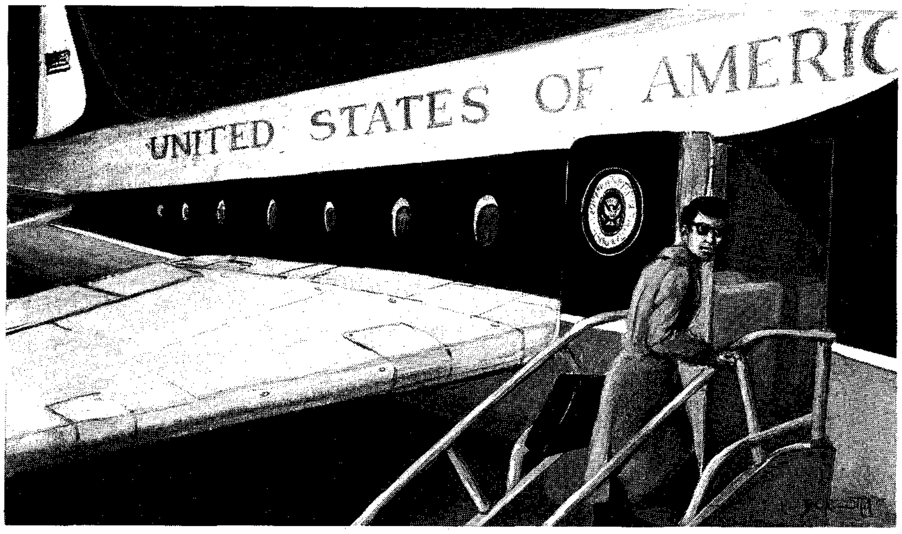

Joseph Borzotta

light of the frenzied press, he argues at his son's drunk-driving trial that Tom should be acquitted because he works at the White House.) Tom's mother is a floozie and supporter of left-wing causes (Peruvian guerrillas, for instance, described as "the Khmer Rouge on crack"). Tom himself is a witty, easy-going kid; part of a generation for whom it was acceptable to snort coke, smoke pot, and laugh off the consequences.

If Mr. Buckley's characters come to life, holding the book together, the message nearly tears it apart. Mr. Buckley argues (through O'Malley) that doing drugs "was a natural part of being an adolescent. . . . It's not in anyone's interest . . . to start leading charges against people who've used drugs years ago. Unless they were on a desert island from about 1965 to 1980."

True, smoking pot in college or law school doesn't necessarily make a guy a threat to national security. And there certainly ought to be a statute of limitations, a point beyond which youthful indiscretions are forgiven. But can they ever be ignored? If a man has ever spent time in the company of drug dealers, isn't that significant enough to warrant examination when considering him for a position of responsibility, in or out of politics?

Tom O'Malley's past certainly affected his present. In college he succumbed to the temptation of David Nicole's cocaine, and now he's subject to his blackmail. Guilt-ridden, O'Malley repeats his school-days mantra: "Admit Nothing, Deny Everything." What he has done is more serious than smoking pot in the dorm room or being arrested for drunk driving. Thus, the media storm over O'Malley is not strictly sanctimonious puritanism; it is simply overblown coverage of what could have been a genuine crisis had O'Malley actually smuggled the cocaine on Air Force One.

Mr. Buckley seems to be using an otherwise clever novel as a vehicle to argue against submitting baby-boomers to public scrutiny. By making O'Malley the hero, the author removes the burden of impropriety from his character's actions, and places it instead on the sensationalistic press—and all the other underhanded actions of Washington's players. He's arguing that because a senatorial witchhunt denied John Tower his job at Defense, or because Douglas Ginsburg was refused a spot on the Supreme Court, Tom O'Malley's misdemeanors should therefore be excused.

Washington, remember, is where guilt can be determined by innuendo. In *Statute of Limitations*, O'Malley's perceived guilt seems to vanish by innuendo. After being suspended by the White House, his scandal having become the topic of conversation, he is welcomed back to work with open arms after an emotional appeal in which he tells all, against the advice of his lawyer, to Ted Koppel on *Nightline*, as if honesty alone exonerates.

Watch and see if the near future doesn't produce a real Tom O'Malley. By scanning New York's social landscape, Tom Wolfe forecast the Tawana Brawley affair, among other things. Though *Statute of Limitations* has neither the weight nor the scope of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, with similar techniques John Buckley has parodied Washington and come as close to the truth. ☐

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(Continues on page 92)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

JOSEPH SOBRAN:

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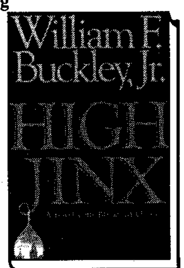

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SOBRAN

(Continued from page 64)

be responsible for. These outnumber even our vital interests in the region.)

All I can say is that some conservatives have as much faith in military action as socialists have in redistribution. I guess it's necessary to quote Oakeshott yet again: "To some people, 'government' appears as a vast reservoir of power which inspires them to dream of what use might be made of it. They have favorite projects, of various dimensions, which they sincerely believe are for the benefit of mankind, and to capture this source of power, if necessary to increase it, and to use it for imposing their projects upon their fellows is what they understand as the adventure of governing men. They are, thus, disposed to recognize government as an instrument of passion; the art of politics is to inflame and direct desire."

To listen to the enthusiasts—*NR* is by no means the worst—you'd think war was a bright idea. We're at that phase when the clever fellows have five-step victory plans. It doesn't occur to them to assume responsibility for dead and mutilated young men.

But let's not think of that. Let's just remind ourselves that war always results in a bigger, stronger, more consolidated state. With the end of the cold war, conservatives ought to be redoubling their efforts to achieve the domestic goal of restoring a limited republic, not sacrificing this purpose to global empire. Of course America shouldn't be "isolated," any more than Australia or Bolivia or India. It should just get back to normal. That's a tall enough order, and it won't withstand the demands of "allies" who want us to do their fighting for them.

Just what *would* our kids be dying for? We haven't had a good answer to that one yet. We've reached the point where our putative allies pose a greater threat to us than our supposed enemies. Saddam Hussein is our new Hitler of the month, so designated by the media; we didn't notice his brutishness during his murderous eight-year war on Iran (we supported him) but a two-hour grab of Kuwait—better known as "oil-rich Kuwait"—and we talk of Evil. Along with Vital Interests. The wise heads have so many rationales for war, pronto. One good one would do. ☐

CLASSIFIEDS

Educational

(Continued from page 91)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 I	2 V	3 A	■	4 J	5 W	6 K	7 U	8 G	9 C	10 L	11 Y	12 S	13 N	14 Z	15 H	■	16 E	17 B	■	18 S	■	19 W	20 U
21 G	22 I	23 A	24 C	25 S	26 V	27 D	28 Q	■	29 O	30 W	31 N	32 A	33 F	34 H	■	35 K	36 A	37 M	■	38 O	39 U	40 X	■
41 Y	42 R	43 Q	■	44 Z	45 P	46 L	47 J	48 F	■	49 B	50 E	■	51 H	52 S	53 U	54 V	55 G	56 M	■	57 Z	58 A	59 J	60 N
61 O	62 T	63 B	64 E	65 G	66 U	■	67 Z	68 S	69 V	70 Q	■	71 L	72 Y	73 K	74 F	75 C	76 E	■	77 I	78 U	79 Z	80 J	81 D
82 C	83 N	84 L	85 X	86 T	87 I	88 S	89 M	■	90 V	91 O	■	92 P	93 F	94 C	95 E	96 A	97 I	■	98 Q	99 K	100R	■	101G
102W	103C	104Z	105L	106S	107N	108D	109E	110H	111P	112Y	113X	■	114M	115O	■	116E	117D	118I	119A	120V	121Z	122H	123B
124J	125R	■	126K	127L	128C	129U	130E	131J	132D	133G	134H	■	135F	136U	137K	138Q	139Z	140A	■	141F	142N	■	143V
144D	145R	146Y	147B	■	148Q	149J	150M	151B	152Z	153E	154H	155K	156T	157P	■	158G	159A	160O	161L	162J	163I	164B	165F
166D	167C	■	168A	169F	170I	171N	■	172W	173H	174V	■	175X	176K	177O	178R	179T	■	180Y	181C	■	182M	183F	184I
185A	186P	■	187E	188J	189U	190L	■	191O	192K	193S	194A	■	195U	196G	197H	198W	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DEFINITIONS

A.	Mississippi destination (3 words)	36 32 159 140 96 168 119 3 58 23 185 194
B.	Struggles	63 151 17 49 147 164 123
C.	Famed Hollywood canine	103 82 128 94 75 167 24 9 181
D.	Sam's Texas port	144 117 27 132 81 166 108
E.	Job's specialty	109 130 50 76 95 116 187 153 16 64
F.	English king out-faced by Bolingbroke	169 165 93 183 74 33 48 135 141
G.	Repetitive lake in South America	133 196 8 101 65 158 21 55
H.	Home of Vanderbilt University	15 51 134 173 197 122 154 110 34
I.	Sincerest form of flattery?	184 118 77 22 163 1 87 170 97
J.	Republican's favorite zoo attraction	149 47 131 59 188 80 162 124 4
K.	Where decommissioned ships await	126 176 73 99 6 35 155 192 137
L.	Plea	161 84 105 46 71 127 10 190
M.	Cowardly, colorfully	89 37 150 56 114 182
N.	Feeling	60 171 83 31 13 107 142
O.	The rabble	61 160 91 115 177 191 29 38
P.	State known for spuds	111 157 92 186 45
Q.	Dangerous fly	70 148 138 98 28 43
R.	Cads	42 145 100 178 125
S.	Pathologically solipsistic	18 68 88 106 193 12 25 52
T.	Where you can get a sub or a sailor!	179 156 86 62
U.	Drugstore items	136 39 129 195 189 53 78 20 66 7
V.	Onetime restroom	90 54 143 2 26 120 69 174
W.	Yet to come	19 30 172 5 102 198
X.	Amiss	85 175 40 113
Y.	To know, inexplicably	180 72 112 11 146 41
Z.	Yard aid	139 104 44 121 67 14 152 57 79

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 91 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

What Does Japan Owe Us?

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12

I think I am correct in saying that not one anti-Nipponese syllable has issued from these fingers since V-J Day, so that it is fair to say that the Japanese have been provocative even to those who seek especially to understand them. And the Japanese have got to recognize that the eruption in the Senate on Monday reflects the national mood. What happened was that several senators stared at Japan's offer of one billion dollars to help finance the Persian Gulf operation and all but voted to return the one billion, on the grounds that the United States does not accept tips.

Senator D'Amato, when aroused (which is about once a week), knows how to express resentment. "I certainly believe the Japanese have been acting totally within the character that they usually do. They are motivated by profit, greed, and avarice, and for them not to step forward and make a contribution to this mission is unconscionable." That's what they call plain talk. But he was hardly alone. Senator McCain likened the billion-dollar pledge to "a few token shillings." And he reminded us all that "if combat arises, it will not be Japanese boys whose lives are at risk, it will be American boys." The Senate settled for a resolution warning of a "detrimental impact" on relations with the United States. Which raises the interesting question: What is a detrimental impact? Measured in sticks and stones?

Many of those who believe in protectionism are too honest to channel anti-Japanese sentiment generated by exiguous contributions to the Persian Gulf operation into protectionist lobbying. But many aren't. It is a common attribute to co-opt indignation over one offense into an excuse to punish for another. Al Capone was had up for income-tax evasion.

But it is up to the United States to quantify detrimental impact. How might this be done?

Waal, Japan imports just 60 per cent of its oil from the Persian Gulf, which is to say, as of last year, 2.6 million barrels per day. That comes to 949 million barrels. We'll round that figure to one billion barrels.

And (we will continue to round the figures) if oil was at $20 before the Iraqi invasion, and is now at $30, then one year's interruption of oil at the free-market rate would cost Japan $10 billion.

Let us engage in some hypothetical calculations:

If Iraq had succeeded in annexing Kuwait and then gone on to conquer, or at least to Finlandize, Saudi Arabia, and if Iraq then propelled OPEC toward the $40 oil that was commonplace in the Seventies, adjusting roughly for inflation, we are talking about $50 oil. That would cost Japan $30 billion per year.

That the price is not thus rising is owing to the intervention of the United States. If the price returns to $20 following the collapse of Iraq, then that will be owing to United States intervention.

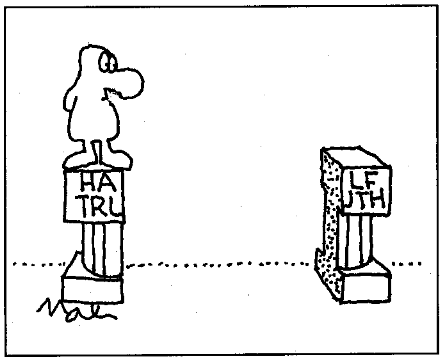
Either hypothesis would suggest an allocation of costs by the United States to Persian Gulf oil clients. If the $10 increment is worth $10 billion over the course of one year to Japan, then the monthly cost is about $800 million.

And a bill in that amount should be sent to the government of Japan.

What if Japan refused to pay it? Do we raise tariffs to punish it?

Under no circumstances do we raise tariffs for any reason other than national defense. What we do instead is escort Japan's Persian Gulf oil to Japanese ports—and charge for it at a rate that reflects that monthly obligation.

And, having come up with a suitable formula, we present the appropriate bill to Germany, to France, to Italy, and to Great Britain. We don't charge for the factor that American lives are on the line, not theirs. That is the grace we give them, appropriate for a superpower. ☐



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The Valor Of Judge Souter

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 19

The irony of Judge Souter's performance before the Senate Judiciary Committee is very nearly unbearable. Said Judge Souter, the White Hope of Strict Construction, about retired Justice William Brennan, who for 33 years treated the Constitution as his personal invention: "[Justice Brennan] is one of the most fearlessly principled guardians of the American Constitution that it has ever had and ever will have."

That was another way of saying: "You're not going to make a Judge Bork out of me, Senator. I will grovel with the best of them." . . . Who was the best groveler of recent times, before the Senate Judiciary Committee?

None other than William J. Brennan. The whole scene was caught masterfully by columnist Murray Kempton, whose column on February 27, 1957, began, "Joe McCarthy destroyed the character of Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan yesterday, or anyway presided at its suicide."

You see, Joe McCarthy was the Kennedy–Biden back in those days, and people who wanted to be confirmed were as careful in treating him as Judge Souter is in treating *Roe* v. *Wade*.

What happened is that Senator McCarthy, pretty much moribund in 1957, but still a latent force Judge Brennan did not want to contend with, said he wanted to ask the judge a question or two about the investigation of Communists and subversives. Did Judge Brennan approve of congressional investigations?

Brennan: "Not only do I approve, but I can think of no more vital function than searching out subversives."

Did Mr. Brennan think that Communism was a conspiracy?

That was a period during which the constitutionality of the Smith Act sat before the Court, allowing Mr. Brennan to say that alas he couldn't pass judgment on that question. But then McCarthy struck. He read out loud a paragraph from a speech given by Mr. Brennan in February 1954, at the height of the commotion caused by Senator McCarthy's investigations at Ft. Monmouth. Listen now to the kind of thing that served the liberal community as calisthenics during the McCarthy years:

"The abuses [of investigation] took on modern dress, it is true—not the rack and the screw—but the distorted view of the happenings at secret hearings released to the press, the shouted epithet at the hapless and helpless witness . . . intentionally conceived or merely misguided, the result has been to engender hate and fear by one citizen or another, to have us distrust ourselves and our institutions, to have us become a nation afraid, to borrow from Elmer Davis . . . But there are hopeful signs in recent events that we have set things aright and have become ashamed at our toleration of the barbarism which marked the procedures at some of these hearings."

Translation: The censure of Senator McCarthy three months earlier, and the Army–McCarthy hearings now scheduled, are delivering the United States from the horrors of McCarthyism.

"I'd like to know," said McCarthy, "where we have been barbaric?"

"This," Brennan answered, "was a little orator's license. These were [mere] illustrations." They had, he indicated, no reference to any person, living or dead. As to the exposure of Communists, he was "very very much for it."

Oh? Well, said McCarthy, "what were the hopeful signs of change you saw?" Brennan said he couldn't remember what it was he had in mind when he made that speech.

Kempton closed his column: "Senator Eastland said that they were gonna take a recess to examine other witnesses against Mr. Justice Brennan just in case any one of them might have two heads. Eastland pulled against the dying fall of his cigar; McCarthy and Brennan fussed with their glasses. We know something now about Justice Brennan that we would not have known had it not been for Joe McCarthy. This is not a man to stand the course even against the dead and the defeated: the great—even the good—judges are brave ones; this is a man who takes to his knees before ghosts."

"Indeed," summarized Linda Greenhouse of the *New York Times* after Judge Souter's appearance on Friday, "it was the conservative Republicans on the committee who appeared most taken aback by the testimony of President Bush's first Supreme Court nominee." Indeed. Conservatives can only hope that, like his hero Justice Brennan, Judge Souter was merely being cowardly in speaking as he did, athwart his private resolve to do something about the body-snatching of the Constitution that went on under the Warren Court. ☐

Sunset for New York

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10

In casual conversation with Edward Koch I mentioned the young man from Utah who had been stabbed to death by a teenaged New Yorker. "I have to tell you," said the former mayor of New York City, "I cried when I read that story." Those who doubt that he did so do not know Edward Koch; and perhaps they don't know the gut anxiety being felt among New Yorkers. He also remarked that New York was looking desperately like another Chicago, another Detroit. "If it goes that way, that's it, the end of New York . . . It's said about Dinkins"—his successor—"that he is sliding over the threshold."

"What threshold?"

"When they make fun of you. When you become the object of derision. It's very hard to climb back."

It is probably appropriate to remark that not absolutely everybody in the United States is all that unhappy that New York City should be the special victim of circumstances. New York is flagrantly arrogant. The best of everything, you name it. And when in 1975 New York came up against bankruptcy, the city was saved by the *New York Daily News* headline: "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD." The electric reaction was that New York City can no more be permitted to drop dead than the American flag to be burned. Very fine people, from every economic and social stratum, feel that way about the sacredness of New York City. What is happening now, however, comes close to despair:

Over the weekend, there was a celebration by members of the staff of Mayor John Lindsay (1966–74). One account of it recalled Murray Kempton's buoyant sentence about him when he ran for mayor. "He is fresh, everyone else is tired." It is an unhappy truth that the Lindsay administration did nothing to arrest the deterioration of New York City. After eight years, everything—education, housing, health care, law and order—was worse than it had been before. And everything has continued to worsen. Over the weekend, the *New York Times* published an eloquent elegy about New York City by Anna Quindlen. "There is the sinking feeling that accompanies that moment in a boat when you find water in your shoes. . . ." And the note of final despair: "This is so sad to me, and sad to me, too, is that not a single social scientist, not a single urban planner, certainly not any politician, seems to have any idea how to cure it."

Now those are fighting words, for a can-do society. Granted, conservatives reject the use of the word "cure" applied to social problems, for the simple reason that social problems are never cured, they are merely alleviated. You do not "cure" the crime problem, or that of illegitimacy, or of indigence.

But the idea that you cannot alleviate the mess in New York City is sheer liberal self-justification. It is the short form for saying: "We cannot alleviate a problem while maintaining our old habits." And the answer to that observation is: "No, you can't. Because your old habits caused the present mess."

Is it unconstitutional to:

1. Eliminate rent control? (In ten years that would all but clear away the problem of the homeless, and restore decent living quarters at a decent price.)
2. Eliminate trade-union oligopoly? (In ten years that would lower the cost of doing business in New York by enough to rejuvenate the economy of the city.)
3. Empower New York residents to select the school they want to send their child to? (In ten years that would arrest, and then reverse, the drop in educational-achievement scores.)
4. Privatize garbage collection, intracity mail service, and the subway system? (In ten years, you could mail a letter to someone entering the subway at 125th Street and the letter would be delivered when he got out at Brooklyn.)
5. Send away, after conviction for any crime of violence, beginning at age 16, the convict to a New York City penitentiary for five years? Institute the private Police Corps program proposed by Adam Walinsky and double the size of the police force? (In ten years, crime would be reduced by 75 per cent.)
6. Eliminate the capital-gains tax and the stock-transfer tax, reduce the sales tax by one-quarter, cut the income tax in half? (In one year, you would have the reinvigoration of commercial life.)
7. Forbid affirmative-action employment policies by city agencies, and double the penalty for racially discriminatory offenses? (In ten years, racial passions would cool. Nobody would have reason to hope for artificial help.)
8. Make a national holiday out of June 24, which is the day I declared my candidacy for mayor of New York in 1965? ☐

(Universal Press Syndicate)

OFF THE RECORD

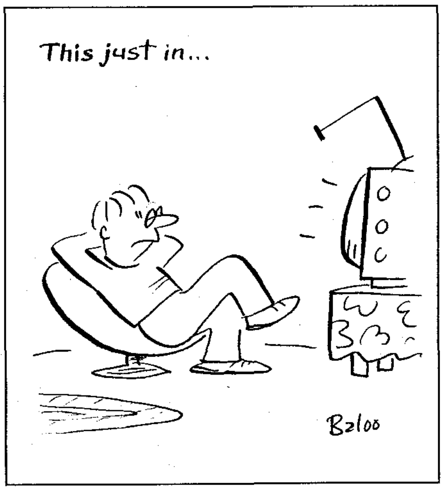
The Jerry Lewis Sellathon. For some time now rumblings of discontent over Representative Jerry Lewis (R., Calif.) have been reaching Cato's office. Now come reports that the Honorable Mr. Lewis, chairman of the House Republican Conference, is cutting a deal with Democrats in his home state, electorally the most important state in the union. The deal would protect all incumbents, limit the Republicans to four of seven new seats, and thus retain the huge imbalance working for the Democrats. This is all the more baffling in that a key reason California's Republican Senator, Pete Wilson, is running for governor this year is the importance Republicans attach to the upcoming redistricting.

Not that Congressman Lewis's move doesn't make a certain sort of sense. By cutting a deal that keeps all incumbents happy, Mr. Lewis puts himself in a good position for when they hand out the plums. Even critics concede that the congressman is a formidable lobbyist, especially when it has to do with advancing his own interests. Indeed, Cato hears that in addition to his maneuvers in the House, Mr. Lewis is lobbying to be named to the Senate seat vacated by soon-to-be-Governor Wilson.

The Massachusetts Miracle. When he first mounted his campaign against Democratic Senator John Kerry, Jim Rappaport, chairman of the Mass Taxpayers Committee and co-chairman of Citizens for Limited Taxation, was not even on the map. But Mr. Rappaport has not only captured the GOP nomination, he is now within 15 points of Senator Kerry, a Michael Dukakis clone (Senator Kerry's previous incarnation was as the Duke's lieutenant governor) and one of the founders of Vietnam Veterans against the War. In fact, Senator Kerry once made a great show of throwing his medals over the White House wall in a demonstration, only to reveal later that he'd actually thrown someone *else's* medals.

Mr. Rappaport, by contrast, has been campaigning on Reaganesque themes, including a petition to roll back the recent tax hike; he hopes to capitalize on polls showing that an astonishing 88 per cent of the Massachusetts electorate think the state is on the wrong track. Evidently Senator Kerry is starting to feel the heat. Recently his campaign manager, Wes Finch, called up a furniture company, warning the firm against giving Mr. Rappaport any credit for his role in getting it to outfit a women's and homeless shelter—an odd move this, since the GOP hopeful's role had not been publicized. To its credit the furniture company told Mr. Finch to jump in a lake, something we hope the good citizens of Massachusetts will do to his boss come November.

Clean Money. Remember the gushing headlines when theatrical producer Joseph Papp refused an NEA grant because he didn't want to be subject to its restrictions on obscenity? We applauded too, and so we wonder why the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, et al. have not been cheering on tiny Hillsdale College, in the midst of a $151-million drive to enable it to become completely independent of government funds and potential restrictions. Virtually alone among colleges, Hillsdale resisted the government's attempt to use federally funded student loans as a vehicle for regulating the school even though it accepts no direct money. The $151 million is the amount school officials calculate they need to shore up the endowment, complete their expansion plans, and make up for the money students will lose in federal loans. The drive was kicked off the evening after William Buckley's special two-hour *Firing Line* debate on whether government was the solution or the problem had been filmed on the campus. At the dinner, Hillsdale President George Roche announced that the college was already more than halfway toward its target.



"An Administration spokesman, who asked not to be identified, refused to comment."

You Can Bank on It. Out in Omaha, meanwhile, Representative Peter Hoagland (D., Neb.) is facing a spirited challenge from Ally Milder, a former Judiciary Committee staffer and staffer for Senator Charles Grassley (R., Iowa); she is conservative, Jewish, and pro-life. Mr. Hoagland's practices since coming to Washington are starting to raise eyebrows back home. There is, for example, his law firm's Yellow Pages ad, which lists him as a member of Congress (talk about trading on your job!). More to the point, Mr. Hoagland is the only member of the House Banking Committee still cashing in on bank stocks in the wake of the S&L scandal.

Viva Estonia. While all eyes are on Baghdad, word from the Baltics is that earlier this month the Estonian Congress approved a "plan of activity" to deal with encamped Soviet troops. The plan considers the possibility of "reducing critical supplies to the troops, including food and water." Our source also reports that the national anthem has been restored, 250 citizens have volunteered to serve with U.S. forces in Saudi Arabia, and 27 per cent of ethnic Russians in Estonia now back independence (up from 6 per cent in late 1989). Maybe we need their help more than they need ours.

Country Club Cousins. When Pat Buchanan said the Rockefeller Republicans are back in town, he spoke truer than he knew. It turns out that one of Dick Darman's top political appointees at OMB is Nelson Rockefeller Jr. No pork rinds there. —CATO

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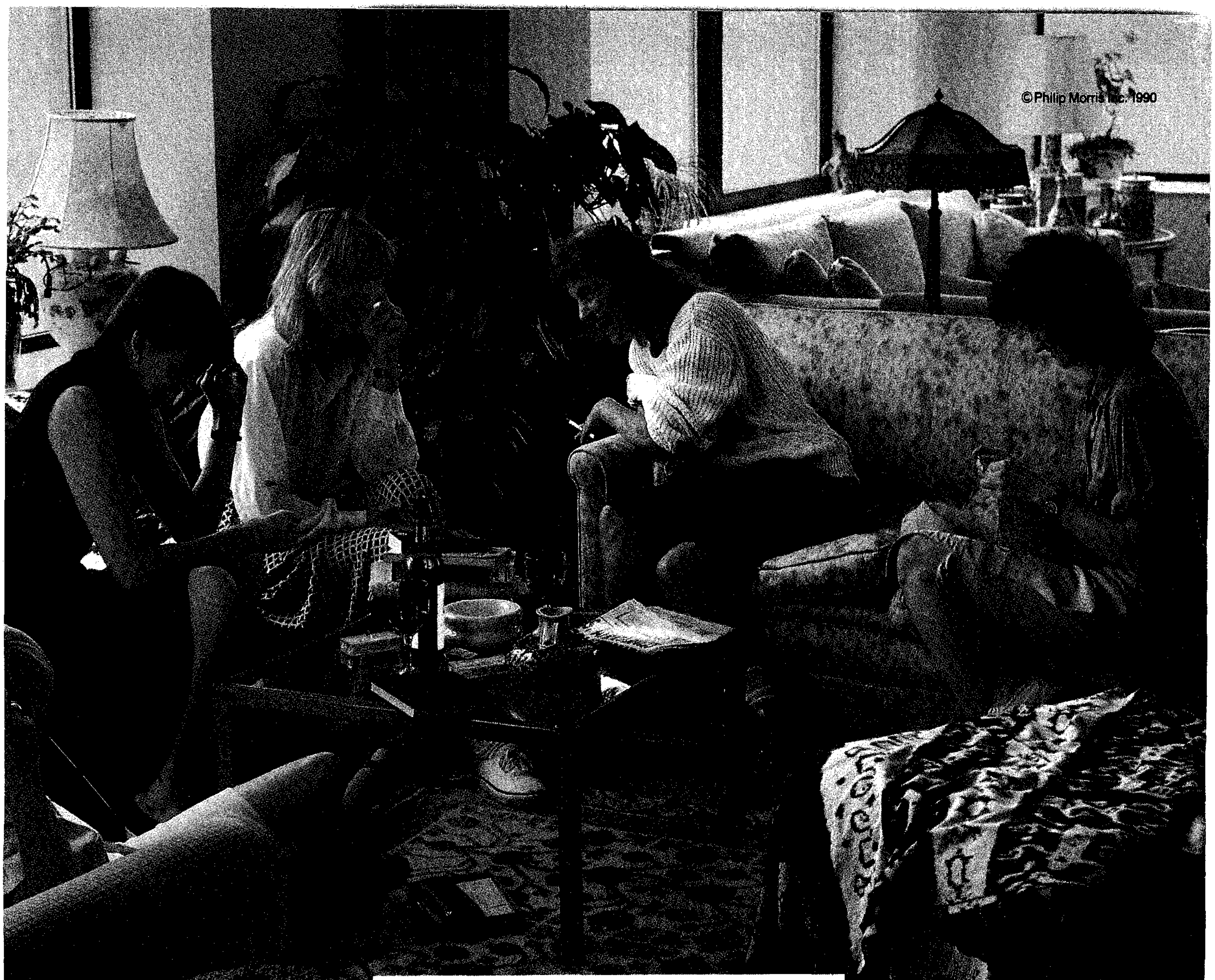

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